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·MARIE WILLINGDON·

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INDIA, MINTO AND MORLEY



Opposite: His Excellency the Earl of Minto, P.C., G.M.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.M.I.E.
Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1905-1910

THE ELLIOT MOTTO

SUAVITER ET FORTITER

"*The time to estimate a man's worth is not when he buckles on his harness, but when, in the fulness of time, it comes upon him to loosen the straps and lay the glittering panoply aside.*"

INDIA
MINTO AND MORLEY

1905-1910

COMPILED FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE VICEROY AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE

BY

MARY, COUNTESS OF MINTO

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HER INDIAN JOURNAL

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My acknowledgments and thanks are due to various friends for their valuable advice, and to Mr. Guy Morley for his kind permission to make use of his kinsman's letters to my husband, some of which have already been published in Lord Morley's own book of *Recollections*. I am anxious to mention my special debt of gratitude to my friend and secretary, Miss Helen Acheson, who has helped me to deal with this correspondence, and without whose assistance it would have been impossible for me to accomplish my task. I can only thank her from my heart. I owe her more than I can ever repay.

While editing the letters which passed between Minto and Lord Morley I have lived again through those memorable years. Minto always felt that he owed much during his Viceroyalty to the devoted service of many friends whose names occur again and again in my Journal but have been omitted, perforce, from this book.

My thoughts turn first to our wonderful Staff, whom Minto described as "perfect examples of what young soldiers should be." The Army in India was always very near his heart, and my memory holds pictures of all ranks, from Lord Kitchener to the gallant *sowars* of the Bodyguard.

The members of the splendid Indian Civil Service, of whatever seniority, gave Minto of their best, and he was sincerely grateful to them. He was proud, too, of his friendships with the Indian Princes. Their true hospitality in their beautiful palaces, and their care and consideration for our comfort, can never be forgotten by me.

I think specially of the faithful rank and file of the Indian police, to whose vigilance in the performance of their duty we owed more than I ever suspected. Neither do I forget those humbler people the *shikaris*, the *mahouts* and the patient coolies. My heart is full when I remember the dignity and unsurpassed fidelity of our Indian servants.

MARY MINTO

September 14, 1934.

CHAPTER I

1905

MANY who are following the complex Indian questions which loom so large to-day may like to pause and trace the course of one who steered the ship of state some years ago among the Indian rocks and rapids of political agitation.

Minto, or "Rolly" Melgund, as he was better known, was the Gentleman Rider, the keen follower to hounds, the soldier who had served in many parts of the world, rather than the politician. And yet the qualities which earned him such a reputation as a horseman and soldier were the foundation of that strength which enabled him to bear the heavier responsibilities which devolved upon him. Sound judgment, quick decision, absolute integrity were no mean characteristics when coupled with dauntless courage and a wish to serve.

In India Sirdar Ayub Khan, the victor of Maiwand, describing an interview with the Viceroy, said: "His Excellency rained gentlemanliness upon me." In the Army and on the Turf, he was recognized as a great gentleman, not from accident of birth, but as one whose single-minded devotion to duty is best described by the words of the XVth Psalm: "He that sweareth to his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance".

Though his forebears belonged to the old Presbyterian Church of Scotland, he himself was brought up an Episcopalian. The following is a quotation from his Journal:

Minto. Nov. 7, 1897. Went to the kirk alone. It was Communion Sunday and old Watson [one of the Elders], who was taking the collection at the door, earnestly pressed me to stay: "They're a' wrang, these sections of the Church", he said: "We're a' going to

one place." I did not stay, however, as it had never been the custom of my family.

To me there is much that is solemn and impressive about the Scottish ceremony: to see the Elders, both handsome old men, waiting at the Communion Table for the commencement of the celebration, had a reality and a sternness about it that made me think of the old Covenanters, and brought home to me the honest true religion which plays such a deep part in the Scottish character.

For years Minto kept in his pocket-book Professor Blackie's *Confession of Faith,* written in 1891 in answer to an address by the Duke of Argyll in defence of the common Protestant Presbyterian form of Church government, which Minto said expressed his own views:

"Creeds and Confessions! High Church or the Low?
I cannot say: but you would vastly please us
If with some pointed scripture you could show
To which of these belonged the Saviour Jesus.
I think to all or none: not curious creeds
Or ordered forms of churchly rule He taught,
But soul of love that blossomed into deeds
With human good and human blessing fraught.
On me nor Priest, nor Presbyter, nor Pope,
Bishop or Dean, may stamp a party name;
But Jesus, with His largely human scope,
The service of my human life may claim.
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
The Church is mine that does most Christlike deeds."

Mr. John Buchan, in his admirable biography of my husband, has dealt briefly with the years spent in India, but there was not space in one volume to give a detailed record, or chapter and verse of the battle which he had to wage. Minto himself used to say that the difficulties with which he had to contend would never be realized until history came to be written; he seemed to understand the mentality of Orientals; they knew and trusted him; and had the tender plant of his reforms been allowed to take root and grow gradually to maturity, India's story might have been a different one to-day.

During our five years in India I kept a Journal, hurriedly writ-

ten at odd moments of the day or night: it gives the story of our daily life, and has no merit except that it is an accurate record without which it would have been impossible to complete these pages. With some diffidence I include extracts from my Journal amongst the weighty letters which passed between the Viceroy and the Secretary of State, and have only ventured to do so in order to make the picture complete.

Although belonging to different political parties, during the first years of Minto's association with Lord Morley their friendship developed almost to intimacy. Minto wrote to his brother Arthur: "As to Morley, I am really very fond of him. His letters to me are delightful, and it would be a disaster to me to lose him. I look upon him as a great friend." But as time went on Lord Morley became more autocratic and exacting. A constant stream of telegrams and despatches, demanding minute information on every detail, flowed in day by day, till at last Minto exclaimed: "I used to imagine that the Secretary of State only aimed at directing great principles of Indian policy, and that the administration of the country rested with the Government of India, but there is interference in everything, and its only result is intense worry for the Viceroy, as, do what he will, the Secretary of State *cannot* administer India."

Probably only the Private Secretary and myself realized how much this incessant interference added to the Viceroy's burden, and the infinite patience and tact required to satisfy Lord Morley's imperious demands. "As a matter of fact", Minto said to me towards the end of his term, "I believe I have gained my point in everything since I have been here, but it has generally been by not losing my temper when I should have been thoroughly justified in doing so, often by asserting myself in the most courteous language, and always by humouring the personality with whom I have had to deal."

In publishing his *Recollections* in 1917, Lord Morley, in his Indian chapters, included extracts from his *own* letters only. This was brought to my notice at the time by Lord George

Hamilton (late Secretary of State for India) and also by Lord Balfour; both suggested that Minto's letters should be published to complete the story.

In the presentation copy of his book, sent me by Lord Morley, he has written the following inscription, which I greatly value as a generous tribute to my husband:

> To Lady Minto, with warm respect, in grateful memory of an able, straightforward, steadfast, unselfish and most considerate of comrades in tasks of arduous public duty.

In the following detailed account of our five years in India, some reference to the attitude adopted by our predecessor is necessary. All that I have quoted in these chapters is merely history, and in no way a personal criticism of one whose brilliant talents are universally recognized. During the last months of Lord Curzon's term of office he was going through a severe strain, both public and private, differences having arisen with the Home Government which led to his resignation. Throughout his public life he experienced much ill-health and suffering, and in the last year of his administration in India he had to face great personal anxiety which ended in the death of his wife. In spite of the views he publicly expressed on Indian affairs during Minto's Viceroyalty, I can never forget that he was one of our oldest friends.

CHAPTER II

APPOINTED VICEROY

"I feel sure you will one day be Governor-General of Canada; return home for a year, and then be appointed Viceroy of India, after which you will enjoy a well-earned rest, walk about the Minto Craigs, and wander through your favourite woods." *Extract from a letter from Lord Napier and Ettrick to Minto, dated 1895.*

We returned to England in November 1904 after six happy years in Canada, during which time we travelled through the length and breadth of that great Dominion and penetrated as far as Dawson City, where we panned out gold in the Arctic Circle. We loved Canada, its people, its sunshine, its mountains and its mighty rivers. These were years of exceptional prosperity, and what a privilege to have watched her developments. We left behind us many warm friends, and it was a sadness to say goodbye, but we had a treasure-house of memories to dwell on. Our time had been extended owing to pressure from Mr. Chamberlain[1], who urged Minto, in terms he could hardly refuse, to remain on for another year. Mr. Chamberlain wrote:

April 25, 1903.

My dear Minto,

. . . You must have been aware from my letters and despatches that I have been entirely satisfied with the way in which you have fulfilled the arduous and often very delicate duties of your position. The experience you have gained, and the popularity you have rightly earned are imperial assets which I do not like to surrender before it is absolutely necessary, and unless therefore you have very strong private or personal reasons for desiring immediate relief, I venture to press upon you my earnest hope that you will remain till the end of your term.

I may add that I cannot but regard the present as rather a critical time in our relations with Canada . . . (*on account of questions arising in connection with the policy of tariff reform and colonial preference*) . . . the situation requires careful steering in which I should be very sorry to lose your assistance. . . .

On this issue Mr. Chamberlain resigned five months later.

Exactly twenty-nine years later, in September 1932, his son,

[1]Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1895-1903 (Sept.).

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, signed, at the express request of Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Mr. Baldwin, Chairman of the Imperial Ottawa Conference, the Agreement for preferential trade so earnestly desired by his father.[1]

Journal, January 1905. (*Minto.*) We left Canada in November 1904, and what a joy it is to be back again in the beloved Border Land; to have leisure to lead our home life with the children, and to concentrate on the improvements we are planning for house and garden. Life could not be happier.

.

August 1905. (*Minto.*) The most unexpected thing has happened, as yet I can hardly take it in. Minto has been offered the Viceroyalty of India. Although many of his friends wrote to him while we were in Canada saying how much they hoped he would succeed Lord Curzon, we had dismissed the idea from our minds because, two years ago, George Curzon returned to India for a second term of office, and, though there have been rumours of difficulties, his sudden resignation, and the suggestion that Minto should succeed him, is a bolt from the blue. There are many distinguished men available who would probably have accepted the position, so I cannot but feel immensely proud that the choice should have fallen upon him. Minto has had no parliamentary experience; he dislikes politics and the methods of politicians, and he is now called upon to succeed one of the most brilliant men of the day, and administer a country of three hundred million people. It is a colossal responsibility.

I wish his mother were alive. She was not in full sympathy with his "sporting" instincts, and would have been surprised that his early career as a "Gentleman Rider" should have fitted him to hold one of the most important positions in the Empire.

But how hard to tear up the roots again after only eight months at home!

Minto's Journal. A telegram arrived on August 17 from Sanders, A. J. B.'s[2] Private Secretary, saying that he was sending a messenger with an important message for me. Next morning the messenger arrived with a note from Sanders enclosing a telegram he had re-

[1]In 1932 Sir Austin Chamberlain told me he remembered that, in discussing Minto's term of office in Canada, his father had said that 'Minto always knew when to lead and when to stand aside'.

[2]Mr. A. J. Balfour, Prime Minister, 1900-1905.

ceived from Arthur Balfour (who was, I think, staying with the Elchos) in which he said that Curzon had resigned, and asking him (Sanders) to ask me to accept the appointment. By the same post I received a very nice letter from St. John Brodrick[1] telling me of my appointment, and that I should hear direct from the Prime Minister, to whom I telegraphed accepting, and also wrote; but never a word! In fact the actual offer of the appointment came through Sanders. Very characteristic of A. J. B. There could, however, be no mistake, as I received the following telegram from the King:

I am gratified to hear that you are willing to undertake the important and arduous duties entrusted to you, and I am convinced that you will carry them out with great ability. Edward R. & I.

The greatest appointment I have ever hoped for, and still what a pang to leave this dear old place again, and all the difficulties about the children. Mary took it so well. I know she feels the same as I do, and it is a recognition of her good work in Canada quite as much as of anything I have ever done. But it is a very high trial.

It was strange that Minto should be following in the footsteps of his great-grandfather almost exactly a hundred years later: one cannot but realize from the old family letters how similar they were in character. The following extract from a letter to Lord William Bentinck[2] from the 1st Lord Minto on his appointment in 1806, shows the strong sense of duty which influenced him:

When the appointment of Lord Lauderdale became manifestly impossible, the views of all parties turned towards me, and the accidental union which manifested itself in this choice seemed to make my nomination a sort of peace-offering on both sides and a means of compromise and reconciliation which might solve a great difficulty. Under this inducement I accepted, not without a strong private and domestic struggle, nor without an anxious distrust of my qualifications for so weighty a burthen, a situation which, so far from seeking, I thought a week before, no human persuasion could have led me to undertake.

Minto's Journal, October. On October 3, I received a telegram summoning me to Balmoral, and shortly after arrival I was sent for by

[1]Mr. St. John Brodrick, Secretary of State for India, 1903-1905.

[2]Governor of Madras, 1803-1807; Governor-General of Fort William and Bengal, 1828-1835.

the King. I found him alone in his room, dressed in a kilt, natural and friendly as usual. After welcoming me, His Majesty commanded me to kiss hands on my appointment, which I did, this being the reason of my visit.

Before dinner that evening we assembled in what used to be the Old Queen's room and the King invested the Prince of Wales with the Star of India, as he and the Princess are starting shortly for an official tour of the Indian Empire. After the usual ceremony of investiture was over everyone went away, and I was left alone with the King. He then presented me with the Star of India, riband and chain, and with the Order of the Indian Empire. He had wished to invest me, he told me, but found that it would be contrary to Regulations to do so before I arrived in India, so he gave them to me privately. He was so natural and charming in manner that I find myself more drawn to him every time I meet him.

I had a great deal of talk with him as to the procedure of my arrival in India, a matter which has been full of difficulty, owing to the situation created by George Curzon. The King is most anxious that my arrival as his representative should compare favourably with the ceremonial preparations which are being made for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He suggested that a man-o'-war should be put at my disposal, but the Admiralty have made difficulties, having no ship available with suitable accommodation for myself and my Staff. The usual procedure is for an R.I.M. Ship to be sent from India to Aden to bring the in-coming Viceroy to Bombay, but Curzon objects to sending the *Dufferin*, saying that there will be no time for her to be overhauled and prepared in a suitable manner to convey him to England, and I shall therefore have to be content with an ordinary steamer.

By means of the King's influence it has now been settled that George Curzon shall receive the Prince and Princess at Bombay, and that I shall arrive there after Their Royal Highnesses have started on their tour. George Curzon will then receive me and sail at once for home, and I shall go straight on to Calcutta and receive the Prince and Princess there at the end of the year. This arrangement I think completely satisfactory, and I am glad St. John Brodrick has consented to allow George Curzon the kudos of receiving Their Royal Highnesses at Bombay, as all the work of preparing for their reception will fall upon him. It will also be a fitting close to his career in India.

I have just received from Curzon a list of sixty horses, carriages and harness, giving me his own valuation and asking me if I am prepared to buy them from him. He asks £150 for each of the six landaus, the same price as Barker charges for new ones in London. A few hours after the arrival of his letter came a cable saying that unless I accepted his terms at once he would sell everything privately. He knew I should be obliged to have a full stable equipment almost immediately on account of the Royal visit, and thus held a pistol at my head. A matter of between seven and eight thousand pounds!

On October 30 a farewell dinner was given to Minto by many old friends, the Duke of Portland taking the chair.[1] In his speech Minto expressed satisfaction that the gathering was not of an official character.

"I look round me and I see partners of my whole career such as it has been. I see those who have ridden between the flags with me,[2] and with whom I have shared many a good gallop with the hounds: also many soldiers with whom I have had life-long companionship. I see here one old school-fellow[3] who knew well how to handle an oar; I see an old chum in Dick Webster, now Lord Chief Justice, who in former days was a Will-o'-the-Wisp of the running path. And of those whom I have known in wider fields, there is a distinguished General[4] who was my first Commanding Officer on active service; and there are Lord Roberts and Sir Hugh Gough, leaders whom I have served under in many different parts of the world. Thus the gathering this evening is very full of memories for me....

The difficulties and responsibilities of administration in India loom very large before me. I am succeeding a brilliant ruler who, in perfecting the machinery of State, has given evidence of abilities and talents which no successor can hope to emulate; and yet my racing days have taught me that many a race has been won by giving the horse a rest in his gallops....

I have been brought up in a home full of Indian traditions.... My great-grandfather was Governor-General of India nearly a century ago. He is an ancestor whom I have always been taught to venerate, and who seems to me to have united with great charm and modesty of character, the broad-minded outlook and capacity of a statesman."

[1]On October 28, 1898, the simultaneous appointment of three Old Etonians as Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India and Bishop of Calcutta, was the occasion of a combined farewell dinner to Lord Minto, Lord Curzon and Bishop Welldon. It was a great gathering of old friends with Lord Rosebery in the Chair.

[2]Mr. J. M. Richardson. [3]General Seymour Corkran.

[4]General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B., Scots Guards.

Journal, November. The last weeks before leaving England were a nightmare. It was no easy task to collect our staff. Dressmakers and milliners bombarded the house, and a thousand unexpected conundrums had to be solved.

We gave an afternoon "At Home" at Audley Square to enable us to say goodbye to our friends: the house was crowded with old, middle-aged and young from four o'clock till eight. The Asquiths dashed in on their way to a dinner party, and I was surprised to find myself clasped by Henry in a fond embrace, while Margot's arms encircled Minto's neck.

King Edward came to tea the day before we started to wish us God-speed and the best of luck.

After the pandemonium at Victoria Station and the final shattering goodbyes, it was a relief to be seated in the train, which was speeding us away from England on the first lap of the journey towards our great adventure. St. John Brodrick's words ring in my ears as he bade me farewell: "Remember your domestic life is at an end. A Viceroy is the hardest worked servant of the State: your part is to relieve him of trivial worries and ease his burden to the best of your ability." The King's kind and encouraging telegram, which was received on board the boat, sent us off in a hopeful mood:

> Once more let me wish you *bon voyage* and safe return after a successful administration. Edward R. & I.

We are thankful that our three girls, Eileen, Ruby and Violet are with us, and though we are now nearing our journey's end, in spite of new scenes and experiences, I seem, all the time, to see before me the lonely little figures of my two boys, left behind, with tearful eyes, struggling to be brave.

November 18. (*S.S. Peninsular.*) Adverse currents delayed our ship, but at last Bombay appeared like a silver streak in the distance. Innumerable little fishing smacks, with the sun glinting on their single sail, were darting hither and thither. We passed H.M.S. *Renown* and H.M.S. *Terrible*, white, clean and smart, with flags flying and yards manned as they boomed out their salute of welcome. These were the two cruisers in which Their Royal Highnesses and suite made their voyage to Bombay.

On this day at the same hour last year the guns on the terrace of the Parliament Buildings fired the farewell salute, as our train steamed out of the station at Ottawa.

As we dropped anchor, Admiral Poë[1] and the naval officers came on board. We were ready assembled on deck, but no one appeared to represent the Bombay Government! We had expected an official reception and had made all preparations to land at once, and our surprise was great when the pilot arrived with a message to say that the official landing had been cancelled. However, we still expected to land immediately and to be met at Bombay with due ceremony, and were naturally not a little astonished and annoyed to be kept waiting for hours on deck for the arrival of the officials with the Government launch, to take us ashore. On landing at the Apollo Bunder, we found a Guard of Honour, carriages and an escort of the Governor's Bodyguard. Beyond this there was no public reception and we drove straight to Malabar Point, arriving there soon after six o'clock.

Minto's Journal, November. On arriving at Government House (Bombay) George Curzon himself did not appear to receive me : Lady Curzon, Lamington[2] and the Ampthills[3] were on the top of the steps. We entered the house. Curzon then appeared dressed in a shooting coat and slippers.

The whole arrangements seemed to me extremely slipshod. I felt that I was arriving amongst old friends and could not really imagine that it was intentional on Curzon's part to do otherwise than what was right; however, the more I have been taken behind the scenes as to what occurred, and the more opportunities I have had of talking it over with my Staff, the more truly regrettable the whole affair seems to be. The private nature of my arrival has been commented on in the press, and though officially I took no notice of what occurred, my Staff quite properly expressed their opinions to the officials concerned. The arrangements for the first arrival of an incoming Viceroy are laid down on well-known lines. These were all provided for by the Orders, copies of which we had received at Aden, and the ceremony of the out-going Viceroy receiving the in-coming Viceroy on the steps of Government House is well known in India, together with the interchange of courtesies which has always been the custom on that occasion. The observance of these customs and courtesies was entirely and inexcusably absent.

The closing chapter of the unfortunate business has now come before me. The file as to the history of the arrangements for our arrival

[1]Commander-in-Chief East Indies Squadron.

[2]Governor of Bombay, 1903-1907. [3]Governor of Madras, 1899-1906.

in India was brought up for final approval before being pigeonholed. In that history no authority was shown for the cancelling of the public arrival. It was left to the imagination of future enquirers to discover for what reason the troops had, at the last moment, not turned out. I refused to approve the file without the missing link, and we now have it in black and white officially from the Bombay Government that the orders were cancelled with a view to meeting Curzon's wishes. At any rate now the history will be handed down to posterity in as true a light as we have been able to obtain and I hope never to hear any more of it.

On the morning after my arrival Curzon took his public departure. Troops lined the streets and the full Viceroy's escort was in attendance. I accompanied him to the Apollo Bunder and saw him off. I can only say that the marked coldness with which he was allowed to leave both by the people in the streets and the people on the pier deeply impressed us all.[1]

None the less, the fact that the King-Emperor's representative had not been received with the respect due to his position was soon known in every bazaar throughout India, causing surprise and indignation.

Journal, November 30. We arrived in Calcutta on November 22. Government House is an imposing building with its long flight of wide steps leading up to the massive columns that support the entrance. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andrew Fraser, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, and many officials were there to receive us, while an army of salaaming red-coated servants stood on each side of the entrance.

The "state" connected with a Viceroy is at first overwhelming. An atmosphere of holy awe surrounds his person, creating an unnatural *gêne*. I prayed that before long we might be able to break through this uncomfortable constraint. The house itself has many family associations. A full-length picture of the 1st Lord Minto, by Chinnery, hangs in the Council Chamber, and between 1806 and 1906 Government House will have sheltered five generations of

[1]This coldness was probably due to the unpopularity of the Partition of Bengal and to Indian resentment at a recent speech of Lord Curzon's at the Convocation at the Calcutta University. (Vide *Life of Lord Curzon*, by Lord Ronaldshay, vol. ii. p. 363.)

Elliots.[1] The 1st Lord Minto, Governor-General of Fort William in Bengal, 1807-1813. John Elliot, his son, with his wife and children, and the 4th Lord Minto (1905-1910) with his wife and children. In the drawing-room a pink set of Worcester China still exists, ordered by the 1st Lord Minto's brother, Hugh Elliot, when Governor of Madras. The Government of that day, considering it a needless extravagance, refused to pay for it, but someone must have settled the bill, as the service is there, divided between Calcutta and Madras. The crystal chandeliers hanging in the Ballroom, and throughout the house, were looted from a French frigate more than a hundred years ago: Napoleon intended having a residence in India and sent them out to decorate his house. My sitting-room has only stiff red silk chairs; I shall never feel at home in it. We have re-arranged the Throne-room, drawing-room and billiard-room which now look charming. Some nice old Chippendale furniture, taken from the bungalows at Barrackpore, fits admirably into the long passages which connect the four wings of Government House.

The kitchen across the street is quite three hundred yards from the house and all our food is carried by coolies in great iron boxes, containing burning charcoal, which are placed outside our dining-room to keep the food hot.

During Their Royal Highnesses' absence from England permission has been given for their own Chef, Monsieur Cédard, to come out to superintend the Viceroy's kitchen. He has previously been in India with the Duke of Connaught and understands the language, which enables him to control his staff of thirty-seven native cooks.

The Viceroy's Bodyguard is a magnificent body of men. They average 6 ft. 1 in height, and their blue and gold *lunghis* make them look still taller. They wear red *kurtas* (tunics), white breeches, and jackboots and carry lances, and are always on guard in front of the house and outside the Viceroy's room.

I could hardly believe the Comptroller, Captain Rivers Bulkeley, when he told me that our establishment numbers nearly 900.

December 11. Lord Kitchener lunched with us to-day on his return from Rawal Pindi, highly delighted with the success of the great review held there for the Prince of Wales. An interesting visitor

[1]In St. John's Church, Calcutta, there is a pedestal on which a bust of the 1st Lord Minto stands, with the date 1810. The original bust was thrown down and broken in the great earthquake in the seventies: Minto had a replica of the bust modelled by Jennings and restored it to its old place.

was the Tashi Lama (Spiritual Ruler of Tibet), who has emancipated himself and is touring about India. He called to pay his respects to the Commander-in-Chief, and on his departure, his carriage not being in readiness, he was sent back to his camp in a 40 h.p. Mercedes car, which so terrified him that he was seen flinging both arms convulsively round his companion's neck.

Lord Kitchener told me that it would make the whole difference having a soldier Viceroy. He said: "It is such a relief to work with someone who has a knowledge of military affairs. Lord Minto and I look at things from the same standpoint. The whole machine is now working without friction and everyone is wondering what all the trouble was about."

Old Sir Pertab Singh (Maharajah of Idar), who is staying here, is of the same opinion. He remarked, "People know Viceroy: he soldier: he two-hand man: everyone trust two-hand man. Civilian he only one-hand man."

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It has been a surprise to find Calcutta so green. The night dews keep the grass as fresh as in England, and the garden bright with flowers. Darkness falls with surprising suddenness; at this hour innumerable bat-like creatures, called flying foxes, circle around. In the daytime they hang by their claws in hundreds from the trees, looking like strange pear-shaped pods, and it is difficult to realize they are alive.

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Calcutta is a noisy, restless city; the screams of the sirens pierce the air as ships load and unload at the riverside. The drivers of the *tikka gharris* (native vehicles) shout to their emaciated horses as they urge them forward along Chowringhee, the principal street in Calcutta. The thoroughfares are alive with hurrying natives, women with brilliant saris bring colour to the sun-baked streets, and one wonders where such multitudes find home and shelter.

We spend Sundays at Barrackpore, the Viceroy's country residence, sixteen miles up the river. Here we live *alfresco* under the celebrated banyan tree, a quarter of a mile in circumference, with living rooms arranged beneath its branches. The large tropical garden is ablaze with bougainvillia and blue morning glory convolvulus, and is surrounded by an extensive English-looking park with golf links and tennis courts. The heat-haze shimmers across the wide grassy glades which lead down to the river Hoogli; there is nothing

to disturb the peace except the occasional shouts of the drivers to their bullocks drawing their creaking carts slowly round the garden, to pick up tiny heaps of dead leaves from the lawns which the *malis* (gardeners) sweep clean as a billiard table.

A bamboo avenue leads from the river to the large square house, full of old Chippendale furniture, where the Viceroy and his family live. A picture of Warren Hastings hangs in the drawing-room, looking down on the descendants of his own severe critic, the 1st Lord Minto. Near the house, in a grove of trees, is a Grecian temple built by him in memory of the fallen at the Conquest of Java in 1811, at which he himself was present.

During an evening ride one can canter for miles down sandy lanes between bamboo avenues, passing many small villages with picturesque groups of natives resting outside their houses after the day's work. Naked brown children with large wondering eyes play about; the sun is setting; the Monkey-God sits under his shelter contemplating the water-tank over which he presides; the smell of the evening fires permeates the air, and one rides home past the barracks where in 1857 the first sign of mutiny amongst the native troops appeared. At Barrackpore, having been all through the horrors of the Mutiny, Lady Canning died in 1861; she is buried in the grounds on her favourite spot overlooking the river, where she used to sit and sketch.

It is Christmas Day. Our decorations are composed of palms and poinsettias instead of holly and evergreen, and through the door of the darkened church this morning I could see the hot dusty road stretching away in the blazing sunlight with an occasional Hindu strolling lazily along, while great branches of roses and blue morning glory formed a lovely background of colour. From these surroundings my thoughts reverted to other Christmas days spent in Canada, with the white world sparkling in the brilliance of the winter sunshine.

If the change of climate was great, it was not more violent than the transition from being the King's representative in a country where parliamentary government was long and fully established to the definite, personal rule which a Governor-General was called on to exercise in India. Many people at home and in India were surprised at the suppleness and ease with

which Minto fell into his new position. They did not realize what was in his blood. They forgot the number and strength of the hereditary ties by which he was associated with the East.

The family connection of both Elliots and Greys with India is remarkable, but to give full details of this history here would be out of place, and I will only briefly allude to the three brothers, sons of the 3rd Sir Gilbert Elliot from whom Minto was directly descended, Gilbert, born in 1751, Hugh, born in 1752, and Alexander, born in 1753.

Alexander went out to India first. In 1772, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed to a writership in the East India Company, and became Private Secretary to Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of Bengal. His remarkable aptitude for languages, his proficiency in Hindustani and Persian, brought him rapid advancement, and Warren Hastings made him his confidential secretary, in spite of his youth, relying much on his sagacity and judgment. At the age of twenty-three, he was sent on a secret mission to undermine the French influence in Nagpur, but contracted fever, and died at Sarangarh. Warren Hastings, who had a great admiration for his talents, and a warm personal friendship for him, felt his untimely death as a severe loss for both public and private reasons. Away in the lonely jungles of Central India he placed a stone over Elliot's grave, and himself composed the following inscription:

An early death was Elliot's doom.
I saw his opening virtues bloom
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade.
I bade the stone record his name
'midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

The second son, Hugh, after being Minister in Paris, Vienna, Naples, Dresden, Stockholm and Warsaw, was sworn a Member of H.M. Privy Council in 1814, and appointed Governor of Madras, a post which he held for six years. His daughter married General Sir Thomas Hislop, who routed Holkar at Mahid-

pore in 1817. Their daughter, Nina, married her second cousin, the 3rd Earl of Minto, and was the mother of my husband, and authoress of several books in connection with the family history and traditions.

Gilbert, the eldest brother, began life as a lawyer, rose high in Whig favour, and was sent abroad on various special missions. From 1794 to 1796 he was Viceroy of Corsica, leaving the island when it was handed back to the French. Nelson, at the time with Jervis' fleet in the Mediterranean, offered him a passage home: "I have reserved a place for you on board the *Minerve*", he wrote. "I long to see you, for your advice is a treasure which I shall ever most highly prize. Only tell me where to send a ship and she shall attend you." On the way home they met the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, and Gilbert offered his services in the *Victory*, but the Admiral refused his request and transferred him to the frigate *Lively*, with orders to proceed to England. Sir Gilbert, who could not bear to leave the British fleet at this critical juncture, obtained permission for the *Lively* to remain and carry home despatches after the fight. He was thus an eye-witness of the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, and his descendants are the proud possessors of a sword and flag captured from the Captain of the *St. José*, and presented by Nelson himself to Sir Gilbert. On arriving in England he was created a peer.

In 1806 Sir Gilbert, now Lord Minto,[1] became President of the Board of Control of the East India Company in the new Ministry of "All the Talents". Old Lord Cornwallis had been sent out to India to take up the thankless task of inaugurating a reign of peace and non-intervention, but had died soon after his arrival. After some acrimonious discussion between the Cabinet and the Company as to his successor, the choice fell on Lord Minto. With a sad heart he left his beloved wife and home. His wife could not accompany him, having a large family needing her care. Lord Minto made the voyage to India in the *Modeste*, a sailing frigate commanded by his second son, George

[1]Created Baron 1797.

Elliot. The journey took four months. John Edmund Elliot, his third son, who in 1805 had been appointed to a writership in the Company's service, joined his father at Calcutta and became his private secretary.

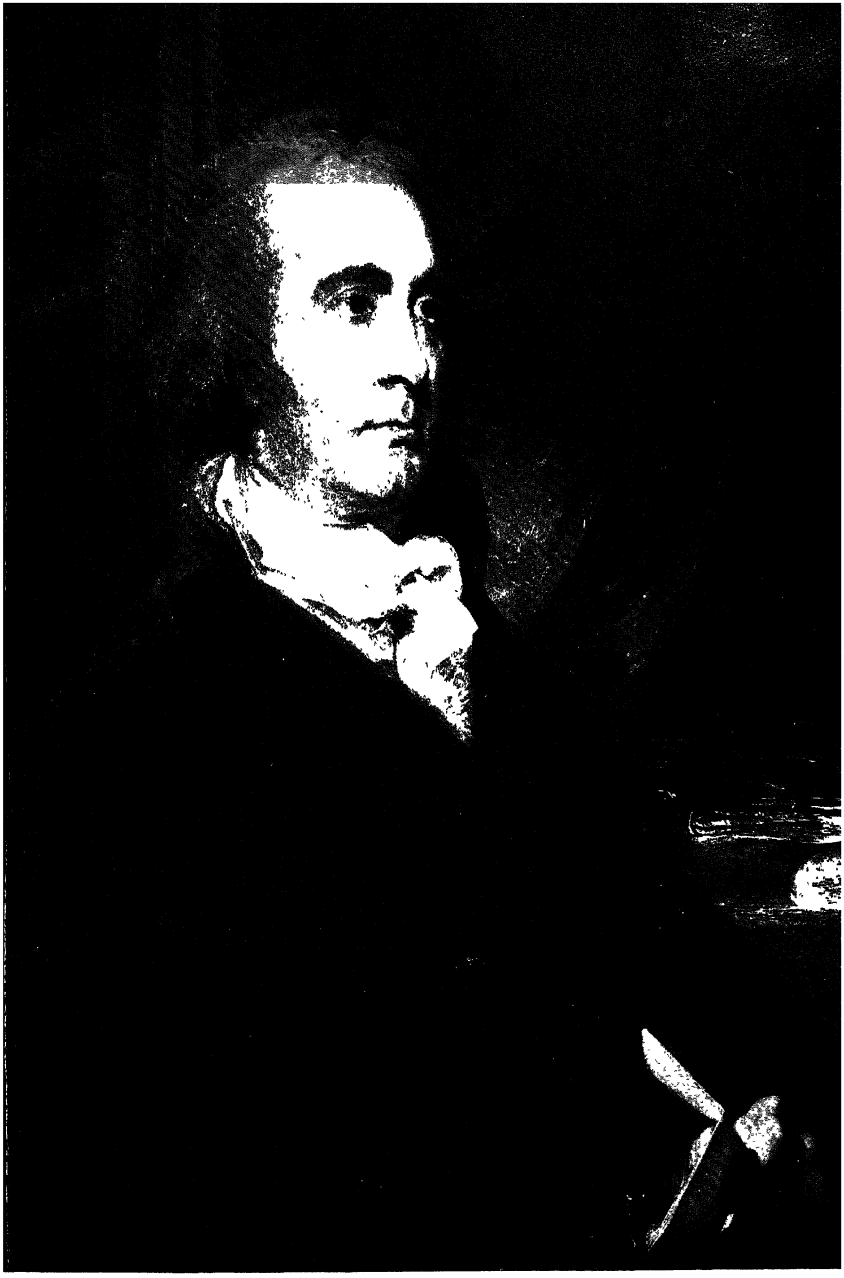
After seven long years of exile Lord Minto returned to England as he had left it, on board a frigate commanded by his son, accompanied this time by his younger son with his wife and children. Lady Minto had been much exercised as to where she should meet her husband, and had decided not to go to London, which meant a journey of many days by post-chaise, preferring to greet him under the ash tree on the lawn in front of the house at their beloved Scottish home. On hearing of Lord Minto's[1] safe arrival in London, she wrote to him:

> Oh dear me, I can hardly breathe, or think, or speak, or run about, or sit still, or believe that all my cares, all my wishes and all my anxieties are whisked away in a moment by the most delightful certainty that you are here, in our little island, safe and sound. And I cannot say how more than delighted I am, as a secondary feeling, to find that my having remained here proves the decision you wished for. I felt so sure of this that I have been as obstinate as any mule, and positively set my face against the opinions and advice of most of my friends, feeling sure I knew better than they could, all the feelings you must have respecting Minto itself, not to mention the everlasting delight in future years of the sweet recollections that will ever attach to the spot of our reunion.

The happy day arrived when Lord Minto was expected. Everything was in readiness; the bonfires on the hills were waiting to be kindled. At last the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard: the excitement was intense. But only the son galloped down the approach. Lord Minto, after safely accomplishing the long voyage, had caught a chill and had died during the first stage of the journey home.

In the Minto archives is a faded packet, tied with white ribbon. These are the letters of joyful anticipation which had passed between husband and wife on the eve of Lord Minto's return, and across the envelope containing these letters the broken-hearted widow had written "Poor Fools".

[1]Created Earl of Minto 1813.



By Sir Thomas Lawrence

The First Lord Minto

Governor-General of Fort William and Bengal, 1807-1813

CHAPTER III

THE ROYAL VISIT

January 1906

THE task that lay before the Viceroy was not made easier by a change of Government at home which occurred a fortnight after his arrival at Bombay. Mr. Balfour and the Conservative Cabinet resigned, and the Liberals, with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister, came into power.[1] Mr. John Morley was appointed Secretary of State for India in place of Mr. St. John Brodrick, who left the India Office regretfully. He had been through troubled and stormy waters with Lord Curzon and felt that his work had been hampered to a great extent by the Viceroy's attitude towards him. He had therefore been looking forward to working in harmony with a congenial colleague, and wrote to Minto:

Dec. 8, 1905.

MY DEAR MINTO,

I deeply regret leaving this office just when the work has become really pleasant in its relation to the Viceroy. I cannot tell you what the relief has been during the past three weeks to feel that one has had at the other end of the telegraph wire a colleague who would sympathetically consider any suggestion instead of treating it *ultra vires* and an invasion of his privileges, and I believe we might have done much good work together if we had been left alone . . . but I am very glad to feel that you are firmly in the saddle.

Minto truly was no sooner in the saddle than he was called upon to deal with a difficult situation. The Partition of Bengal, a measure originated by Lord Curzon, had come into operation

[1] "The General Election of 1906 sent back about 380 Liberals, 80 Irish Nationalists, and 50 Labour Members, against a Conservative Opposition scarcely numbering 160. During the ensuing decade . . . Liberal Ministers remained in power, surviving two General Elections in 1910 by dint of maintaining the Irish alliance unimpaired, and the alliance with Labour in a more precarious but in the main effective condition." *History of England*, by G. M. Trevelyan.

on the day we landed. This policy had aroused a great deal of criticism and created much resentment in the Indian community of the Province, and the chief agitator, that distinguished Hindu, Mr. Gokhale (Leader of the Congress Party), had seized upon the prospective visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Calcutta to make a demonstration. Their Royal Highnesses' visit was to be boycotted. A crisis seemed imminent.

"Send for Gokhale, I must see him," said the Viceroy.

During the interview Minto told Gokhale that if the policy of his predecessor was the cause of trouble and dissatisfaction to a section of the community he regretted it, but pointed out that he was succeeding a brilliant Viceroy who, after seven years' experience of India, had advocated this measure, and, having only been in the country a few weeks, he himself had not yet had time to form his own opinion, and that until he had done so he hoped the leaders of the agitation would not create difficulties, but accept the position, and give a fitting welcome to the son of the King-Emperor.

As Gokhale left the Viceroy's room, he turned to Colonel Dunlop Smith (the Private Secretary), and said: "His Excellency shows sympathy and understanding. I will stop the boycott."

This interview with Gokhale established a friendly atmosphere, and enabled the Viceroy ultimately to gain through him a real insight into the aspirations of the Hindus.[1]

My hands were full. While Minto was occupied with political matters I had to master the details of our huge establishment,

[1]The following is an extract from my Journal of October, 1932:

When Mr. Gandhi attended the Round Table Conference in London, the Maharajah of Bikanir brought him up to me at a party to be introduced.

"Do you remember my name?" I asked.

"Remember your name!" exclaimed Mr. Gandhi. "The Minto-Morley Reforms have been our undoing. Had it not been for the separate Electorates then established we should have settled our differences by now."

"You forget, Mr. Gandhi", I replied, "that the separate Electorates were proposed by your leader and predecessor, Mr. Gokhale."

"Ah!" said Mr. Gandhi, with a smile, "Gokhale was a good man, but even good men may make mistakes."

"Yes", said a Punjab landowner now on the Council at the India Office, who was standing near, "and if Lord Minto had not insisted on separate Electorates we Mahommedans should not be in existence".

to make the acquaintance of many important officials and to superintend the preparations for the Royal visitors who were shortly to arrive, with a personal suite of twenty-seven, and a staff of European and Indian clerks and servants numbering in all 262.

Journal, December 27. We have had an exciting morning. At 8 a.m. the Tashi Lama arrived with his cortège to pay his respects to the Viceroy. It was a weird spectacle. The escort, riding small, shaggy ponies, vigorously beating tom-toms and at the same time making discordant noises on strange musical instruments. The Lama himself was driving in the Viceregal carriage-and-four with an escort of the Bodyguard, which had been sent to bring him to Government House as a mark of respect for his high position. On alighting from the carriage he took off his round broad-brimmed hat, made of gold, and replaced it by a bishop's yellow mitre. Surrounded by his followers and all our Staff in full uniform, and hand-in-hand with Sir Louis Dane (Foreign Secretary), he mounted the steps and was ushered into the Throne-room, where the Viceroy awaited him. Not being a reigning Prince, protected by the Government of India, but only a spiritual potentate, the etiquette is for the Viceroy to sit beside the Lama on an ordinary chair, not on the Throne.

Tea was carried in on trays and handed to the Tashi Lama and his suite, after which a long line of Tibetans filed into the room laden with presents, which they laid at the Viceroy's feet: bales of silk, beautifully embossed silver and copper tea-pots, embroideries, and lastly, enormous bundles made of hide, containing tea. It seems ludicrous to bring all these things as "presents", as everything is paid for by Government, but it is an old custom, which originated as a precaution against bribery. The Viceroy has first choice and selects what he wishes to buy, and the rest are taken to a place called the *Toshakhana* and distributed when occasions arise for giving presents, or else sold and the proceeds handed to the Treasury.

On his departure the Tashi Lama climbed into a yellow palanquin, a gift from the Emperor of China, a copy of those used by the Chinese Imperial Family and a Royal prerogative. It was carried by twelve men, assisted by runners with ropes.

The Lama's procession was barely out of sight before more escorts appeared with another Viceregal carriage bringing the Maharajah of

Sikkim. His followers were dressed in red and brown; their hats, looking like inverted flower-pots, were decorated with peacocks' feathers. The Maharajah was conducted to the Throne-room, and, being a reigning protected Prince, was received by the Viceroy from the Throne.

December 29. Calcutta has been all agog with expectation for days. The whole garden of Government House is studded with tents, and there has been much excitement at the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At early dawn bullock carts by the score began to arrive and 500 coolies were waiting to handle the Royal luggage. Plans of the camp have been printed, and large tickets with the owner's name adorn each tent. The booming of the guns announced the approach of the procession, and Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by the Viceroy and myself at the foot of the great white marble steps leading to Government House.

A crowded programme has been in preparation for many months and has given much anxious thought.

In the evening Minto and I dined alone with the Prince and Princess, and afterwards the Prince held a levee to which nearly three thousand people came. A rumour was circulated that the Prince did not intend remaining at the levee beyond a certain hour, upon which pandemonium ensued. Captain Holden[1], in command of the Bodyguard, was twice thrown down in attempting to keep order; 2123 people managed to make their bow to the Prince in an hour and three-quarters—at the rate of twenty a minute.

December 30. Their Royal Highnesses attended the races in the afternoon to see the Prince of Wales' Cup and were enthusiastically received.

Our dinner party this evening of eighty people was a great success. The Prince and Princess, with the quick appreciation for which they are famed, gave a personal greeting to each guest. The Princess looked magnificent, her regal appearance and beautiful jewels roused universal admiration. It was most impressive to see her and the Prince, standing in the great marble Hall which, with its Eastern splendour and red-liveried servants, made a fitting frame for our Royal guests.

Shortly before the ladies left the room the Prince said to me: "I hope the Viceroy realizes that I shall join him after dessert; he must on no

[1]Killed in action in 1918.

account come round to me." I told him how much Minto felt the difficulty of the position. His answer was: "Surely I am the first person to show consideration to my father's representative?" He then took up the menu, on which he wrote: "You must remain in your place. I will come and sit beside you when the ladies leave the dining-room."

December 31. The whole party went to church at the cathedral. It was a fine service with beautiful singing, ending with a heartfelt rendering of " God save the King " in which the whole congregation joined.

I had a long talk with the Princess about the difficulty of getting into touch with Indian women on account of the purdah system. She took special interest in the Dufferin Hospital, which we visited later, as well as other hospitals and charitable institutions.

January 1, 1906. *New Year's Day*. The Princess and I made an early start for the Maidan[1] in a carriage-and-four to see the Proclamation Parade, taking up our position behind the saluting point. The long lines of troops looked grey and shadowy in the morning mist as we arrived, but they gradually stood out with distinct and vivid colouring as the sun rose. We soon heard the sound of distant cheering, and saw the dust of the escort as the cortège swung on to the ground. No recent Viceroy had been a soldier, and it was a proud moment for me as I watched Minto in his General's uniform with his waving plumes galloping on his showy white Arab with the Prince of Wales, while Lord Kitchener and a host of Generals followed. The combined Staffs and the Indian officers with their coloured *lunghis* (military turbans) made a fine show.

This afternoon Lady Fraser gave a purdah party at Belvedere to which I accompanied the Princess. In the long drawing-room all blinds were drawn, the room lighted by electric light, and screens erected in the passage to prevent any possibility of the purdah ladies being seen even in the distance. It is difficult for them to get in and out of their carriages and escape the eye of the public. A folding screen is placed round them as they alight, as, unlike Turkish women, it is not considered sufficient protection to have only their faces covered. About sixty ladies were present; some of them had never seen an English lady.

The Princess and I sat on a sofa while Lady Fraser brought up the

[1] A public park.

chief ladies to be presented. Some were wearing gorgeous jewels; large rings covered with precious stones hung from their noses, and as many as six huge rings from their ears. Others had large diamond solitaires stuck through their nostrils: one small child had a pear-shaped diamond fastened to her nose which fell over her mouth. Another child of eleven was conspicuous, dressed in yellow satin, sparkling with precious stones; ropes of pearls with large tassels were suspended from her head; necklaces of uncut emeralds and pearls hung thickly round her small neck, while her arms were covered with jewelled bangles.

A few of the ladies were not purdah and had been educated in schools and spoke English. They were all greatly excited at having the honour of being presented to the Princess. The Maharani of Cooch Behar told me that many of these ladies had no idea what life was like outside the purdah; some of them are so strict as to caste that they will not drink a drop of water in her house. They were interested to know that I was the Viceroy's wife, but when I suggested that some day they should visit me at Government House they looked alarmed and said they would mention it to their husbands. This makes one realize how difficult it is for India to compete with other nations. Until her women are emancipated, the question of caste and religion makes the problem almost insoluble.

This evening 144 guests attended the State banquet. The Prince spoke to many distinguished Indians and took the opportunity of having some conversation with Mr. Gokhale.

January 2. An entertainment was given for Their Royal Highnesses on the large open space of the Maidan, which included native dances. The President, the Maharajah of Darbhanga (a Bengal Zemindar), wore a wonderful crown, said to be worth £130,000. He knelt down to enable us to examine the jewels more closely and complained bitterly of the weight of his head-dress. The performers' entry was heralded by native musicians from each State, Sikkim, Bhutan, Nagar Sankirtan and Tibet, and a most discordant noise they made with their weird, mis-shapen instruments.

At the conclusion of the entertainment the Maharajah garlanded Their Royal Highnesses with golden chains, embroidered with seed pearls. The whole of the Maidan was illuminated with myriads of little lamps, hung from trees; the ponds were like liquid fire, with native boats composed of silver lights floating on the golden waters.

Journal, January 3. This morning the Princess visited the Museum, which has a wonderful collection of curios and works of art—Lord Curzon was indefatigable in collecting samples of handicrafts from all parts of India—after which we drove round the Old Fort and Dr. Denison Ross[1] showed us the site of the Black Hole. New buildings almost entirely cover the ground where 243 victims were led through the Fort, expecting to find an exit on the other side.

This evening the Commander-in-Chief gave a banquet at the Fort in honour of Their Royal Highnesses. The drawing-room was decorated with his beloved china, and the dinner table groaned with presentation plate.

Immediately after dinner we started to see the illuminations of the city. The Viceroy drove with the Princess, I followed with the Prince and Lord Kitchener. The Prince was amused at the wording of an inscription hanging over a triumphal arch: "God help the Prince." We drove for six miles round the town, and without cessation a continuous murmur went up from the dense crowds in the streets. The houses everywhere were outlined with little lamps, the great dome of the Post Office towering like a ball of flame against the inky sky. It was midnight before we reached home.

January 4. This afternoon the Prince laid the foundation stone of the Victoria Memorial. It is to be a magnificent marble building. Sir Andrew Fraser explained Lord Curzon's desire to leave a monument for art treasures worthy of our great Queen-Empress.

The State Ball was most successful. We processed down the Ballroom, preceded by the Staff, and at once formed up for the quadrille. We had had great fun rehearsing, as the Members of Council and their wives had to learn the intricate figures. Lord Kitchener was in deadly earnest, carefully counting the beats in order to bring off the *chassée croisée* at exactly the right moment. Everyone got through without a mistake. Over two thousand people were present at the ball, and the supper tables were arranged to seat five hundred at a time.

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There is a Weighing Book at Government House which dates from 1875, the year when King Edward visited India as Prince of Wales. The date of the Prince's signature is January 3rd, 1876, "Albert Edward: 14 st. 9¾ lbs. *in heavy military uniform.*" On the

[1]Afterwards Sir E. Denison Ross, Principal of the Calcutta Madrassah, 1901-1911.

same date exactly thirty years later his son signed his name, " George P. 10 st. 7 lbs."

I was interested to find the name of my brother, Albert Grey, among the signatures of the suite who accompanied King Edward. It is curious that on both occasions a member of the Grey family should have been present.

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January 9. Before leaving on a two months' tour through India, Their Royal Highnesses distributed beautiful presents to our Staff and household. Minto received a magnificent silver memento, and I a beautiful brooch with the Prince of Wales' feathers in diamonds, a possession I shall always prize.

We accompanied Their Royal Highnesses on board the s.s. *Guide* and left them in mid-stream, returning to our launch, the *Maud*. We stood and watched the Royal party till the distance gradually reduced their waving handkerchiefs to little misty specks.

I cannot say how indefatigable both the Prince and Princess have been, so charming, with a kind word for everybody, and I hope they have really enjoyed themselves. The responsibility has been great, handicapped as we were by having so recently arrived in India, but I think everything has passed off without a hitch.

Five years ago, in 1901, we also had the privilege of entertaining Their Royal Highnesses as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, during their visit to Canada. The journey with them to Vancouver and back through the magnificent scenery of the Rockies was an unforgettable experience. One evening remains vividly in my memory. Our two special trains were put for the night into a siding. There was a piano in our carriage, and the Staff, who had considerable musical talent, were singing choruses after dinner. To chaff Minto's Military Secretary, Colonel Joe Maude,[1] they had adapted the words of a popular song and were shouting:

Maude, Maude, Maude,
The man I have always adored!

when an official appeared with a message to say that Their Royal Highnesses were tired and wished to sleep. To this day this episode has not been forgotten by the King.[2]

[1]Afterwards General Sir Stanley Maude. Commanded the Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia in the Great War. Died of cholera at Baghdad in 1917.

[2]In 1932 the King mentioned that this tour was one of his happiest experiences, adding: "I wish I could have spent double the time in Canada."

On the Prince's return to London, he made a speech at the Guildhall, advocating a wider element of sympathy between the races. This was acclaimed in India, and Minto, watching the trend of opinion, wrote to the Secretary of State:

Minto to Morley. All that the Prince said was excellent. All that he saw here has obviously deeply appealed to him, whilst his allusions to the potentialities of sympathetic rule touch a very true note....

There are many difficulties ahead, difficulties which are likely to grow with the increase of education and Western ideas, and we shall never tackle them satisfactorily unless we are prepared to recognize these influences and to sympathize with them. And yet one has always to remember that from the very nature of the conditions surrounding us our existence in India is based on the power of the strong hand; but it must be a just hand and a sympathetic hand.

From Whitehall Morley wrote:

Morley to Minto. May 11. Yesterday I had a long talk with the Prince of Wales in which he gave me a profoundly interesting account of his impressions in India, and in the forefront of them all was a picture of your room, full and over-full of boxes, files and papers, with red labels, blue labels, and other signals of urgency in various degrees. He pronounced you to be the most overworked man in the whole Empire, and I suspect it was no sort of exaggeration. On the other hand he spoke of what must be a very considerable reward for all your toil, namely the popularity and confidence that are rapidly surrounding your position, nor did he leave out Lady Minto's share in the good work. He has come home with a good many very clear, and as I should judge, correct and sound notions all looking in what to my eyes seem to be emphatically the right direction.... His keyword is that we should get on better if our administrators showed "wider sympathy"....

He spoke with very simple and unaffected enthusiasm of all he had seen, of the reception he had met with in every quarter, and of the splendour of the task that we have in hand. Most of all was I delighted with his watch-word. If we can show "sympathy" as well as firm justice, all may go well, and it will be a vast help both to you and to me if the Prince's talk of sympathy is generally felt to hit the mark.

Minto replied:

Minto to Morley. May 28. I am so glad to hear all you say of the Prince of Wales . . . and what you tell me he said to you is very true. . . . There is a great gulf between the races . . . but we have qualities which have made us the best of colonists; and though much of the inner history of our conquests and colonization may be lamentable, it is not so bad as that of other nations. . . . And here in India we have not entirely ourselves to blame for the existence of the great gulf, for we are confronted by the great wall which caste, and the seclusion of women, have built up against us.

Still there is much that is very narrow on our part. For instance at Calcutta the Viceroy's Sikh Bodyguard finds the sentries for Government House, both inside and out, being both by night and day stationed on the staircase and in the corridors. A splendid body of picked men. I see them at all hours, and throughout the season guests at Government House ascend the stairs which they protect, except on the night of the State Ball, when, to my utter amazement, I find that my Sikhs are removed and replaced by a British Guard from the garrison. I ask, why? And am told that it wouldn't do for Native sentries to be present at an assembly which English ladies attend in large numbers! But my Sikhs see my own family every evening, and are on duty at every great dinner party or ordinary dance given by me to Calcutta society! I can only suppose it is assumed that their feelings might be overcome by numbers! But surely from their point of view such suspicions are an insult to them and to their Native officers? I was too new to Calcutta at the last State Ball to remonstrate, but I am afraid in the future Calcutta society will have to run terrible risks at Government House!

And he continues:

As to Congress.[1] . . . we must recognize them and be friends with the best of them, yet I am afraid there is much that is absolutely disloyal in the movement and that there is danger for the future. I have no doubt you see extracts from the vernacular press; the great bulk of the tone of it can only be termed disloyal, and the Bengali editor is spreading his influence throughout India. I like what I have seen of

[1]This powerful political organization originated and developed from a remarkable gathering of Indians who met in Bombay in 1885 and styled themselves "The Indian National Congress".

Gokhale, and am very far from saying that he is in sympathy with much of his party literature, but he is playing with dangerous tools.

I have been thinking a good deal lately of a possible counterpoise to Congress aims. I think we may find a solution in the Council of Princes, or in an elaboration of that idea; a Privy Council not only of Native Rulers, but of a few other big men to meet say once a year for a week or a fortnight at Delhi for instance. Subjects for discussion and procedure would have to be very carefully thought out, but we should get different ideas from those of Congress, emanating from men already possessing great interest in the good government of India....

I have wondered if it would ever be possible to start a small Club, probably at Delhi, for British *and* Indian Members. I do not see the impossibility of it, but I am very ignorant as to rules of caste, still Scindia,[1] Bikanir,[2] some of the leading Zemindars and the Viceroy might be able to set it on foot.

I cannot say how much I am with you as to " sympathy". If we could only get more into touch with the people amongst whom we live! But the want of permanent residence of the British population tells against it. It is a fleeting population, always looking ultimately to home. Its permanent affections and interests are not here, and there is a feeling of sadness about it all. And I am afraid better means of communication are daily increasing the number of people who "run home on leave", and similarly decreasing the permanency of English careers in India.

But with all one's desire for " sympathy " one must not lose sight of hard facts. We are here a small British garrison, surrounded by millions composed of factors of an inflammability unknown to the Western world, unsuited to Western forms of government, and we must be physically strong or go to the wall. And it is in that direction that I am afraid of the House of Commons. I can imagine a want of knowledge at home, an exaggerated idea of the value of Western forms of government, and the eloquence of political agitators from the East, who would not hold their own for an instant in their own country, proving very dangerous to India. But at the same time I entirely agree with you that the House of Commons to-day does not mean mischief in an imperial sense. I believe we are generally a very sensible people, but I am afraid of an assumption of too much auth-

[1]H. H. the late Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior.

[2]H.H. the Maharajah of Bikanir.

ority by the House over questions at a distance, of which few people at home can possibly have any intimate knowledge; questions affected by conditions and sentiments unknown to English political life.

As for the future here, I feel that my ideas are very crude. There is ever so much to be done, and it takes time to learn one's lesson.

Morley answered:

Morley to Minto. June 6. Fundamental difference between us, I really believe there is none. Not one whit more than you do I think it desirable, or even conceivable, to adapt English political institutions to the nations who inhabit India. Assuredly not in your day or mine. But the *spirit* of English institutions is a different thing, and it is a thing which we cannot escape even if we wished, which I hope we don't. . . . Cast-iron bureaucracy cannot go on for ever, we may be quite sure of that, and the only thing to be done by the men in your place and mine is to watch coolly and impartially, and take care that whatever change must come shall come "slow and steady". You and I are one in all that, I am sure. Everybody warns us that a new spirit is growing and spreading over India: Lawrence,[1] Chirol,[2] Sidney Low,[3] all sing the same song: "You cannot go on governing in the same spirit; you have got to deal with the Congress party and Congress principles whatever you may think of them. Be sure that before long the Mahommedans will throw in their lot with the Congressmen against you" and so on and so forth. I don't know how true this may be or may not be. I have no sort of ambition for us to take part in any grand revolution during my time of responsibility whether it be long or short. *Just the very opposite.* You need have no apprehension whatever of a private telegram reaching you from me some fine morning, requesting you at once to summon an Indian Duma. On the other hand I don't want to walk blindfold in the ways of autocracy.

Minto to Morley. June 27. I feel as you say, that there is no fundamental difference between us as to our feelings for the future here. Perhaps I am more face to face with the difficulties due to the diversity of character between a great Western Power, like ourselves,

[1]Sir Walter Lawrence, G.C.V.O., G.C.I.E., Private Secretary to Lord Curzon, 1898-1903.

[2]The late Sir Valentine Chirol, *Times* Correspondent.

[3]Mr. (afterwards Sir Sidney) Low, Special Correspondent during the Royal visit to India, 1905-1906.

and an Eastern People composed of many nationalities; whilst I believe that, strange as it may seem, the mysteries of the East become more unfathomable with a closer acquaintance.... At the same time everyone who thinks at all feels that there is change in the air... What the change will be, or how or when it will come, it is impossible to say, but accepting the Congress party as one of the chief factors of that change, I have said ever since I have been here, that one must recognize it as a power with which we have to deal and with whose leaders we must reckon.

But having said this one must not be blind to its dangers. The movement is at present entirely Bengali, amongst a population with a power of imitation of Western political methods, whose leaders have succeeded in obtaining a far higher value in England for their pronouncements than they could possibly hope to obtain in India. And while admitting the honesty of the best of them, one cannot but be anxious as to the almost universally disloyal tone of the Native press with which they are so largely connected and the control of which they are acquiring throughout India. The remark of the old Rajah of Nabha in conversation with me lately represents an anxiety which I am convinced the best Native chiefs fully share with us. He said that though these Indian political associations speak fair words and profess innocent aims, the majority of them have a canker in their hearts (literally—"there is an ulcer inside them") and from disease nothing but harm can come.

CHAPTER IV

OUR SPRING TOUR: 1906

The North-West Frontier Province: Forts of Malakand and Chakdara: Peshawar: The Khyber Pass to Landi Khotal

Journal, March 20. Calcutta was getting too hot for the girls, so we sent them to Dehra Dun, where, a few days later, I joined them.

Dehra is rightly named "the garden of India". It lies on the fringe of the jungle where the Siwalik hills bound the horizon. When I arrived the valley was a mass of colour with jacaranda trees in full bloom and roses in profusion.

After a few days at Dehra we went on to Mohand, and are sleeping in a small shooting bungalow and spending long days in the jungle, which is full of game.

One of the officers of the Bodyguard, who knows this country well, is in charge and makes all the *shikar* arrangements. Being quite ignorant of the serious risk, I suggested dismounting from our elephants during the beats, as they were not fully trained and their movements and sudden trumpetings often spoilt our chance of sport, and as the *shikaris* made no demur, we usually took up our positions in line about 150 yards apart in a dry river-bed, I and the three girls each going with one of the men, whilst a wide strip of jungle was beaten towards us.

One morning there was great excitement and frantic shouting amongst the beaters, who declared that a tiger had been sighted not forty paces from us, but it had broken back before appearing in the open. Another morning Violet was standing behind Algy Strutt (A.D.C.), when, looking round, they suddenly saw the gleaming eyes of a panther staring straight at them through a clump of rough grass, not twenty yards away. Algy fired quickly, luckily shooting the panther dead through his open mouth. This made me realize how dangerous it was to be on foot, and how lucky we are to have escaped so easily. Since then we have shot from *machans*, tiny platforms fixed high up in the trees, skilfully hidden by branches. From

these positions it is wonderful to watch the brilliant-coloured birds fluttering here and there. During a beat I had taken up my position in a *machan* with a Native officer of the Bodyguard, Abdul Karim, when suddenly I heard a noise, as of a "rushing mighty wind". I turned to Abdul with a questioning glance only to have my head enveloped with lightning speed in a blanket. On releasing me a moment later Abdul smilingly explained: "That, Lady Sahib, was swarm of bees. Another lady once have face spoilt. I take out more than one hundred stings!"

March 30. I left Mohand to join Minto at Lucknow, and after the usual functions we went on to Agra and to Delhi, where Minto unveiled the fine statue of Nicholson, by Brock, an occasion which appealed strongly to him. Nicholson stands, sword in hand, his head turned eagerly looking towards the Kashmir Gate; there is such strength and decision in the attitude that one feels he was indeed a born leader of men. Minto rode into the enclosure escorted by the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, all mounted on white horses, and in his short address, he laid great stress on the Native and British soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, to do honour to the man who for half a century has been the living inspiration of all ranks of the Army in India.

Minto wrote afterwards to Morley:

Minto to Morley. May 2. I was rather disappointed that my speech at the unveiling of the Nicholson statue was not reported in full in the English papers. It was very short, and Reuter telegraphed the whole of it home, and I assumed that it would appear in *The Times*. I was sorry that it did not do so, because the opportunity had seemed to me a good one to say something of the historic relations between Indian and British troops, and I hoped that just now, when so much has been said as to the unsatisfactory feeling in the Indian Army, some good might be done by a public recognition of the comradeship in arms which has so long existed between British and Indian soldiers.

Journal, April 6. We left Delhi that night, thankful to get away from the intense heat which had become almost unbearable, and spent the night at Sargodha with Mr.[1] and Mrs. Hailey, at their comfortable house. Four years ago Sargodha, a horse-breeding colony, was visited by a bad outbreak of plague; Mr. Hailey took charge of

[1]The Colonization Officer.

the camp, finally catching the disease. His wife valiantly nursed him day and night and pulled him through, no doctor or European assistance being available.

April 10. Minto looked forward very much to visiting the Malakand and North-West Frontier Province, the scene of his old campaigning days. On reaching Dargai we found a Jirga of the Native tribes assembled to present addresses written in Pushtu verse. The following extract is a translation of one of these addresses:

"In the presence of His Excellency the Viceroy, and Governor-General of India, Grand Master of the Indian Empire, Oh people, the time for happiness has come.

How far shall I extol heavenly favours?

The whole of the San Ranizai country has become milk and ambergris when the Nawab Sahib Bahadar (His Excellency) has come.

The world is coloured with the blessings of your justice; in generosity you are the spreader of pearls. Your subjects are in peace everywhere: the fame of your equity has travelled far in the country: in Kabul, Badakshan, China and Khotan. Our territory has become green and full of light since Your Excellency has placed upon it your blessed foot. The star of our fortune has come into motion by your coming; our direction has become auspicious....

We, the poor people, have this request to make: that the train stays for the night at Mardan. Much goodwill will be thought thereof: in this there will be much gain to the Government: also the poor travellers will be relieved of trouble.

Another request is that the broad-gauge line be put so that the profit be two-fold.

We pray these requests will be granted: we place our hands of respect upon our breasts."

These Pathans are splendid-looking men. They all wore white garments and stood in a large semi-circle; each man had brought a bouquet of wild flowers in his hand, as an offering. Four years ago, they had never seen a train, and that they should now be asking for a broad-gauge railway to replace the present "toy" line is an indication of the march of time.

I had pictured an uncivilized region with nothing but bridle paths, and was surprised to find a motor-car waiting to convey us over a wide road circling the mountains, gradually rising to a height of five thousand feet to the Malakand Fort, where British territory ceases.

The fortress stands on a peak and overlooks the upper Swat Valley which is now enjoying a year of plenty, after six years of famine, and

looks green and prosperous. After the intense heat of the plains we found the fresh, crisp mountain air exhilarating.

From Dargai we drove on to Chakdara, eleven miles beyond our last frontier post, passing relays of tribesmen who had gathered on the heights of their mountain passes to greet the Viceroy. They stood in groups, holding their standards riddled with bullet-holes. These Natives claim to be descendants of the Children of Israel, and they have a decidedly Jewish look. On arrival at the bridge which crosses the Swat river at the foot of the Chakdara Fort, the Khan Khels of Thana were formed up in line awaiting us. Two old warriors came forward and presented the Viceroy with two of their standards which had never before been carried except in warfare.[1] We walked down their lines without a guard, which delighted them, although it is not wise to rely too much upon their protestations, for though they may be friendly one day, they are often ready to knife you the next. They fight for the love of fighting, and though at the moment they are contented and peaceful, they say openly that they must soon relieve the monotony by having a rising. The Commissioner told us that these men make no objection to the use of rifles, but they look upon guns as taking an unfair advantage. Their mode of government is not unlike our own, with an elected Assembly and an upper House of Elders: we saw in the distance their Houses of Parliament, which are reached by a mountain track.

April 12. Leaving the Malakand by the toy train, we went to Mardan, where Colonel Younghusband of the Guides received us. We drove from the station through country lanes, the hedges massed with flowering roses, and stopped to see the Memorial raised to Cavagnari and the men who were killed with him in Kabul in 1879, treacherously murdered while fulfilling a mission from the British Government.

It must be remembered that Minto served as Melgund[2] on Sir Frederick Roberts' Staff in the Second Afghan War in 1879. After peace had been proclaimed, Melgund spent some days, on his return, at Simla with the Lyttons, in the month of July, where he met Cavagnari, British Envoy designate for Kabul, who begged him to accompany him on his adventurous expe-

[1]These standards now hang in the Castle on Minto Craigs.

[2]Family title of Lord Minto's eldest son.

dition, but an urgent appeal from his Volunteer Corps in Scotland finally cast the die in favour of home duties, and thereby Melgund's life was saved.

Minto's Journal of this year tells of the episode:

September 7, 1906. Walked up to Inverarn with Dunlop yesterday for tea with Sir Louis and Lady Tupper. I was anxious to see the place again where Cavagnari was living in '79, and where I said goodbye to him in July, just before I left for England, after discussing with him whether or not I should accompany him to Kabul. He said: "Goodbye, and God bless you," and it was then that it first flashed across me that he thought there was some risk in his mission. It all came back to me so vividly: that was 27 years ago.

Journal, April 12. In the Mardan Churchyard we saw the names of many well-known soldiers, and the stone erected to commemorate the celebrated Battye brothers, two famous soldiers of the Indian Army, who fell in the Afghan and Tirah wars.

We returned by way of Peshawar, staying at Government House with Sir Harold and Lady Deane. Here my three daughters met with an adventure which might have ended disastrously. They started in the afternoon for a motor drive with Mr. Humphrys,[1] the Governor's secretary, but when darkness fell they had not returned. During dinner a telegram arrived from Nowshera, twenty-five miles away, to say that they had been delayed by a breakdown. The night was pitch-dark, and we were all very nervous before they reached home about midnight. They had punctured twice, and had been obliged to sit by the road-side near Nowshera while repairs were in progress. In these wild districts no one ventures out after nightfall without police protection, as raiding tribes roam the country, and if they had happened upon this undefended party they would probably have murdered Mr. Humphrys and carried off our daughters. Mr. Humphrys was greatly alarmed, and did not disguise the danger from the girls.

During our visit, in addition to the usual guard, the whole compound was surrounded by police in disguise, but in spite of this two men managed to get inside the grounds and nearly reached the house before they were detected.

[1]Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Humphrys who, in 1929, evacuated the European population of Kabul. The Air Force carried them over the frontier into India safely, without the loss of a single life (Air Commodore Sir Geoffrey Salmond in charge).

During an afternoon ride we were accompanied by a troop of cavalry, and mounted police were stationed every two hundred yards along our route. Not having a nervous temperament, I was astonished at these excessive precautions, but Sir Harold knows the people he has to deal with.

April 16. After a Durbar held by the Native chiefs, we left Peshawar for Jamrud, and drove up the Khyber Pass, escorted by a strong guard. It is a contrast to the Malakand country; the mountains are steep, arid and bare; range upon range of forbidding rocks are full of caves and holes which form excellent places of concealment in times of tribal warfare. Every precaution had been taken; each range of hills had a picket, and the men in khaki with the sunlight flashing upon their steel bayonets stood to attention, silhouetted against the skyline.

I was so excited at seeing this wild district, often described to me by Minto, who had reconnoitred this actual country when attached to Lord Roberts' Staff in the Afghan campaign. How little he thought then that the hills would one day be crowned with troops to secure his own safety.

We went through several villages, all built of mud, each with its loop-holed watch-tower from which to observe the movements of the enemy. Here no tribesmen appeared to receive us; the villages seemed deserted, and on enquiring the reason, we were informed that the inhabitants had been forbidden to come out of their houses on pain of being shot, lest any doubtful character should be among them.

On arrival at Ali Musjid the chiefs were assembled with a band of their followers. They came up one by one and shook hands with the Viceroy, making a speech of welcome in Pushtu, expressing themselves in picturesque terms: "I am my Lord's servant. My head is his to do with as he will." "I place myself beneath the feet of my Lord". They held the Viceroy's hand between their own, and spoke in low hurried tones and brought offerings of sheep, goat-skins and honey. They are genial and kind in appearance, but blood feuds pass from generation to generation; one young boy among them had a scared look, and no wonder! His father has lately been murdered and his death must be avenged by the son.

Colonel Roos-Keppel is in command at Landi Khotal. There are nine officers in charge of the Khyber Pass, all enthusiastic in their work. One young subaltern said to me: "Here one really lives one's

life, there is no humbug about it; to relax for a moment means disaster." Colonel Younghusband was playing polo one day, near Chakdara, when suddenly he heard a burst of firing, and, turning, saw his syces hastily making for cover with his polo ponies. Close by a band of Afridis were popping away across the polo ground at another band with whom they had quarrelled. The polo players were obliged to leave their game and make a hasty retreat to avoid being shot, though no attempt was made to interfere with them personally; the Afridis were busy with their own fight, which went on merrily. Before riding off the ground, Colonel Younghusband drew up and demanded from the nearest chief the cause of the trouble.

"Oh, Sahib", said he, "it is about a piece of land. There are only eight corpses at present, but by the grace of God there will soon be more."

Wano, the headquarters of Southern Waziristan, is the most troublesome of all the frontier outposts in the buffer tribal territory. Six or seven European officers are stationed there with about 1500 tribal militia, and a political officer in charge, Mr. Crump, whom we lately met. They live inside the walls of a small fort, and whenever an officer passes through the gates, six sentries automatically rise to escort him. Three political officers were murdered in fourteen months at Wano, and it was after the assassination of the third that Mr. Crump volunteered for the post. He remarked to me: "We are always ready to do our duty, but Lord Curzon's statement in his farewell speech at the Byculla Club, when he said: 'The situation on the frontier is perfectly peaceful and satisfactory' struck us here as hardly representing the facts. When he made that remark he had in his pocket a telegram announcing the assassination of my predecessor, Colonel Harman! Three officers murdered in the space of fourteen months is scarcely a proof of satisfactory and peaceful relationship."[1]

April 19. Our frontier tour completed, we went by train to Kalka, and drove the last sixty miles to Simla. Minto and I went first in a comfortable landau with india-rubber tyres. The horses were decorated with paper flowers made of gold, silver and all colours of the rainbow. The three girls followed in another landau; two more

[1]The following extract from the Annual Statement prepared for presentation to Parliament, gives the situation on the frontier at the time of Minto's administration:

"The first step in the new treatment of frontier questions as a whole was the establishment of the Khyber Agency in the seventies, and this led, through various stages, to Lord Curzon's famous policy . . . the tribesmen were paid to protect their own country and the Indian border, and regular troops were withdrawn from advanced positions and replaced by tribal militia. But there was no occupation of tribal country, and no attempt at any administration, however loose, up to the Durand line, *except* in the Wano, Tochi and Kurrum Valleys."

carriage-loads, and a tonga with the ayahs, made up the procession. It was a splendid drive. We mounted altogether 7000 feet. I have never driven so fast in a landau in my life. These mountain ponies go at a hand gallop; occasionally I stood up and looked to see how the coachman was holding his reins to make sure that the pace was intentional and that we were not being run away with! We swung round hair-raising corners, swayed on the edge of precipices without slackening speed, changing horses every five miles. The average pace was well under five minutes a mile, so that we covered the distance at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. The change of horses occupied one minute and twenty seconds; there are no traces, the horses pull entirely from a bar, fixed to their harness. We rested at a place called Solon, where the Sussex Regiment, under Colonel Skinner, is quartered, and lunched at their mess with fifteen officers.

About two miles before reaching Simla, tents had been pitched where we stopped to brush off the dust and put on smart hats for our arrival. Here our victoria with postilions, and an escort of the Bodyguard met us, and we drove up the narrow winding roads to the summit of the hill on which Viceregal Lodge stands. On the lawn a huge concourse of people was assembled to greet us: all the Members of Council, with their wives and families, and most of Simla society, with a large military contingent.

Simla is now our home for the remaining summer months. Viceregal Lodge was built by Lord Dufferin and commands a wonderful panorama of the Himalayas. It is delightful to be in the fresh mountain air, and to enjoy a good fire in the evening. Our windows look south, over the plains, whilst all around are deep wooded valleys and high hills, with snow mountains in the background. The tree rhododendrons are in full bloom and make bright patches of crimson on the hill-sides; the laburnums and lilac trees are also blooming, so we seem to have returned to an English spring, after our hot summer. Lovely as it all is, one cannot but feel rather confined owing to the sheer descents directly one leaves the beaten track. Still it is very restful and delightful.

The house is comfortable with wide verandahs, and most Sundays we shall spend at Mashobra, eight miles from Simla, free from the everlasting pomp and state. "The Retreat" lies amongst the pine-woods eight thousand feet above the plains. There is an attractive garden and a magnificent view of the snow-capped mountains which tower into the sky.

Journal, June 13. (*Mashobra.*) I was lying in bed one evening; Minto had just come upstairs and was opening the door of my room, when I suddenly felt as if an unseen presence was lifting my bed into the air. It was a horrible sensation: the earth seemed to give vent to a groan of agony and I felt a violent swaying movement, and realized that we were experiencing a severe earthquake. Two large cracks appeared in the walls and there was a downfall of plaster from the ceiling. Minto and I rushed into Eileen's room, where all the family assembled in night attire. The shock lasted seven seconds, and was the most severe earthquake that had been felt since the previous year, when the tower of Viceregal Lodge was destroyed and Lady Curzon had a narrow escape.

June 18. (*Simla.*) There seems to be an impression among some people that I have nothing to do, but having this morning dealt with the plans for a new office at Calcutta, the chintzes for a set of chairs, the planting of 1000 new shrubs, the selection of presents to be taken on tour and the menus for a fortnight while we are away; the arrangements for an entertainment for the Girls' Friendly Society, and an appeal from a lady, who counts on my kindness of heart, for an immediate remittance of Rs.4000; the reply to a letter from the Amir —a request to inspect the site for the new Dufferin Hospital, and a complaint from the valet that Her Excellency has ordered the wrong-shaped collars from Hodgkinson for the Viceroy, I feel aggrieved at the accusation of being idle!

Minto was amused at a charming American lady, who was sitting beside him at dinner, asking if he played bridge. Minto admitted that he did not know one card from another. With horror she exclaimed: "How DO you manage to wile away the time?"

June 20. Our most interesting guest is the Swedish explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, who has been staying with us for the past fortnight. Although he has made five journeys through Central Asia, he is anxious to explore the unknown parts of Tibet, but the Home Government will not give him permission to cross our frontier.[1]

[1]This obstinate attitude may have inspired Sven Hedin's anti-British sentiments during the Great War, in spite of what Morley says in his *Recollections* (vol. ii. p. 295). "It gave me great pleasure to make my peace with Sven Hedin last Monday (Feb. 1909). We had an enchanting talk together at dinner before he gave his lecture; the audience was immense; I moved a vote of thanks to him with compliments ingeniously adjusted to myself for refusing to let him go from India, and then to him for going to Tibet in spite of me. The brave man was delighted, and, in the presence of many hundreds of male and female geographers, he took my hand and publicly swore eternal friendship."

Journal, July 9. Minto's birthday; but alas, he has been unable to indulge in the holiday which was always the privilege of our childhood, for the files have been arriving thick and fast, demanding attention.

Our only birthday treat on this occasion has been an evening ride. Ourselves, the girls and three of the Staff clattered through Simla, looking more like a riding school than a pleasure party. We made the ascent of Jakko, the highest of the hills behind Simla, and very steep we found it. An old fakir lives on the summit of the mountain in charge of the sacred monkeys whom he feeds. It is a strange place: monkeys of all sizes swarm on the trees and rocks, gibbering, screaming, and making hideous sounds. Captain Ross, A.D.C., who talks Hindustani fluently, asked the fakir to tell us the history of these monkeys. It seems that the chief monkey, or *Rajah* as the fakir called him, arrives with about thirty queens and countless children and takes up his abode for a week or so on the top of Jakko. They never remain long, and one tribe is succeeded by another. We asked how the monkeys selected their *Rajah,* and the fakir answered "He is appointed by God." Certain it is that all the other monkeys obey him.

The monkey children were most amusing; tiny babies with harassed wrinkled faces and yellow, fluffy hair, parted in the middle, clung on to their mothers as they swung from branch to branch. No attention was paid to the child, which seemed in peril of its life as its tiny arms clutched neck, or arm, or tail of the mother, who seemed totally indifferent as to its safety. But if one of these babies became too enterprising and advanced within reach of our horses, a skinny arm would be outstretched, the unfortunate little victim seized and a severe reprimand administered.

September 14. We all looked forward to our expedition into the mountains before leaving Simla.

Returning from my morning ride the day before our departure, I met the advance caravan conveying the equipment deemed necessary for the Viceroy and his party for the few days they proposed to spend at the dâk bungalows. First came a bevy of police, following them a file of three hundred coolies all carrying the most amazing loads on their heads, mostly wrapped in mackintosh of a greenish hue, as the rain was pouring in torrents. Next appeared the *khitmatgars* with heads swathed to the eyes in khaki bandages, some riding sorry-looking steeds, others, whose rank does not permit of this luxury, following sadly on foot. All were carrying packages and were them-

selves wrapped in weird coloured rags to protect them from the rain, so that they were completely changed from their usual imposing appearance in scarlet livery. The procession terminated with two rickshaws conveying the ayahs, and several more policemen.

The *bundabust* which any move of the Viceregal household entails is bewildering; it appears that china, glass, linen, lamps, stationery, plate, provisions, wine, in short everything required for a *maison montée* in the most luxurious establishment, *must* be provided, and each bungalow has its own special consignment of goods and servants.

Minto, myself, the girls, four of the Staff and Francis Grenfell[1] made an imposing procession as we started on our thirty-three mile march. We hadn't been riding half an hour before the rain came down in sheets, but on we plodded, circling round and round the mountain-side, no view visible, nothing before us but a thick white cloud of vapour. A pathetic party arrived at Fagu for luncheon. An army of sodden-looking syces relieved us of our ponies. The rain seemed to have penetrated everything, collars, cuffs and boots, but we found blazing fires in the tiny rooms of the bungalow and were able to dry our soaked clothes. Luncheon revived our spirits. The scarlet-clad servants, with immovable faces, stood round the table looking as if they had been spirited direct from Viceregal Lodge, and Francis Grenfell, expecting a picnic luncheon, was surprised to find silver plate, Star of India china, and every variety of wine. Even on a pinnacle of the Himalayas the Burra Lat Sahib cannot evade the display which the *izzat* (prestige) of a Viceroy demands.

After Fagu some of the party took refuge in rickshaws, but the rain had made the road a quagmire, so bumpy and rough that I was glad enough to get on my pony again. The path leads along the side of the mountain—it was blood-curdling! Half of the road had been washed away, leaving no parapet. There was a sheer drop of about 2000 feet, and in places the path could not have been much more than three feet wide. Passing along these dangerous ledges gave one a horrid sensation. The ride seemed never-ending, sixteen of the longest miles I have ever known. Eileen's *jampanies* (rickshaw men) were getting terribly exhausted and the mud was clogging the wheels of the rickshaw so that they were struggling along at about three miles an hour.

At last Minto, Colonel Dunlop and I saw the twinkling lights of the camp, where great preparations had been made for us by the

[1]Lieut. F. Grenfell, V.C., 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers. Killed in action in the Great War.

Rajah of Keonthal. Triumphal arches had been erected, flags and bunting displayed, all bedraggled and sodden in the pouring rain. It was a great relief to find a warm bath and dry clothes awaiting us before a blazing fire, but poor Eileen had not arrived, so Captain Bulkeley[1] with about twenty coolies set out with torches and lanterns in search of her. They found her rickshaw, stuck in the mud about five miles from Matiana, and Eileen feeling very lonely and depressed. Fresh coolies, however, soon covered the distance and brought her to camp. This is a record monsoon. In three months 8 ft. 5 in. of rain has fallen.

Next morning our joy was great to find the sun pouring in through the tiny windows of the bungalow.

A bear had been sighted in the neighbourhood, and the Rajah, with his retainers, soon arrived to guide us down to the ravine. I never saw anything more comical than the appearance we presented, Minto headed the procession mounted on a tiny, but wicked-looking pony, which would have been a valuable asset to any circus: it was white with large black spots, and its evil eyes were encircled with pink rims, which gave it a most unnatural expression. It was nearly hidden by a large blue velvet saddle-cloth, trimmed with gold braid, on which was placed a diminutive white saddle; the bridle and reins were also white. Minto, in a most workmanlike shooting suit, perched on this tiny pony, was a sight we all enjoyed. I followed on a small white rat, while the girls and Staff, all mounted on mules or ponies, accompanied by the Rajah, marched in a solemn procession down the road. Barnum would have paid a good deal to exhibit us!

The mountain-side down which we rode was very steep, and my faith in the sure-footedness of mules was shaken by seeing Violet's animal fall, throwing her over its head. Fortunately she escaped with only a few bruises. I soon felt it was no longer possible to keep my balance on an almost perpendicular saddle, and as my pony's hind legs had once or twice disappeared over the khud, I hastily slid off and decided to try the Rajah's native *dandy*, a small wooden bedstead, carried by four men with poles and ropes. With the greatest caution the coolies made the descent of the mountain. About half-way down the ravine we halted, a bear was sighted, looking like a small black cat, stealing along the mountain-side half hidden by nullahs and scrub. Three of us fired, but he was too far away, and we all missed.

[1]Capt. T. Rivers Bulkeley, Scots Guards. Killed in action in the Great War.

Minto scrambled down after him and shot him, after an exciting chase.

During luncheon we received news that two more bears had been located, and we all took up our stands, looking down into the ravine. We had barely settled ourselves before an army of men rushed down the glen and commenced throwing stones into a thicket. To my surprise a huge black bear leapt out and was lost sight of in the jungle under the hill. In a second more he reappeared and was bowled over by Minto, who shot him behind the shoulder. The babel that arose was deafening. Everyone shouted: "The Lord Sahib, with a magnificent shot, has killed the bear!" All was joy and excitement! The Rajah was a proud man, and we mustered on a small plateau to rest after our exertions while drinks and fruit were offered us. The Rajah, with fat fingers that had lately been engaged in searching for the bullet-mark on the bear's body, pulled the most tempting-looking grapes from the bunch and presented them to me in the palm of his extremely dirty, hot hand. We then remounted our ponies and began the steep ascent, each pony being pushed from behind by a syce, and so we gained the level of the road and returned to camp.

From Matiana we rode on to Narkunda, and on the way there had a tragic casualty. Minto's *jemadar* was leading his pony when its hind legs slipped over the khud and the poor beast rolled down hundreds of feet and was smashed to pieces. Last year, Lord Kitchener and his Staff, riding along the same route, lost the mule carrying their rifles. Many people lose their lives on these narrow circuitous roads owing to monkeys suddenly jumping out from trees on the hill-side and making the ponies shy. When I was not expecting to see one of the members of our party hurled into space, I was admiring the great deodars towering to the sky, their trunks festooned with virginia creeper, just turning red, and the steep banks covered with masses of yellow, red and pink flowers, blooming in riotous profusion. Perpendicular boulders of rock jut out above the trees, and every now and then a bend in the road discloses a range of snow mountains: they are at least fifty miles away, but in the dazzling brilliance of the sunlight they seemed quite close.

CHAPTER V

POLITICAL PROBLEMS

THE watchword "sympathy" which seemed to have entered with the new régime, had spread like magic. The Mahommedans were the first to formulate and put forward their aspirations.

Journal, October 1, 1906. (*Simla.*) This has been a very eventful day: as someone said to me, "an epoch in Indian history". We are aware of the feeling of unrest that exists throughout India, and the dissatisfaction that prevails amongst people of all classes and creeds. The Mahommedan population, which numbers sixty-two millions, who have always been intensely loyal, resent not having proper representation, and consider themselves slighted in many ways, preference having been given to the Hindus. The agitators have been most anxious to foster this feeling and have naturally done their utmost to secure the co-operation of this vast community. The younger generation were wavering, inclined to throw in their lot with the advanced agitators of the Congress, and a howl went up that the loyal Mahommedans were not to be supported, and that the agitators were to obtain their demands through agitation. The Mahommedans decided, before taking action, that they would bring an Address before the Viceroy, mentioning their grievances.

The meeting was fixed for to-day, and about seventy delegates from all parts of India have arrived. The ceremony took place this morning in the Ball-room. The girls and I went in by a side door to hear the proceedings while Minto advanced up the room with his Staff and took his seat on the dais.

The Aga Khan is the spiritual head of the Khoja Moslem community. He claims to be descended from Ali and is their Ruler by divine right, but without a territory. This Prince was selected to read the very long but excellent Address stating all their grievances and aspirations. Minto then read his answer, which he had thought

out most carefully. It was impossible to promise them too much for fear of offending other communities, but as he spoke, in very clear distinct tones, murmurs of satisfaction passed through the audience:

"To the document with which you have presented me are attached the signatures of nobles, ministers of various states, great landowners, lawyers, merchants, and of many other of His Majesty's Mahommedan subjects... I am grateful to you for the opportunity you are affording me of expressing my appreciation of the just aims of the followers of Islam and their determination to share in the political history of our Empire.

As your Viceroy I am proud of the recognition you express of the benefits conferred by British rule on the diverse races of many creeds who go to form the population of this huge continent. You yourselves, the descendants of a conquering and ruling race, have told me to-day of your gratitude for the personal freedom, the liberty of worship, the general peace, and the hopeful future which British administration has secured for India....

But you go on to tell me that sincere as your belief is in the justice and fair dealing of your rulers, and unwilling as you are to embarrass them at the present moment, you cannot but be aware that "recent events" have stirred up feelings amongst the younger generation of Mahommedans which might "pass beyond the control of temperate counsel and sober guidance". . . .

You have addressed me, gentlemen, at a time when the political atmosphere is full of change. We all feel it. It would be foolish to attempt to deny its existence. Hopes and ambitions, new to India, are making themselves felt; we cannot ignore them. We should be wrong to wish to do so. But to what is all this unrest due? Not to the discontent of misgoverned millions. I defy anyone honestly to assert that: not to any uprising of a disaffected people: it is due to that educational growth in which only a very small portion of the population has as yet shared, of which British rule first sowed the seed, and the fruits of which British rule is now doing its best to foster and to direct....

You need not ask my pardon for telling me that "representative institutions of the European type are entirely new to the people of India", or that their introduction here requires the most earnest thought and care. I should be very far from welcoming all the political machinery of the Western world among the hereditary traditions and instincts of Eastern races....

And now, gentlemen, I come to your own position in respect to the political future; the position of the Mahommedan community for whom you speak....

Your address, as I understand it, is a claim that, in any system of representation, whether it affects a Municipality, a District Board, or a Legislative Council, in which it is proposed to introduce or increase an electoral organization, the Mahommedan community should be represented as a

community. You point out that in many cases electoral bodies, as now constituted, cannot be expected to return a Mahommedan candidate, and that if by chance they did so, it could only be at the sacrifice of such a candidate's views to those of a majority opposed to his own community, whom he would in no way represent, and you justly claim that your position should be estimated not merely on your numerical strength but in respect to the political importance of your community and the service it has rendered to the Empire.

I am entirely in accord with you. Please do not misunderstand me: I make no attempt to indicate by what means the representation of communities can be obtained, but I am as firmly convinced as I believe you to be, that any electoral representation in India would be doomed to mischievous failure which aimed at granting a personal enfranchisement, regardless of the beliefs and traditions of the communities composing the population of this continent. The great mass of the people of India have no knowledge of representative institutions.

I agree with you, gentlemen, that the initial rungs in the ladder of self-government are to be found in the Municipal and District Boards....

In the meantime I can only say to you that the Mahommedan community may rest assured that their political rights and interests as a community will be safeguarded by any administrative re-organization with which I am concerned, and that you, and the people of India, may rely on the British *Raj* to respect, as it has been its pride to do, the religious beliefs and the national traditions of the myriads composing the population of His Majesty's Indian Empire...."

In the afternoon a tea-party was given for the Deputation in the garden of Viceregal Lodge, which was also attended by Members of Council. We talked to many of the Delegates, as most of them speak English, and it was touching to hear their appreciation of the sympathy and understanding shown them. One of the Delegates said to me: "His Excellency has kindled love in our hearts. We have always been loyal, but now we feel that the Viceroy is our friend." The Prime Minister from Patiala, an old man resplendent in embroideries and wearing a golden turban, said: "A hundred years ago Lord Minto came and saved our State: we never forget the gratitude we owe to his family. Now God has sent his descendant not only to help Patiala, but to save India, and our hearts are full of thankfulness."

This evening I have received the following letter from an official:

I must send Your Excellency a line to say that a very, very big thing has happened to-day. A work of statesmanship that will affect India and Indian history for many a long year. It is nothing less than the pulling back

of sixty-two millions of people from joining the ranks of the seditious opposition.

Very much the same view was taken at Whitehall. Mr. Morley, after receiving an account of the proceedings, wrote:

Morley to Minto. Oct. 26. All that you tell me of your Mahommedans is full of interest, and I only regret that I could not have moved about unseen at your garden party. The whole thing has been as good as it could be, and it stamps your position and personal authority decisively. Among other good effects of your deliverance is this, that it has completely deranged the plans and tactics of the critical faction here, that is to say it has prevented them from any longer representing the Indian Government as the ordinary case of a bureaucracy versus the people. I hope that even my stoutest Radical friends will now see that the problem is not quite so simple as this.

The problems with which the Viceroy had to deal were indeed complex and various and his task was not made easier by the attitude and actions of Lord Curzon. Curzon had for so many years dominated Indian policy that he seemed unable to realize that his right to direct affairs in India had ceased. He is reported to have exclaimed, on hearing of Minto's appointment: "Imagine sending to succeed *me* a gentleman who only jumps hedges!"

Minto was delighted. He *had* jumped hedges to some purpose. Known in the sporting world as "Mr. Rolly", he had won the French Grand National at Auteuil in 1874 on his own mare *Miss Hungerford*, the only gentleman rider among seventeen professional jockeys; he had ridden over the Grand National Course at Liverpool nine times, and had four times competed in that historic race, finishing fourth on *Defence* in 1874 when his stable companion, "Cat" Richardson, rode *Reugny* to victory. Both horses had been trained by them at Limber.

Minto did his best to ignore Curzon's unreasonable attitude, but could not but resent the criticisms to which from time to time Curzon gave vent, often veiled behind the hand of a press correspondent, but sometimes openly expressed. Minto steadily refused to be drawn into any argument or controversy, and

studiously ignored these attacks, but he would have been more than human had he not felt some indignation, and after a few weeks in India wrote to Morley :

Minto to Morley. Dec. 20, 1905. It is intensely disagreeable to me to allude in any way to personal feeling in connection with my public duties here, but at the same time I think I should be wrong if I did not let you know how intensely Curzon's egotism (I can call it nothing else) and ambitions have shed their influence over public life in India, and I cannot say how unfortunate I should think it if a Viceroy, after vacating his office, should appear to be carrying on a campaign at home with the intention of influencing decisions with which he has been directly connected in India, and as to which he would naturally be suspected of being in communication with his supporters here.

I am quite prepared to admire Curzon's abilities and energy, but I think it is only right that you should know the bitter Native feeling he has aroused against him by the Partition of Bengal and his speeches in connection with it—the dictatorial nature of his correspondence with the Amir, which might very easily have brought about a war—my doubts as to the real efficiency of his frontier policy, as to which we are now beginning to feel the effect—and the unreasonable personal feeling he appears to me to have displayed throughout the whole discussion of the military question. The public, not having been behind the scenes, has admired what seemed to them his constitutional stand against a military autocracy. I can only say that in my opinion they have been greatly misled. In many ways he has been very friendly to me—in other ways quite incomprehensible.

And again later:

Minto to Morley. Mar. 22. I always fight shy of Curzonian history. One doesn't like the feeling of talking or writing of one's predecessor; all the same the more I look behind the scenes here, the more wonderful it all appears to me. There is on the one hand the brilliant ability and hard work which has dazzled people, and on the other hand the dictatorial control of all public affairs, and the petty interference in the merest trivialities of every-day life, which must eventually have led to disaster.[1]

[1]About this time an official was heard to remark: " 'Sense and Sensibility' is certainly preferable to 'Pride and Prejudice'."

This interference Minto felt acutely. In February 1906 Curzon had written to Sir Louis Dane demanding that copies of official papers dealing with frontier policy should be sent to him in England. Sir Louis, accustomed to prompt compliance with Curzon's wishes, requested permission from the Government of India to comply. Minto, however, wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 22. I can imagine occasions arising on which it might be advisable for the Secretary of State to put reliable information at the disposal of a public man, but I certainly think that such a decision should rest with the Secretary of State alone, and in my opinion it is quite wrong that any private person should be systematically supplied with secret State papers. I think the best plan will be for me to instruct Sir Louis Dane to reply that I cannot grant the permission asked for, and that I consider it a matter with which the Secretary of State alone can deal. This will leave it open to Curzon to apply to you if he thinks fit. The papers in question are the monthly memoranda of information relating to external Indian affairs such as Persia, Afghanistan, Turkish Arabia, etc. They comprise the boiled-down information received by the Government of India and are most valuable.

Besides this I find that Curzon took away with him copies of all these memoranda during his period of office, and they have been sent back here to be bound and returned to him. Personally I should have thought this rather a doubtful proceeding, as the papers are really a summary of secret information which is the property of His Majesty's Government, and should only have been filed here and at the India Office.

Morley replied:

Morley to Minto. Mar. 16. Our indomitable man, your predecessor, has at last applied to me for the secret papers, and quoted precedents of which there are no records here, and which are in any case somewhat loosely stated by him. He does not mention that he had already summoned *you* to stand and deliver. Of course I took the same view as you had done, and declined, with entire good temper, but firmly. I venture to send you a copy of my epistle, as you are concerned, but if you are too busy, or too sick of all that concerns our hero, you will promptly throw it into the basket.

Not at all discouraged by the rebuff administered by the Secretary of State, Curzon later attempted to advise him as to the suitable and proper person to appoint to a vacancy on the Viceroy's Council. Morley passed on the proffered advice to the Viceroy, who answered with some indignation:

Minto to Morley. Mar. 29. In the first place what you told me in your last letter as to Curzon's interference in filling up the vacancy in Council is perfectly monstrous.... His behaviour is unpardonable, and I cannot but feel that the influence he attempts to exert at home is, in all probability, as unscrupulously being exerted in India behind the scenes.... At the same time my colleagues are most friendly with me ... but it is unpleasant to feel that Curzon's influence may not only be brought to bear against myself, should he happen to disapprove of any line I take, but that he may also attempt to prejudice the position of others out here who did not agree or get on with him....

Journal, July 19, 1906. The news of poor Mary Curzon's death has come as a dreadful shock to India. Minto and I are deeply distressed. I remember how lovely and charming she was when we stayed with them in Scotland shortly after they married, and how happy they were. The Native servants here have all shown great feeling: it has cast a gloom over the whole of Simla. We have cancelled all our engagements till after the funeral.

Morley, who had always had great admiration for Curzon, was full of sympathy, and wrote to Minto:

Morley to Minto. July 27. Well might you say that after all Curzon's case is a sad one: and now it has turned out even more horribly sad than you then supposed. He takes the blow with terrible suffering as we might be sure with his strong and vehement nature he would. You know the tragic thing he said: "Every man's hand has long been against me, and now God's hand has turned against me too." I am sincerely sorry for him, for in spite of his dictatorial temperament, he has great gifts, if he will only learn some lessons—but one could wish the schooling had been less sharp.

Journal, August. These are anxious times in India. The effect of the sudden and radical changes which were made during the last régime are bearing fruit. As old Pertab Singh said: "Lord Curzon has strewn Lord Minto's bed with thorns and he must lie on them."

Sir Denzil Ibbetson, a Member of Council, and a great admirer of Curzon's, said to Dunlop Smith: "Never has a Viceroy found such a tangled web or such a heritage of difficulties as Lord Minto." He was alluding, amongst other things, to the alarming and ever-increasing agitation owing to the partition of Bengal. Disappointed agitators of the Congress group had seized upon this grievance as a means of keeping up a ferment of political feeling, and were actively at work among Hindu students throughout the Province. Another Native chief said: "India had need of a healer, and God in his mercy has sent Lord Minto to save our country."

Week after week went by with no improvement, and at last things reached a crisis. The students of the Colleges in Eastern Bengal had, by deliberately ignoring certain regulations issued by the Government of India, laid themselves open to a severe penalty. Sir Bampfylde Fuller (Lieutenant-Governor) was determined to exact full punishment for this offence, but the Viceroy, judging that such drastic action would, at that moment, be certain only further to inflame Indian passions, made insistent recommendations to him to exercise discretion, pending the introduction of new regulations. Unable to acquiesce, and hoping by strategy to gain his own ends, Sir Bampfylde Fuller tendered his resignation to the Government of India. To his surprise the Viceroy accepted it. The official world held up its hands! A member of their sacred brotherhood was to be thrown to the wolves! A local Government was not to be upheld! But the Viceroy and the Secretary of State saw in this a way out of the difficulty. They considered that, though possessed of great ability, Sir Bampfylde Fuller lacked the necessary prudence for ruling a disaffected Province.

"The Fuller papers will be laid before Parliament in a day or two", wrote Morley, "and one matter in connection with them lies rather heavy on my conscience. It is this. There is not a

word to show that the acceptance of Fuller's resignation had my entire concurrence: and I have a feeling that you may think it rather shabby in me, who clamoured every week for his removal, to remain in the innocence of a lamb before Parliament. The Office were obdurate against the production of my telegram on the ground that the Viceroy is technically and constitutionally the sole authority over Lieutenant-Governors. I will try to get it known in Parliament that I warmly concurred in your acceptance of his resignation. I only hope you will believe that I am not thinking of saving my own skin which, after all this time, has become dreadfully indurated."

And later on he wrote that he had been entertaining Chirol of *The Times* to dinner, and also Sir Andrew Fraser. "I think we have succeeded in opening Chirol's[1] eyes", he said. "He asked: 'Whose fault was it that Fuller resigned, the Viceroy's or the Secretary of State's? Sir Andrew drily remarked: 'Neither the one nor the other; it was Fuller's fault'."

Sir Bampfylde Fuller returned to England, where he sought and gained the ear of Morley, and so attracted was the Secretary of State by his vivid talk and interesting personality that a year later he wrote to the Viceroy that he was seriously considering offering Fuller a place on his Council. "Good Lord deliver us!" protested Minto: "If you take him on your Council it will be twisted into meaning disapproval of my action and recognition of his past services! In the sensitive condition of the political atmosphere in India I cannot say how necessary it is to keep clear of giving wrong impressions."

In spite of this remonstrance Morley did not abandon the idea until in June 1908 Fuller launched his bomb in the shape of a bitter attack in *The Times* entitled "J'accuse." "This of course demolishes my notion of putting him on my Council", wrote Morley. "What a fool he makes of himself! He resigned, as he himself told me, not expecting his resignation to be accepted, and now he explodes in a form which makes the employment

[1]Sir Valentine Chirol was a close friend of Lord Curzon, and Minto had some apprehensions as to his influence on *The Times*.

for which he was hoping wholly impossible so long as either I am Secretary of State or you are Viceroy. However "exit Fuller" and there is no more to be said, at least I fervently hope not!"

Minto, his point gained, was content to let the matter rest. His answer to Morley was short: "I am glad you dealt with Fuller," he wrote. "The heading of his letter in *The Times* embodies all I think of him!" . . .

CHAPTER VI

OUR AUTUMN TOUR: 1906

Quetta: Kashmir: Bikanir: and the Phulkian States

Journal, October 3. (*Simla.*) This evening we gave a farewell dinner for Sir Arundel Arundel [Member of Council], who is going home after forty-one years' service in India. We are all very sorry he is going, he is such a charming old man. Minto proposed his health and he was quite moved in making his reply. He has stayed an extra six months to help to tide over an unavoidable interregnum, and he told me that he considered it a privilege to remain as he so enjoyed working with the Viceroy, and added: "His Excellency knows how to get the best out of all of us, as we now work from affection and not merely from a sense of duty."

Rather a touching story was told me to-day of the great Mahommedan leader, Nawab Mahsin-ul-Mulk, who has just died in Simla. At the close of an interview with the Viceroy, as the old man was backing out of the room he collided first with the table and then with a screen near the door. Minto at once stepped forward as though he would open the door for him. The Nawab was overcome, and when outside in the passage he turned to Colonel Dunlop Smith and said: "That is a *Badshah* (Emperor). It is not every Viceroy I have known who would have done that for this insignificant one, upon whose head there is dust." Two or three days afterwards he fell ill, and had to undergo an operation and another of the Mahommedan leaders had to take his place and continue the parleys with the Viceroy. After an interview one day he went to call on the Nawab, who asked him:

"Have you seen the Viceroy?"

"Yes", said his friend.

"Well", the Nawab said, very faintly, "you have seen the one Sahib who can just now bring peace to India."

Those were the last words the Nawab Mahsin-ul-Mulk ever spoke. He died about an hour after.

He had no Western education but had risen to high administrative rank in Hyderabad, and had developed to a remarkable extent the ruling instinct which seems to come naturally to Mussulmans of position. He was universally recognized as the successor to the great Sir Sayed Ahmed Khan whose life-work was the advancement of the Mahommedans on broad constitutional lines. He it was who engineered the recent Mahommedan Deputation.

This is our last Sunday here before we start on our autumn tour. Outside the church this morning the rows and rows of waiting rickshaws looked picturesque with their gaily dressed *jampanies* (rickshaw men) squatting beside them. It is strange how soon one gets accustomed to Eastern sights, but I am still astonished by the streams of coolies who, in single file, struggle along steep mountain tracks with huge planks slung across their backs, or bent under enormous loads of hay or grass, on the top of which is frequently perched an old umbrella. The natives of these parts are fine strong men with regular clear-cut features, often extremely handsome. The man invariably walks first, the woman meekly follows her husband as the beast of burden carrying their worldly goods. All their capital is spent on the silver rings which adorn her ears, nose and ankles, and her clothes are usually composed of the most vivid coloured garments, but the *tout-ensemble* seems to harmonize. The children are the greatest darlings with fat round faces and enormous eyes, and are dressed in fascinating clothes of brilliant colours and appear happy and contented.

While at Simla we have been giving much thought to the improvements we propose to make in the grounds and gardens. Instead of the inadequate little pathways, we have designed terraces to lead down from the house to the tennis courts, and an army of coolies have been at work at them since the rains ceased, and in the garden we have been cutting off angles and adding lines to give a sense of continuity. We shall look forward to seeing the result next year.

On October 6 we set out for our autumn tour from Simla, and had two very hot days travelling in the train to Quetta in Baluchistan. The route lies between great barren hills, and the sun beats fiercely on the yellow earth which reflects the heat, parching one's skin and tiring one's eyes. This desert is a cruel country for the white man.

At a station we got on to the buffer of the engine, or rather a glorified sofa, which was fixed in front of the funnel, and travelled

slowly towards Quetta, a rise of 6600 feet. There were two Europeans at one of the bleak desolate stations, and I spoke to the lady asking her if she were not very lonely. "Yes", she said: "My husband is the doctor; he and I are the only white people here." The train was just starting so I had not time to ask her whom he doctored, but I fancy he examines natives for plague.

The railway goes through Khaipur State and Lower Baluchistan. The Mir of Khaipur is a descendant of the old Amirs of Scinde, whom Sir Charles Napier defeated at the battle of Meanee. Early in the morning we passed near Dadur, a Baluch village at the foot of the hills, which is so hot that the Baluchis have a proverb: "God made Dadur, what need then was there for Hell?"

The train entered the Bolan Pass in the early morning. This, in the old days, was next in importance to the Khyber, as one of the three routes into India from Central Asia, by which the main part of Alexander the Great's Army returned from India. It is all part of the rainless zone that stretches from Jodhpur in Rajputana right across the south of Asia to the Sinai Peninsula.

October 8. Our arrival at Quetta was public, a great display of crimson cloth and guards of honour. Mr. Tucker, Agent to the Governor-General, received us and drove us to the Residency, a charming and well-furnished house. It had been recently done up from top to bottom for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

October 9. Minto was out with the troops at 5 a.m. and much enjoyed the sham fight. The dust is appalling, they have not had a drop of rain here since May, but the town has an irrigation system, and a bright-coloured cosmos grows everywhere. Camels are the transport of this sandy country, and wishing to experience this mode of travelling, the three girls and I were taken for a ride, but the discomfort was so great that after very few miles we abandoned our camels and returned to Government House on horseback.

This North-West region is full of old legends. A story was told me of how frontier warriors account for the existence of the horse and the camel. "God", they say, "first made man, next woman, and then the horse, the king of all animals. But the horse was far from being satisfied with his creation and complained of it to God. 'You have given me', he said, 'small feet which sink into the sand, a short neck so that I can barely reach my food, and a back so round and smooth that nothing will stick on it.' So God scratched his head and thought,

with the result that he made an animal with great large feet that wouldn't sink into the sand, with a long neck so that it could reach its food with ease, and with a great big hump on its back, so that things would not roll off. Then God brought his new creation to be inspected by the horse, at which the horse was so horrified that he shied, and shied, and shied, and has shied at the camel ever since."

A strange custom of the Baluchis is to bury their dead by the road-side with the idea that on the day of resurrection, when God walks along the highways collecting spirits, He cannot fail to see their graves and take them with Him.

Baluchis are very weird-looking men, with long black tresses, wild and unkempt, falling down each side of their faces. This gives them a rather cut-throat appearance, but the better classes oil and crimp their long raven locks. They are magnificent in physique, tall and powerful.

This evening a big Durbar took place. Two of the great Baluchi chiefs were present: His Highness Sir Mahmud Khan and the Khan of Kelat from whose father the British took over the Bolan Pass, and Quetta. There were altogether 118 presentations. They came up and bowed to the Viceroy, who sat on a silver throne, after which he read them a speech and presented medals to several of the chiefs as a mark of appreciation for their good services.

To-day we all went out riding with Mrs. Smith-Dorrien. Quetta has a celebrated pack of hounds and a meet has been arranged in honour of the Viceroy for to-morrow. We are to be mounted on horses lent by the officers of the Scinde Horse.

October 10. Minto, Ruby, Violet and I made an early start, with the Staff, for the meet which was barely a mile away, and we soon trotted off to Woodcock Spinney. The hounds at once gave cry and the scent seemed good as they streamed away. How can I possibly describe the country over which we galloped! It consisted of a network of ridges and blind ditches, interspersed with deep drains and small streams with high, rotten banks; but, above all *karezes*—the old irrigation works of the Natives who used to bring water from the hills in underground tunnels, often forty feet deep, which have now fallen in. I soon found my black horse, "Bimbo," was an old hand at the game; he flew like a bird over wide and deep ditches, taking the rotten banks on either side with the greatest ease. Quite early in the day I missed Violet, and was much concerned to hear that her pony

had fallen into a *kareze*, but luckily she was not hurt, and I was told that she had gone home. Three other people fell at the same place.

On we galloped, sometimes climbing down into a gorge, and sometimes scrambling up perpendicular mud walls, and for thirty minutes we went at a good rattling pace over innumerable ditches. Up to this point the scent had been assisted, and here a fox was surreptitiously enlarged. During the check my surprise was great to see Violet and Geoffrey Feilding[1] join us; they had galloped wildly in pursuit and had cleverly managed to cut us off. Violet was a mass of mud from head to foot, but had quite enjoyed her experience. She had a merciful escape, as, in rolling free, the horse trod on her back, leaving a bruise for many a day in the shape of a horse-shoe. We paused for only a few seconds and enjoyed another run of fifteen minutes, killing the fox in the open just before reaching the Takatu hills. The Master, Major Sarrell, gave me the brush. Everyone was delighted at our coming out. I hear that "Bimbo" has a great reputation in the country, and his owner, Mr. Giles,[2] told one of the Staff that the family "went like smoke".

October 11. During our stay here I have visited the Dufferin Hospital, the General Hospital, and the Women's Ward in the Military Hospital, which is excellent.

A comfortable little building, standing in a pretty garden, is being prepared for our new Nurses' Home.

I was much interested in a Native school, where the children received me, beautifully dressed in *saris* and bright-coloured draperies. They read passages from the Koran out loud—of which I believe they understood as little as I did.

October 12. We have had a very interesting day, watching from the top of Takatu Mountain the final attack which ends the autumn manoeuvres. About ten thousand men were engaged, and what we saw was exceptional, as there are few positions in the world where it would be safe during peace manoeuvres to attack with ball ammunition and live shot and shell. When it was over the officers all assembled, General Smith-Dorrien explained the situation, Sir Archibald Hunter made a few remarks, and Minto, in conclusion, addressed them, and told them that this had been one of the happiest

[1]The late Maj.-Gen. Sir G. Feilding, commanded the Guards Division in the Great War.

[2]Afterwards Major-General E. D. Giles, Inspector-General of Cavalry, India, 1933.

days he had spent in India, as his whole heart had always been in soldiering.

October 15. From Quetta Minto made an expedition to Chaman, and had the satisfaction of walking on Afghan soil. The following is an account from a newspaper:

The Viceroy left Quetta for the Fort at Chaman, accompanied by General Smith-Dorrien and the Staff, and inspected the principal buildings within the enclosure. From the battlement walls the eye can see in a single sweep the end of the railway, the end of the metalled road, the numerous troop-sidings, never yet occupied but always ready, and in the middle distance the white pillars which mark the end of the Afghan frontier, where our tribal levies, mounted on shaggy ponies, pace unceasingly in their lonely watch. Still further away gleam the vigilant triple towers of the Afghan Fort of Spin Baldak, the gloomy refuge where, a few years ago, Colonel Yate, the British Commander, was immured when surprised across the border by an Afghan patrol. In the background powerful telescopes reveal the sinuous caravan track which winds through the low hills on to the plain of Kandahar.

The Viceroy through his field-glasses made out a body of Afghans, and an official messenger was despatched to inform these wayfarers that the *Burra Lat Sahib* of the Indian Empire desired friendly speech with them. The Afghans came willingly, and though evidently gentlemen of high birth and station, made a meek salutation. Sir Louis Dane, in Pushtu, conveyed mutual compliments, and the Viceroy proceeded to enquire in detail the whence and the whither of the travellers, and was told that they were *Hajis*, or pilgrims from Herat who were making their way to Mecca. On His Excellency remarking that Chaman was not geographically in a straight line between Herat and the Hedjaz, the wordly-wise Afghans replied that they preferred the longer British route because it was easier and safer, and they added more explicitly that it was their intention to take the British train from Chaman to Karachi and thence to sail by British steamer to the Red Sea.

Lord Minto, after some further conversation, asked if there were any poor men in their following, and they gravely answered: "Whither shall the rich turn and not encounter the face of the poor?" "Will you ask the poor men who are with you", said the Viceroy, "to accept from me a present in money to aid them in their pious journey?" Joyfully, as men receiving a high honour, the *Hajis* expressed their acceptance of the Viceroy's generous sympathy, and they called down upon His Excellency, with many gestures of devout adjuration, all sorts of spiritual and temporal blessings. Lord Minto, before dismissing them, told them that it was his desire that Mahommedan pilgrims travelling to India should enjoy every proper facility, and he concluded by wishing them a safe and prosperous journey, and subsequently a happy return to their own home.

Wholly accidental and spontaneous as this interview was, it will have an effect beyond anything that could have been in the mind of the Viceroy when he yielded to the impulse to show friendliness to the pilgrims.

October 17. We left Quetta yesterday evening. Travelling through the Scinde Desert seemed like a journey through the infernal regions. In spite of electric fans the thermometer was 90° in our carriages, and the whole of the dust of the desert seemed to penetrate through every aperture; it covered us from head to foot.

The great feature of this journey was a mirage. A lake, with trees and houses upon its banks, appeared quite close to us: the water was blue and transparent, and I could hardly believe we were looking at an optical illusion. It must have lasted quite a couple of hours.

Just as the sun was setting we passed through Sukkur, a picturesque town on the banks of the Indus. We crossed the river by a cantilever bridge to the island of Rori. The town, with its colonnades and minarets, all composed of mud, was glorified in the golden glow, which added a brilliancy to the varied groups of gaily dressed Natives, some in boats, others loitering along the shore.

October 18. The country we have been passing through is cultivated, and looks green, entirely owing to the irrigation works. Two million pounds have been spent upon a canal, 40 miles long, bringing water from the river Chenab, and the land now, instead of being a barren waste, pays the Government 25 per cent., so that in a few years the outlay was repaid. Sir Louis Dane knew the country well, before it was irrigated. He and his wife drove through it soon after they married, in tongas, before the days of railways. They travelled entirely by night to escape the heat, which even then was often 106°. One evening Lady Dane was so overcome that she fainted from sheer exhaustion, and he had to lay her down on the scorching sand and pour water over her until she recovered. He also told me that a fortnight after their first child was born he had been obliged to start for a station in the wilds, thirteen marches from Simla. His wife accompanied him; the road was so rough, overhanging such alarming precipices, that they didn't dare risk carrying the baby, so it was slung, native-fashion, on a coolie's back. Lady Dane is alive, hale and hearty, which shows what people can live through.

October 19. We started on our long trek, via Murray and Khala, for Kashmir, 164 miles. Our party was so large that it required two landaus, eight victorias, thirty tongas and eighty ekkas to convey

ourselves, our servants and our luggage. We drove through an appalling dust storm as we left Rawal Pindi; whirlwinds of sand obscured everything, and we presented a sorry appearance.

October 20. (*Kashmir.*) From Khala the road ascends hundreds of feet above the Jhelum river and then drops again until it is almost level with the water's edge. Every five miles along our route to Uri Camp, six mounted men were waiting to escort our carriage. They are magnificent troops, all mounted on chestnut horses: the 11th Bengal Lancers, or Probyn's Horse, raised during the Mutiny.

We are now the guests of the Maharajah of Kashmir. He has had a sumptuous camp laid out for us with a banqueting hall hung with Eastern draperies and at least twelve suites of apartments for the family and Staff, all with stone fire-places; I hear these preparations have taken eight months to complete. When I saw all this magnificence my mind went back to camping days in Canada where the North-West Mounted Police provided bell tents for us on the shores of Lake Qu'Appelle, where we went for duck shooting. Our camp outfit then was of the roughest; trestle beds, camp stools, rickety tables, and for light a guttering candle stuck in the neck of a seltzer-water bottle. The tents did not always keep out the rain, and one night during a heavy storm, it was the Governor-General who, in mackintosh and boots, went the rounds, loosening the tension-ropes to prevent a catastrophe. My maid, who had been with me in Canada, could hardly believe her eyes when she found silver candlesticks in place of the seltzer-water bottles and brocaded hangings and oriental carpets instead of damp grass.

En route to Baramulla we passed through a valley where there are extensive lime works. Major de Lotbinière, the engineer in charge, told us that the Maharajah had wanted to close down these works ten days before we were due to drive along the road, in case the Viceroy should be inconvenienced by the smell! Major de Lotbinière said he felt sure His Excellency would not wish the Maharajah to be put to the expense of keeping several thousand coolies idle for so long and ventured to suggest that the smell was very slight, and would not inconvenience the Viceroy for more than a few minutes as he passed by. The works were therefore suspended for two days only.

At Baramulla, on the Jhelum river, an enormous flotilla awaited us: eighty boats of various sizes, which required no less that 1500 coolies to paddle and tow them. It is not unmixed happiness to live

on a houseboat. The 1500 coolies had been drilled for weeks to keep silence while at work, but in spite of the training, the bustle and noise that began at five each morning was enough to wake the dead.

I shall never forget our arrival at Srinagar, the picturesque capital of Kashmir, built on both sides of the Jhelum. Our long procession of house-boats moved slowly up the water-way which forms the chief street of the town. Its old native houses, curious tumbledown old buildings, rise sheer from the water's edge, with their flat roofs and carved balconies, with here and there a Hindu temple or a mosque. Banners with curious lettering hung from the gaily decorated houses: a loyal prayer for the King, combined with the motto of the Elliot clan, read rather quaintly: *God save the King, Mildly and Firmly.*

The windows and balconies of the houses were filled with fascinating groups of women and children, like flowers in a herbaceous border of rainbow hues.

On landing the Maharajah received us, and drove with the Viceroy in a crimson silk-lined carriage-and-four to the Residency. I followed with his brother, Sir Amar Singh, in almost equal state.

On our arrival at the Residency we found the lawn covered with offerings sent by the Maharajah. These are termed *dollies* and consisted of 1301 jars of sweetmeats, innumerable baskets loaded with apples, apricots, walnuts, raisins, tomatoes and every sort of vegetable. These become the perquisites of the army of servants, to their immense satisfaction and to the benefit of their families.

At the Residency we were entertained by Sir Francis Younghusband, and from his garden he pointed out to us the Pass through the mountains by which he came on his journey from Manchuria in 1886. This march of 4000 miles on foot took him two years, with a pause of three months in Pekin. Several times he was nearly reduced to starvation, and Srinagar was the first civilized town he reached after crossing the Himalayan Mountains.

We had a full programme at Srinagar. We spent one busy morning receiving Addresses, inspecting factories and making purchases at the Exhibition. An old Native called "Suffering Moses" was a most persistent applicant for our custom and proudly showed us a watch on which was engraved: *Presented to Suffering Moses by Lord Wolseley.* We visited a splendid Mission Hospital for which Dr. Neve is responsible, and in the afternoon saw an exciting Native polo match; a weird and dangerous game as played by the Gilgit frontier chiefs.

The teams belonged to wild tribes who are accustomed to play up and down their bazaars. Barbaric music was played by the different tribesmen to encourage their clansmen and cheer them on to victory. The teams had no distinguishing mark, and their clothes were grotesque; some wore embroidered breeches, others baggy white trousers; some had long hair flowing down their backs, and many of them had ornamented their bridles with coloured beads.

The audience was enthusiastic and the excitement was intense. I soon realized that watching this polo was not without risk. The players hit very straight, but the ground was narrow and they played in such deadly earnest, hitting with all their might, that it was impossible to prevent the ball flying over the barrier amongst the crowd. At one moment fourteen men and ponies bore down upon us, whirling their sticks unpleasantly near our heads. A moment later a poor little boy was removed from the audience with a broken nose and a lip split in two.

After the game was over the teams assembled in front of our stand, the band made a ring round them, and the people surged forward to watch them dance to the banging of tom-toms and the squeaking of reed pipes. The spectators became intoxicated with excitement, they shouted, waved and screamed, while the performers revolving at first solemnly, and gradually working up to frenzy, whirled round and round. A tall bronzed man was pointed out to me as the most successful raider of the District; he was known to have taken part in 150 escapades.

The Maharajah is a most attentive and hospitable host. He arrives each morning wearing an enormous white pughree, gold-embroidered shoes with turned-up toes, wide trousers and an old check frock coat with one button fastened with difficulty across his chest. He has a passion for cricket, but his figure and dress are unsuited to the sport. Francis Scott[1], who was in the Eton XI and a Member of the Zingari, was requested one afternoon to bowl to the Maharajah, but was privately warned on no account to take the middle stump until His Highness was satisfied that he had had a creditable innings. We sat watching this performance from the pavilion, and sitting at my feet was the adorable little son[2] of Sir Amar Singh, aged eight, with a pale olive oval face, large lustrous eyes and a halo of raven curls, dressed in a green velvet coat with Jodhpur breeches.

[1]Severely wounded in October 1914, married to our eldest daughter Eileen in 1915.

[2]Now H.H. Sir Hari Singh, the present Maharajah of Kashmir.

The succession to the *gadi* is the burning question in Kashmir politics. The Maharajah has no children, and should he die to-morrow it is essential that he should have a son to close his eyes. Jealous brothers, fictitious babies, hints of poison, sudden deaths, intriguing officials are all involved. The Maharajah favours his spiritual son, a baby of eighteen months, son of the Rajah of Poonch. One might think oneself in the Middle Ages when one is allowed to look for a moment behind the purdah and realize some of its intrigues; the question of an heir, and the convenience of the quiet removal of a troublesome colleague to another world. The Viceroy has acted the part of Solomon, and his decree has gone forth: Sir Amar Singh's son is to be recognized as the heir, but for religious purposes the Maharajah has been allowed to adopt the second son of the Rajah of Poonch, so all is satisfactorily settled.

We had an amusing example one day of the autocratic mentality of the ruler of Kashmir. When proudly showing us his experimental farm, the Viceroy complimented him upon the appearance of a fine pedigree bull. Immediately the Maharajah turned sharply to his Manager, giving the peremptory order that in future every bull on the farm must resemble the one His Excellency admired. The Manager bravely bowed acquiescence.

When sitting on the banks of the river at Sangam Camp, Minto casually asked the Maharajah the circumference of a chenar tree. "The Viceroy wishes to know the size of this tree", shouted the Maharajah, and a dozen people rushed forward. A bowing official then advanced and humbly begged to say that the tree measured twenty-five feet. "That is nothing", said the Maharajah. "The Viceroy must at once be shown a tree at least fifty feet in circumference."

We went on several shooting expeditions and in spite of the absence of game we thoroughly enjoyed the magnificence of the scenery. One morning we climbed to a height of 9000 feet in order to see the panorama of snow mountains of unrivalled splendour sweeping round in a complete circle. Minto, who in his early days was an enthusiastic Alpine climber, insisted on walking most of the way, in spite of a broiling sun, to the great annoyance of his Staff who felt compelled to follow his example. On reaching the summit we found a vast number of coolies squatting in rows on a green plateau, waiting to commence the beat. I could not help being reminded of the miracle of the loaves and fishes: "Now there was

much grass in that place, so the men sat down, in number about five thousand."

We have spent an ideal time in Kashmir in three luxurious camps. At this season the ground is covered with crocuses which smell like English primroses; they are saffron-colour and used by the Brahmins to make the caste-mark on their foreheads. We have visited Achabal, the beautiful gardens of the old Moghul Emperors laid out with stone terraces, waterfalls and fountains: also the Nishat Bagh, the *Garden of Gladness*, and the Shalimar Gardens, the abode of the Goddess of Love, where Shah Jehan wandered among the flowers with his beautiful bride, Nur Mahal, whom he loved so passionately and who rests in the pure white mausoleum of unsurpassed beauty, the Taj Mahal.

November 8. (*Srinagar.*) The Durbar in the Palace was a remarkable function. The large hall was decorated with brilliant papier-maché work, characteristic of Kashmir. Minto received the frontier chiefs and several lamas from Ladak. Many had marched nearly three hundred miles to be present.

We attended a farewell banquet at the Palace in spite of an outbreak of cholera among the Maharajah's servants. We felt that after such generous hospitality it would be ungracious to disappoint our host. Our doctor, Colonel Crooke-Lawless, tactfully arranged to have all our food supplied from the Residency, so the risk was lessened.

Since the days I have described, Kashmir has passed through various phases. It is therefore not without satisfaction that I read in *The Times* of Saturday, April 21, 1934, a telegram announcing that the Regulations for the new Legislative Assembly of Kashmir have been issued, and that they follow closely the recommendations of Mr. Glancy, and the Constitution will resemble the Morley-Minto Reforms in British India.

Journal, November 11. From Kashmir we went to a camp at Aliabad, in the State of the Rajah of Poonch. The bear shooting in this district is the best in the world; the bears come down from the mountains in the autumn in large batches to feed on acorns. The Rajah had arranged a shoot for the day after our arrival, and took charge of me in his *machan*. The beat was short and gave us some

exciting moments. While we were waiting the Rajah told me blood-curdling stories of wounded bears springing into *machans*, of *shikaris* being ripped open and squeezed to death, and I thought of Minto and my daughters, and hoped they were well out of reach of infuriated animals. The Rajah had armed himself with two double-barrelled rifles, and the *shikaris* had one each, so I felt well protected.

We hadn't long to wait; two bears soon appeared at the head of the ravine, but disappeared again into the bushes before I had time to shoot. The Rajah evidently expected me to scream or to have hysterics, for he kept whispering: "Don't be afraid! Wait for him. Don't be in a hurry." So I waited, getting a splendid shot as the bear emerged from the ravine, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall dead beneath us.

In the space of an hour we had five bears lying dead around the *machan*; one monster made a spring towards us, but rolled over with a roar after receiving a welcome in the shape of a bullet from the Rajah as well as one from myself. The Rajah apologized to me for shooting, but said he feared for my safety, and a black bear with great teeth and gleaming eyes at close quarters is rather alarming. A cannonade, meantime, was going on all round us and the result of our day's shoot was thirty-one bears.

November 18. From Poonch we rode over the mountain, stopping again for the night at the wonderful Uri camp. Twenty-four hours by train brought us to Bikanir where the Maharajah received us on the platform resplendent in brocaded silk, and looking magnificent in a rainbow-hued *lunghi* with jewelled aigrette. The escort, in gold and white uniform, were mounted on camels with crimson trappings decorated with necklaces of shells. Troops lined the road up to the Palace, some dressed in chain armour with visors over their faces; silver bullock carts were drawn up in formation, the horns of the bullocks being encased in embossed silver, and behind the troops the crowd made an ever-moving mass of colour. As we drove by the people shouted *Koumay, Koumay*, meaning "Pardon, mighty Lord." Their greeting to the Maharajah himself is: "Hail, King of the Desert."

The Palace has only lately been finished. It is a huge building composed entirely of red sandstone. As we drove under the archway of the main entrance, Bikanir's little son, aged four, stood on the top of

the steps, dressed in an officer's uniform, a crimson tunic, gold pughree, white breeches and high black boots with spurs; he looked like General Tom Thumb, and remained at the salute while we alighted, behaving with the greatest decorum. This baby has his own carriages, escorts and officials to look after him, always ready to obey his orders.

The chief ceremony of our visit was the *Durbar*, held in the Great Hall. Gorgeously dressed officials were seated in rows in order of precedence awaiting the arrival of the Viceroy. My daughters and I were received by the Maharajah, who conducted us to a gallery, up a broad incline about fifty yards in length, covered with a red carpet, and, to our amusement, in order to save us the fatigue of walking up this incline, rickshaws had been provided. From this high gallery we looked down on the crowded hall beneath. The Viceroy sat on a throne, the Maharajah on his left, while all the officers of state, in the order of precedence, advanced and presented His Excellency with the hilts of their swords, their jewels sparkling and flashing as they moved.

In the afternoon a review of 1200 troops took place. The camel corps, 400 strong, formed up in a long straight line, stretching away into the limitless desert. The silence with which these huge, ungainly animals glide over the sand is uncanny. As we drove away, twilight was falling; the temples and minarets stood out against the sky, touched by the setting sun.

The following day the Maharajah took us twenty miles across the sandy desert to Gujner, an oasis with its garden, paved paths and flowers, shaded by tall trees, and, at the end of a long vista the Palace, a succession of buildings with arches and terraces rising straight from the banks of a large lake. Here we stayed two days for sand grouse shooting, the total number of birds killed being 4919, a record bag.

We have much enjoyed our shooting expeditions; sometimes stalking black buck and chinkara from a bullock cart, and sometimes galloping over the desert in a barouche and six, while *shikaris* on camels indicated the position of the herds. Bikanir himself is a very fine shot; he never shoots unless the animal is moving, considering it as unsportsmanlike as we should the shooting of a sitting pheasant.

The Maharajah is a wonderful host and we left Bikanir with great regret in the Viceroy's magnificent white train, a quarter of a mile long, which, standing in this desert siding, seemed to belong to a

different era from the local transport of camel teams and bullock wagons.

November 26. We reached Bhatinda at eight o'clock and had the happiness of seeing a small white figure awaiting us on the platform, and soon Esmond,[1] my sister Victoria and Lewis Dawnay, were all bundled into our carriage and we found ourselves all talking at once. There was so much to hear that the whole morning passed in asking and answering questions. How we laughed when Esmond told us that a Guard of Honour was at the station awaiting their train at the frontier, and, to his dismay, he found that, as the Viceroy's son, he was expected to get out and take the salute, which he did, a tiny figure almost hidden beneath his enormous solar topee.

We paused at Maler Kotla, and spent a night at Jhind (Phulkian States), where another magnificent camp had been arranged for us.

On November 28 we arrived at Nabha and found the old Rajah standing on the platform, covered with orders and ribands. He is a splendid old warrior, such a picturesque figure in his embroidered coat, with full white petticoats worn over long white Jodhpur breeches, a facsimile of the garb worn by his ancestors for hundreds of years past. He is very proud of his fine Sikh soldiers. He is intensely loyal, and anxious that his son, who has been elected a Member of the Legislative Council, should learn much from association with the " wise men of the Empire" in Calcutta.

We only stayed one night at Nabha, and while the Viceroy was inspecting the Guard of Honour at the station before our departure, the Rajah went up to Esmond, and bending low to see his face, said in Punjabi: "Your father is kind to the Phulkian Confederation because God the Immortal has caused the spirit of his ancestor, who saved our forefathers, to pass into him. You must never forget this and must be kind to my grand-children, as your father is to me. My sword is yours." He then held out his sword for Esmond to touch.

I must explain that in 1806 the 1st Lord Minto had protected the Phulkian States from the encroachments of Ranjit Singh, who wished to extend his territory across the Sutlej, and it was the support of the British which enabled these four Princes to maintain their rights. When Minto arrived in India these States were the first to send delegates with Addresses of Welcome.

[1]The Honble. Esmond Elliot. Killed August 6, 1917, on the Steenbeck River, near Langemarck, while in command of "C" Company, 2nd Battn. Scots Guards.

We spent two days at Patiala. The Maharajah is a boy of fifteen; he is six feet high and weighs fourteen stone. He has a pleasing expression and his brocaded clothes and jewels are magnificent. In his tent Minto found a picture of his great-grandfather, under which was inscribed in golden lettering " Saviour of the Patiala State". In the grounds of the Palace is a statue of Queen Victoria by Derwent Wood with the inscription: "Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India, Mother of her people", and in a long gallery filled with a pot-pourri of treasures, as I casually turned the pages of an old album, I came across photographs of my uncle, Lord Grey[1], Sir Charles Wood[2] (my uncle by marriage), a picture of Sir George Grey,[3] and Lord John Russell[4] (Minto's uncle by marriage).

En route from thence to Calcutta we stopped at Delhi, where I attended a purdah party. The room was packed with Indian ladies who crowded round me, and many kissed my hand. I was garlanded, and left in a shower of petals. My visit seemed to have given great pleasure; they all talked and gesticulated with much animation.

That evening Minto dined with the 18th Tiwana Lancers at their Mess. He was conveyed to the barracks in a motor, the property of some Rajah. When they started off the car meandered all over the road, and finally charged into a lamp-post, nearly demolishing the whole party. On enquiry it was discovered that the Rajah had not allowed his accomplished chauffeur to drive, not deeming his station in life adequate, so the Viceroy's life was entrusted to his principal Sirdar, who, though no doubt a worthy gentleman, knew nothing about motor-cars!

During this tour Minto used every opportunity of getting on terms of unofficial friendship with the Native chiefs with whom we stayed, and wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Dec. 5. I must tell you the following story which will amuse you; I am overwhelmed with conceit! I heard privately the other day that the Begum of Bhopal was a little sore about certain matters, insufficient notice of her troops, as she thought, and other small things, so I wrote her a letter which, on opening, she at

[1]Henry, 3rd Earl Grey, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1846-1852.

[2]1st Viscount Halifax, Secretary of State for India.

[3]Secretary of State for the Colonies.

[4]1st Earl Russell, Prime Minister, 1846-1852.

once pronounced to be so charming that she fired off a salute of twenty-one guns! Twenty-one guns for a letter is really quite delightful!

And he continues:

Dec. 19. You mention the position of Native States as regards our dealings with them. I am entirely in accord with what I believe to be your views in respect to them. But the position is often misunderstood. I had some talk with Bikanir about this the other day. He is very sensible and quite ready to recognize both sides of the question. He said it was the little pin-pricks that annoy him, and this is quite true. . . . Nothing is more annoying to the chiefs themselves than officially worded directions from the Central Government. My view is that the success of our dealings with the chiefs must depend largely on the Viceroy himself. Everything connected with them comes before him, and you must not think me conceited if I say that already a great change has been effected. I have overruled petty interference over and over again which has almost invariably emanated from a want of sympathy. . . .

This is the sort of thing I came across during my tour. I found that at State Dinners given by Native chiefs it had not been the custom for the chief, or his ministers, to be present. They were only expected to come in with dessert and be present when the King's health was drunk, which they were not allowed to propose themselves in their own house at the dinner which they were themselves providing for the Viceregal guests. One of the Indian Princes lately told me that when the Prince of Wales visited him and stayed with him some days, he took the Princess in to dinner every night, except on the night of his own State Dinner, when according to custom he did not appear until the King's health was proposed. He said he could not see the logic of it. . . .

I tried to knock this on the head during my tour, and told the chiefs that I hoped they would not only dine themselves, but bring with them any of their ministers who chose to come, though I would perfectly understand if they were prohibited from eating with me owing to religious observances. The result was that they and their ministers dined with me as they had never done before with anybody else, and the Princes will in future propose the King's health at their own tables in the States over which they rule.

The other day at Bikanir, the Maharajah's own splendid troops

received me at the railway station, but I was told privately beforehand that there was a small guard of British Indian soldiers attached to the Residency and that it had always been customary for them to take part in the ceremony. I heard at the same time that Bikanir was quite naturally averse to their presence, on the grounds that it was his own show and he would rather have it all to himself without the British guard. I therefore gave orders that the guard was not to appear, and took an opportunity of inspecting it privately near the Residency.

And again:

Jan. 2, 1907. . . . I am sure we shall be able to put our relations with Native chiefs on a better footing, but it will take time. . . . I mean to collect points which appear to me capable of readjustment with a view to dealing with the whole question. The Gaekwar of Baroda tells me that whereas one would have expected the control of Native States to have been relaxed as years went on, it has, as a matter of fact, become stricter, and I believe in this he is quite correct. . . . He dined at the State Dinner last night, a new departure of which I am a little proud. No Native chief has ever been asked to a State Dinner at Government House. It was one of those terrible things that have "never been done before", a phrase that always puts my back up. . . . These little civilities are so easy to bestow, and there are already indications that they are appreciated. I am asking all the Native chiefs who will be at Agra to the State Dinner to meet the Amir. None of them were asked to the State Dinner at Delhi. No doubt some of them will have the usual scruples as to dining, but others will come, and they will all at any rate feel that their position has been recognized.

Morley answered:

Morley to Minto. Dec. 27, 1906. Your story of the Begum of Bhopal gave me as hearty a laugh as I have had for many a day. She must be a trump! I shall ask Haldane[1] to plant a battery under my windows that I may commemorate any unusually satisfactory despatch you send me!

Jan. 10, 1907. What you say about the pivot of reasonable and successful dealing with Native chiefs being the Viceroy himself

[1]Secretary of State for War.

strikes me as the very best thing that could be said on that difficult and delicate business. When you say that you have often over-ruled petty interference, you tell me exactly what I should have expected to hear, and I believe people are already finding out the immense difference between your reign and the over-bearing system that went immediately before it.

Journal, December 31. This closes a very eventful year for us. Minto, I am thankful to say, has borne the strain of the incessant work well. Sir Herbert Risley, talking of the Reforms, said he was immensely struck by Minto's sagacity. He had hardly been a year in the country when he seemed by intuition to understand the position and to be able at once to put his finger on the weak spot. He has now got a grasp of the country and can therefore get through the business much more rapidly. I think we can feel relieved that the conditions throughout India are more satisfactory than they were a year ago. The Army system is working excellently; the sixty-two million Mahommedans look to him as a champion of their rights, and the Native Princes have been treated with friendship and consideration. The agitation in Bengal still continues, but with less violence.

Sir Arthur Godley, who has been Permanent Secretary at the India Office for many years, wrote:

> You came into office at a time of unusual difficulty, and at the end of twelve months you cannot only say, like Sieyès, 'J'ai vécu', but you can look round upon a greatly improved state of things, and look back upon some thoroughly good pieces of work. And the prospect before you is, I hope and believe, a satisfactory one.
>
> Not the least of your achievements is that of having established thoroughly satisfactory relations with the Secretary of State. I can assure you (so far as I can judge) you have completely won his confidence, and, what is not so easy to win by correspondence alone, his friendship....

CHAPTER VII

VISIT OF THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN

THE first important event in 1907 was the visit of the Amir of Afghanistan. Endless communications had passed between Calcutta and Whitehall on matters concerning this momentous event. It was finally decided by the authorities at home that the Amir should be given the title of "His Majesty" and a salute of thirty-one guns.

Minto wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 3, 1906. As regards the political aspect of the Amir's visit. Personally I ascribe immense value to it. By his wish, freely expressed on several occasions, he stipulates that it is merely to be a visit of friendship, and that all business matters as affecting relations between ourselves and Afghanistan are to be strictly avoided. . . . But from a big point of view the visit is full of future possibilities. There is the effect it will have on the tribes, which ought to be very great, and the effect it will have on Mahommedan feeling in India. . . and in the Amir we have a neighbour whose friendship is absolutely necessary to us in its connection with the frontier tribes and Mahommedan influence, a neighbour whom it would be disastrous to fall foul of, for both Afghanistan and the frontier tribes are now infinitely stronger than they have ever been before, whilst the Mahommedan influence, of which the Amir is, in the North of India, a dominating representative, is becoming more and more accentuated, whilst perhaps most important of all is the effect Japanese successes have produced upon the Eastern mind in the direction that European Armies, as represented by Russia, are not invincible, and that the military forces of Afghanistan need no longer fear to cross bayonets with Russian outposts. The effect of this may be that the Amir may not be inclined to sit still in the face of Russian intrigue and Russian advances, and the more he recognizes us as his friend, the greater control we exercise over him, the less chance there will be of collision.

Minto received a report from Kabul which explains why the Amir refused to come to India in Lord Curzon's time:

On the 21st August the Amir held a public Durbar, and, after making all the Durbaris stand round him, His Highness read out to them both the letters which he had received from the Government of India, and his replies, and addressed them at length as follows:

"Before this Lord Curzon also invited me to India, but his letter was not really a letter of invitation, but a threat that the subsidy would be stopped if I did not obey the summons.

Now you will have seen from the correspondence which has been read out to you that Lord Minto has sent a kind and friendly invitation for having a friendly interview with me, with the exception of which there is no other political object or motive in view.

It is therefore quite clear that in no circumstances whatever was it possible for me to accept Lord Curzon's invitation, and I was determined never to go to India in the manner desired by Lord Curzon. The attitude adopted by Lord Minto, however, is so friendly and free from motives that I cannot possibly hesitate to accept the invitation of His Excellency, which is couched in such terms of friendship expressing the desire for an interview between friends.

There is besides no other excuse for not accepting such an invitation, as, by the grace of God, the state of administrative affairs in Afghanistan is satisfactory in every way, so that I have been making tours in the Ghazni and Jelalabad districts for pleasure and shooting, and if I go to the house of my friends for a few days for pleasure and shooting, not only no harm will be done, but hopes can be entertained of an increase of friendship and affection between the two parties.

My brother and son, Nasrulla,[1] and Amanullah[2] and other officials in whom I have perfect confidence at present will remain here during my absence, and I fully trust that no untoward event will happen."

Journal, 1906. The Reuter received about the Amir's intended visit, making him out of no political importance, is hardly a judicious criticism, and it is surprising that *The Times* should publish such a mischievous statement, as the Amir is exceedingly touchy and sensitive and sees all the notices in the English press. Universal indignation has been expressed throughout India at this publication, and people speculate openly as to who has inspired it.

[1]Nasrulla was reported to have been implicated in the murder of Habibullah in February, 1918.

[2]Amanullah Khan became Amir after the murder of his father, 1918, and abdicated 1929.

Journal, January 9. (*Agra.*) On the 8th January, the Viceroy arrived at Agra to welcome the Amir. Three huge camps had transformed the outskirts into a city of tents to accommodate several thousand people. No trouble had been spared in arranging for the comfort of the Amir during his visit. He was met and conveyed to his camp on arrival with much ceremony. The Durbar *shamiana* glittered with gold and silver: a large empty room with prayer carpets was set apart for his devotions: his bed was a silver four-poster with heavy embroideries in place of sheets: his bath was a large inlaid slab of marble, with a platform erected beside it on which an attendant stood ready to pour water over him. It was said afterwards that the Amir refused to make use of this bath, saying: "Am I a monkey to mount on this stone?"

When the Amir paid his visit of ceremony to the Viceroy, he came in the Viceregal carriage with the Viceroy's Bodyguard, and on the return visit, Minto, accompanied by the Amir's escort mounted on shaggy Afghan ponies, drove in the Amir's carriage, an exchange by which the Amir distinctly scored!

On alighting from the carriage the Viceroy advanced to meet the Amir, who awaited him at the entrance to the *shamiana*, and in a loud voice, in rather halting English, the Amir said: "It gives me great pleasure to visit a friendly country, and to receive such a friendly reception." They then walked to the dais, where they sat on two silver thrones exchanging formalities and sipping coffee, surrounded by officials.

"What, after all, is the meaning of this pageant?" wrote a leading newspaper in India: "Simply that the Amir of Afghanistan has traversed 3000 miles of mountain and plain to pay a visit to the Viceroy of India; let anyone who ponders such things read his own significance hereinto."

We gave a party in the afternoon, and the girls and I received the Amir and his retinue, after formal introductions, at the garden entrance. He stammers before he begins to speak, and bellows out his remarks in an autocratic manner. If he doesn't understand an English word, he waves his hand for his interpreter. He is a thick-set cheery-looking man with a very intelligent face. I expected to see a tribe of barbarians, but the Afghans he has brought with him are dressed in very smart dark-blue uniforms. For Orientals they have fair complexions and might easily pass for Spaniards; and are mostly of a Jewish type.

I strolled about the garden with the Amir introducing people. Amongst the guests was Kitty Drummond,[1] who made a deep impression on him. In an old Diary of Minto's there is this entry: "*July* 9, 1880. Went to Lords for the Eton and Harrow match: met my cousin, Kitty Antrobus: the most beautiful girl I ever saw but over six feet high." I introduced Kitty to the Amir, explaining that she was paying us a short visit; he said: "You must order her to remain for a month and a half; when I go, then she go too." Kitty has also had a great success with Lord K. who was overcome by her striking appearance, and so regrets that she can't become Lady Kitchener; he thinks they match so well in height and would have made an imposing couple. He intended to add: "We should look so suitable" but substituted "beautiful", which caused much laughter. The wife of a certain official who was standing near him asked who the tall lady was: "Oh, that's Lady Kitchener", he hastily answered, marching off to speak to Kitty. The poor lady was quite bewildered, wondering how he had contrived to conceal so conspicuous a wife, and turning to me with a puzzled look, said: "What *does* Lord Kitchener mean?"

The Begum of Bhopal was at the garden party, wearing a long blue satin coat, heavily trimmed with gold fringe, which concealed a short white calico petticoat to her knees, and long red breeches reaching to her ankles. Over her face she wore a *bourka*, a long veil which hangs from a small round cap with two slits for her eyes. The girls and Esmond were brought up to be presented to her. She fondled Esmond's face with her red-cotton-gloved hand, and finally kissed him through her veil, to his great indignation.

Entertaining the Amir for the whole afternoon was no light task, and after walking several times round the garden I gave him every possible hint I could to make him leave, alluding both to the twilight and to the damp; but he was apparently enjoying himself and seemed in no hurry to move. He looked at his watch and said: "It is not time to go", practically ordering me to walk again. At last, at six o'clock he hurried off to say his prayers. He kneels down, wherever he is, and prays for a quarter of an hour.

The next morning Sir John Hewett [Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces] fetched the girls and me in a sort of charabanc, a most gorgeous equipage drawn by six camels ridden by three pos-

[1]Wife of General Laurence Drummond, Scots Guards, Military Secretary to Lord Minto when Governor-General of Canada, 1898-1901.

tilions. It was a new and enjoyable experience. As we drove through the narrow streets of Agra I realized that everything had assumed a mysterious appearance. The faces of the passers-by looked green and livid, and the shadows seemed to take the form of huge yellow patches. I was terrified, thinking something strange had happened to my eyesight, but was relieved to find that the others were experiencing the same sensation. A total eclipse of the sun was taking place which, in this country of vivid sunlight, produces this eerie effect.

The final of the polo took place this afternoon. A young English visitor was brought up to be introduced to me, puffing a newly lighted cigarette. A few minutes later the Amir arrived and sat down beside me. Cigarettes were handed to him. He took one, but did not light it. "Won't Your Majesty smoke?" I asked. "No", was the answer, "I smoke when I leave you." I could not help comparing the manners of the twentieth-century young man with those of the Afghan barbarian.

The following afternoon the Amir attended a Gymkhana given by Sir John Hewett, and was thrilled by an excellent musical ride performed by the 15th Lancers. I presented the prizes at the conclusion of the sports, and amongst them were two small glass jugs labelled "Whisky" and "Brandy". The Amir took them up and enquired what they were for. I explained they were intended to hold spirits, upon which he said: "Wine no good: cow-milk, goat-milk, sheep-milk, buffalo-milk, that better." In presenting the officer with his prize, I repeated the Amir's advice, much to his amusement.

On leaving that afternoon the Amir said: "Lady Sahib, I shall aways be glad to see you and to speak with you."

A great military review, with 30,000 troops on parade, was arranged in the Amir's honour, and on driving away from it the Amir is reported to have said to his Commander-in-Chief: "Look you! You told me that mine was the finest army in the world. You assured me that the Afghan soldiers greatly excelled the soldiers of the Indian Empire, or the soldiers of the Russian Empire. You almost persuaded me that my forces outweighed the Indian and the Russian forces combined. What saw you just now? Ha! You are dumb! Do Kabul troops look so? Do they march so? Do they drill so? Do they muster in such-like strength? Yet this is not the Army of India. It is not even the flower of India's Army! It is but a single Division out of nine such. And the whole Army of India is, I now learn, but a fraction of the military strength of the British Empire; and the whole

Army of the British Empire itself, I further find, is one of the smallest of the Armies amongst the world's Great Powers. What? Have you nought to say? Look to it: I shall require your answer anon." On his return to Kabul, the penalty paid by the Commander-in-Chief was to be blown from a gun.

The following evening the Amir was invested by the Viceroy with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. The ceremony took place in the magnificent Agra Fort: the whole scene was a mass of colour and brilliancy, military uniforms and native costumes standing out vividly against the white marble arches of the Durbar Hall. One wished the walls could reveal their secrets and tell of the past glories of the old Mogul Dynasty. The white race occupied most of the seats of the Hall with the exception of a few Native Princes, such as Sir Pertab Singh, Scindia, and Nabha, the old Sikh Chief, the Begum of Bhopal, Bikanir, the Rajput Prince. These Princes sat in the front row, looking magnificent, glittering with jewels and wearing the robes of their orders. It was a sight worthy of the Arabian Nights, and it seemed strange that I should have any connection with these grand proceedings, and that my husband should be occupying the great historic throne.

I heard afterwards that his Sirdars disliked seeing the Amir making obeisance to the Viceroy. He had never before done so except to God. But he himself understood the situation and explained to them that it was right that he should bow to the King-Emperor in the person of his Representative, who was doing him honour.

After the ceremony was over we repaired to the Jasmine Hall. The whole building was lighted with a flood of mellow light, showing up every detail of the beautiful marble carvings and arches of this unrivalled structure. The water tank and fountains were illuminated from beneath, giving the water a transparent effect and making the spray sparkle as it fell like a shower of diamonds.

The guests passed through the Hall, called the Dewan-i-Am, and filed past us as we stood, surrounded by the Native Princes and Sirdars, in one of the fine raised courtyards, the whole of which had been temporarily roofed over. We then formed a procession and went up the wide staircase (built for the occasion) to the banqueting hall. The Viceroy made a speech of welcome to which the Amir replied, saying:

"I am very glad that the first occasion on which I left my home has been to come to my friend's house, and I hope and sincerely trust from my

heart that I have found a personal friend for myself and for my Government, and I am very highly pleased."

Minto wrote to the Secretary of State, giving him some account of the proceedings at Agra:

Minto to Morley. Jan. 16. On Sunday night the Amir dined with Lord Kitchener. It was a soldier-dinner and I believe a very cheery one. Scindia, Bikanir and Sir Pertab were there. I was not. The Amir, quite unexpectedly and to the surprise of everyone, plunged into the question of the military relations between ourselves and Afghanistan, impressing upon his astonished audience that we must trust him and look upon him personally as a friend, though he felt bound to say that he knew perfectly well that his own people would resist the appearance of British Arms in his country. . . . Our people seem to have behaved with praiseworthy judgment, by having in no way committed themselves.

The more I think about it the more enormously important this opportunity of establishing friendly relations with the Amir appears to me. However good our relations with Russia may promise to be, if one thinks of the military position for a moment and remembers what a little thing may bring about a war, the risks we should run in India under the modern conditions of the frontier tribes, *if Afghanistan were not friendly*, are appalling.

The Amir came privately yesterday morning to say goodbye to Lady Minto and myself before leaving on a visit to Gwalior, as Scindia's guest for a few days. There is a great deal to like in him. He is courteous, eager in manner and full of conversation, which he tries to carry on in English which is at present difficult to follow. He strikes me as quick and clever. He is an expert mechanic and fond of gardening. He has given Lady Minto a set of photographs of different views of Kabul taken and developed by himself, and a few mornings ago he was running about the Taj Gardens in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers with a Kodak. But how curious it is to read the Kabul journals, as I have no doubt you do, and to know of the barbarisms that are still perpetrated by our courteous guest. All the same I fancy his rule is humane in comparison with that of Abdul Rahman.

Notwithstanding his outburst the other night, I still think he means to avoid international questions and that he is really aiming

at establishing a personal friendship with us, whilst at the same time picking up for himself all the information that he can. He is much taken with the possibilities of wireless telegraphy, and is completely fascinated by motor-cars. He has asked to have seven different experts sent to Afghanistan: a railway expert, a geologist, a man to lay out racecourses, and who understands the breeding of horses; a man to can fruits, a landscape gardener, a motor mechanic and a metallurgist!

He is a fat little man, but strongly made, with a pleasant laugh and a slight stutter. When he intends to be witty he prefaces his remarks with "Now I make joke", an explanation some of one's acquaintances might usefully adopt! But I am afraid I am getting wearisome, and I shall no doubt have more to tell you of him before he leaves India. He rejoins us at Calcutta.

The Amir's excitement on first seeing a train was great: he hurried through each compartment, and insisted on investigating the handles, knobs and bells of every carriage.

Journal, January, 1907. (*Calcutta.*) On January 28 the opening ceremony of the Minto Fancy Fête on the Calcutta Maidan was performed by the Viceroy, after I had myself, in an Address, explained its object, namely to raise money for the Calcutta Hospitals and the Minto Nursing Association.[1] The preparation of this gigantic Fête took many months. The organization was undertaken by Colonel Crooke-Lawless[2] and Mr. Palmer[3] and was a truly Herculean task, as the minutest details had to be personally planned and supervised. It was modelled on "Earl's Court", and in addition to numerous side-shows, there were ten massed bands, soldiers from the Fort and sailors from H.M.S. *Perseus*, who took part in a military and naval tournament, the trooping of the colour, artillery drives and sham fights, and also Highland sports. Switch-back railways, shooting galleries, fancy dress carnivals, recreations and entertainments of every kind were provided both for Indians and Europeans, which in Calcutta were a novelty.

The Fête fortunately coincided with the visit of the Amir to Calcutta. He dined with us one night before an evening performance, and was quite overcome with excitement. I was sitting beside him, during the evening, looking on at the Tattoo, in which five hun-

[1] *Vide* pp. 106, 107.

[2] Surgeon to the Viceroy.

[3] Afterwards Sir F. Palmer, Bt.

dred soldiers formed devices with coloured lanterns, when an eclipse of the moon took place. The Amir turned to me and said with great gallantry: "The moon in my country is masculine, and he even hides his face so that Your Excellency's Fête may have no rival!" Every day he spent hours in the grounds of the Fête and purchased lavishly, distributing presents to anyone he met who took his fancy.

The tickets for the "Lucky Bag" ran into thousands, and Lord Kitchener was rather embarrassed by winning a prize of a Baby Elephant.

Each day the grounds were thronged from morning till night, and for months afterwards the chief topic of conversation among Indians was Lady Minto's "big Feet"!

A begging letter makes the following allusion:

"We respectfully solicit the favour of a kind reply. Your noble and illustrious feet are the sole asylum of all our hopes."

When the Fête was closed and the accounts adjusted, the result was a clear profit of £25,000, and every hospital and charitable institution in Calcutta benefited.

From Whitehall Morley followed with interest, and not without some nervousness, the progress of events.

Morley to Minto. Jan. 18. The success of the Amir's visit seems to be splendid, undoubted, and, to this point, unqualified. All the public here, from His Majesty downwards, is delighted. I warmly congratulate you on your personal association with an important and historic proceeding, and on the share that your own good judgment and tact have had in this satisfactory result. The difficulties were obvious, they were formidable, they might easily have become extremely dangerous. You and your lieutenants appear up to this point to have mastered them admirably....

Jan. 24. On Saturday I go to Windsor for a couple of days where, I understand, I shall be much interrogated. His Majesty agrees with the notions I am telegraphing you about the interesting pupils [his son and the sons of his principal Sirdars] whom the Amir proposes to send to Lord K. Is it a little odd that Mahommedans should come to a Christian Government to be taught, not the Sermon on the Mount, but the noble arts of human slaughter? Forgive this slight intrusion from the philosopher, who is even a worse sort of animal than the Parliamentary politician!

Minto to Morley. Feb. 6. (*Calcutta.*) The Amir is still with us! These words can hardly convey what they mean to me! Lady Minto and I are at the last stages of exhaustion! He fills up everyone's spare moment. He came down to Barrackpore on Sunday for luncheon, after which I had hoped for an afternoon to myself, but was unable to leave him. He then got involved in a game of croquet with my daughters, and finally remained till dark. He has shot clay pigeons with me, though, for international reasons, I thought it wiser to divest the amusement of the conditions of a match! The worst of it is he won't go away, and now, though everyone was sworn to secrecy, he has discovered that our State Ball is on Friday and insists on remaining for that. A horrible rumour reached me this morning that he wants to stay for the Races on Saturday, but I have told McMahon that he absolutely must insist on his leaving as His Majesty's Ships are specially awaiting his arrival at Bombay, where there is a naval programme which he cannot neglect.

He is simply irrepressible, more like a boy out of school than anything else! Not a word of affairs of state. He told McMahon the other day that he meant to leave such matters till he returned to Kabul. I am sure we are right to avoid all risk of spoiling his holiday. I suspect the chief reason for his reticence on political matters is the announcement he made before he left Kabul that he was going on a visit of pleasure, with no idea of talking business, and that he looks forward to saying on his return that he has acted up to his professions. He has got a difficult people to deal with and is probably right, whilst I am convinced of the immense future value to us of the personal acquaintance he has made with many people here. I only pray that the joys of Calcutta may not have entirely unsettled him.

Journal, February 8. The Amir duly attended the State Ball and sat with me on the dais for some time watching the scene with deep interest. He had never seen European dancing in his life, and I was terrified lest he should ask me to teach him. He had a way of gradually encroaching on my side of the sofa, and I found it difficult to sit with dignity at an oblique angle trying to avoid being scratched by the huge epaulettes of his uniform. I left him as soon as I could, telling him that I must look after my other guests.

Later on we processed in to supper. He immediately noticed that we put our knife and fork together when we wished to have our plates removed. He told me that *their* custom was to cross their knife

and fork, but he invariably copied me, saying: "You teach, I learn", and added: "Please you tell me, I been light guest or heavy guest?" Of course I said: "You have been a light guest", upon which he cheerfully remarked: "Then I come stay with you next year as your friend for a long time, not official."

He told me that it had taken him twelve days riding and driving from Kabul to Landi Kotal, "but", he said, "now I make good motor road; I come in two days." With a sickly smile I told him we should look forward to that pleasure, privately praying that the Government would never allow this experiment to be repeated in our day.

There was a good deal of chaff during supper about a policeman who had been engaged to guide the Amir from Hastings House to the Lieutenant-Governor's, a distance of about a hundred yards, but the man had lost his head and taken him round and round, contriving to keep him nearly an hour *en route*. The Amir said he had been quite glad of this as it had given him much amusement. I told him that he had visited so many places in Calcutta that he must know the city much better than I, and could easily be my guide. He answered with a bow: "If I was your guide I should only lead Your Excellency to Hastings House" (where he is now lodging).

Before we knew that he was coming to the State Ball we had invited the Amir to luncheon the next day to say goodbye. Sir Henry McMahon, who is officially in charge of the Amir during his visit to India and is responsible for all his movements, came up to me and said: "His Majesty suggests arriving at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning." "Yes", said the Amir, who had overheard him, "I wish to have plenty of time to talk to you, to Lady Eileen, to Lady Ruby and to Lady Violet while the Viceroy works, then to His Excellency." I recovered from my shock as quickly as I could and hastily said that a previous engagement would occupy me until twelve o'clock, and I hoped His Majesty would not arrive before that hour, hurriedly whispering to Sir Henry to delay his arrival as long as possible.

February 9. Punctually at noon the Amir drove up to Government House where he remained till four o'clock. The girls and I spent the morning in entertaining him. He brought us all enormous photographs of himself and some time was occupied in signing them. He took the greatest delight in making presentations to the girls and myself of specially selected gifts. I received a very attractive diamond and ruby bird of paradise and also two Persian rugs. We played


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childish games to wile away the time; drew pigs with our eyes shut, and finally pretended to learn a few Persian words. He wrote out the alphabet for each of us, and under his signature he wrote these words: "*This for my dear pupil, Lady Minto, from her teacher, Habibullah, when I return I will examine her in her learning.*" He then sat down to the piano and sang us Persian love songs: the music was a monotonous dirge, and he has not much idea of playing. It was fortunate we could not understand the language, as I believe the poetry was of the most peculiar kind. It was a relief when luncheon was announced, after which he spent some time in close conversation with Minto.

This was his last visit, and I bade him goodbye with many expressions of mutual friendship and left the room. On reaching the passage outside I found he was running after me. "I come to ask", he said, "may I write you private letters?" "Not in Persian!" I said. "No, no", he said: "with translation; but *private*, not official; and you answer me?"

Sir Henry McMahon told me that the Amir really felt much upset at saying goodbye. He thought we had been so kind to him, and the whole mode of living was so different from what he had anticipated.

I heard an amusing account of Lord Kitchener's farewell dinner to the Amir that night, previous to his departure from Calcutta. They apparently had an hilarious evening, and on this occasion the Amir was entirely *sous le charme* of Lady Fraser, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, a most delightful lady, no longer in her first youth, and inclined to *embonpoint*. The Amir leaned across the table to Lord Kitchener and said: "How is it you are not married? Why don't you marry somebody like Lady Fraser?" "Unfortunately", said Lord Kitchener, "Sir Andrew has forestalled me; I have been looking all my life for a wife like Lady Fraser, but without success." Lady Fraser entered into the fun and enjoyed these compliments, and the badinage continued in this strain.

At 10 p.m. the Amir was to leave. A special train was in waiting, and the officials had all assembled at the station to see him off; troops lined the streets and guards of honour were in attendance. Sir Henry, knowing that all the railway traffic depended on punctuality, came up, watch in hand, saying that they *must* go. The Amir promptly took away the watch, flung himself on the sofa, put a handkerchief over his face and said: "I sleep here." Lord Kitchener was firm and said: "You can't do that: I have no bed." "No matter", said the Amir, "I sleep on sofa." In vain were all expostulations, he refused to

move. The troops were dismissed; the officials at the station were sent for and filed into the room to bid His Majesty farewell. They found him signing photographs and joking with the ladies. It was 1.30 a.m. before he was finally got off.

Lord Bury (A.D.C.) brought him our adieux. He shook his hand with a convulsive sob and said nothing. Later the interpreter informed Lord Bury that the idea of parting from us was so painful to the Amir that he could not bring himself to speak for fear of displaying the emotion he was trying to conceal.

The great city of Calcutta, with its shipping and trade and teeming multitudes, had much impressed the Amir, but he disliked the Bengalis with their scanty clothes. Muslims in Persia, Afghanistan and India are particular in the matter of wearing full and decent clothing. The lively interest the Amir took in European society led him rather to neglect his own entourage, which they were inclined to resent. He has the full complement of four wives allowed by Muslim law and he groaned over this multiplicity when he went out shopping, as he had to buy for all four. "I cannot buy the same stuffs for all", he grumbled, "or all will be disappointed: and if the stuffs for each are not of exactly equal beauty and value, I shall get into serious trouble." Shortly before his visit to India he had married the daughter of Sirdar Muhammad Yusaf Khan, of the ruling Barakzai family, who, with his brother, Sirdar Asif Khan, had belonged to the party of the Ex-Amir, Yakub Khan. She was known as the Hindustani Queen, and her father and uncle were in high favour. It may have been their accounts of India which had helped to incline Habibullah to undertake the visit, and they were his principal Sirdars when he came down.

Notwithstanding this plethora of wives, Habibullah was so much attracted by the European ladies whom he met in India that he seriously considered marrying one at least of them. Divorce is facile under Muslim law, and so room could have been made in the seraglio. At parties he was always attended by a member of his Staff carrying a bag, and when a lady pleased

him he would present her with a trinket from the bag. In Calcutta he took an especial fancy to two ladies, one the daughter of a high official and the other a married lady—but to an Afghan a husband is a trifling obstacle in such a case. He asked for photographs from these ladies, and, as his fancy veered, one or other was placed on his table. The Afghan Envoy, Sirdar Muhammad Ismail Khan, reported to the Foreign Secretary that the Amir was seriously thinking of proposing marriage to one of them, and his Staff watched the changes of the photographic thermometer with interest and anxiety, an anxiety shared by the Foreign Secretary, as such a proposal would have been an extremely awkward matter to deal with.

All this sort of thing did not at all please the members of the Amir's suite, and the Envoy began to have fears for his safety. He had long over-stayed his dates in Calcutta, and had missed the great shoot in the Central Provinces, which had been one of his special objects in coming to India. With the Viceroy's permission, Sir Louis Dane told the Amir that he really must keep to his programme, as many important functions in Bombay and elsewhere were involved, and he was at last induced to continue the visits arranged.

At Bombay the Amir had his first sight of the sea. After gazing at it silently for some minutes he remarked: "This certainly is a big tank."

During this visit Sir Henry had purposely kept one evening quiet and unoccupied, but the Amir would not hear of this, and told Sir Henry that he wished to dine with Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins[1] and go to the Circus. Sir Henry put forward all sorts of excuses, saying it was now too late to suggest it, but this the Amir refuted and the arrangements were made. The following extract from Sir Henry's own journal gives the best account of what occurred:

"The Amir was jubilant, and hurried me off in order to get back in time to take him to the Jenkins'. I just managed to dress and return

[1]Sir Lawrence Jenkins, Kt., K.C.I.E., later Chief Justice of Bengal.

for him, only to find him writing in his private room. Just one hour he kept me waiting! and I pictured the feelings of the unfortunate Lady Jenkins, waiting all that time for dinner! When, at 9.30, the Amir appeared with a beaming smile, and a bland remark that he thought he was late, I was too angry to reply, and declined to acknowledge any of his remarks, but led the way downstairs.

"'What a bad headache you've got, poor Sir Henry!' said he, producing a big fat letter out of his pocket. 'That's what kept me so long. And do you know why I was writing it? It's a letter to Lady Minto, sending her some fruit which has just come from Kabul, and which I want you kindly to send off for me, with this letter, at once, by to-night's mail, so as to ensure its arriving fresh.'

"It was so nicely said that I could not remain angry, and having handed over the valuable letter and fruit to an Attaché, started off with the Amir, with the remark that I hoped he wouldn't have a bad time with Lady Jenkins, after keeping her waiting for dinner so long.

"He was all smiles and apologies when we arrived, and went up forthwith to Lady Jenkins, saying he knew she would punish him with a fine for being so late, and so he had brought a fine with him.

"'A photograph?' she asked. 'Yes, and not only a photograph', he replied, 'but something else.' Whereupon he produced a very pretty little brooch from his pocket and fastened it on her shoulder."

Journal, March 10. On the Amir's final departure from India, I received the following farewell telegram from him:

To Her Excellency, Lady Minto, and the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot: Frontier of India, March 7.

To-day I have crossed the Indian frontier and entered Afghanistan Territory. To you my friends I say God be with you, and I will always wish for your honour, prosperity and friendship.

Seraj-ul-Mellat-i-Waddin.

I heard from Major Victor Brooke,[1] who travelled with him as far as the frontier, that his emotion on receiving the Viceroy's telegram of farewell was painful to witness. He drew Sir Henry McMahon aside, put on his motoring goggles to hide the tears that were coursing down his face, but was too overcome to say one word. He

[1]Military Secretary to Viceroy. Died in Great War, 1914 (9th Lancers).

finally jumped on his horse, spurred him into a gallop, and disappeared through the mountain passes towards his barbaric kingdom.

On his return to Calcutta, Major Brooke told me that before the Amir left Peshawar for Kabul he drove with him to visit some Gardens. When they alighted the Amir said: "I wish to talk with you alone." They walked to the centre of the Gardens; here the Amir halted and with his stick quickly traced the map of Asia on the gravel path. He drew the line of the North-West Frontier of India, and another line to show the boundary of Afghanistan: then he pointed to the narrow strip between the two countries, known by the name of No Man's Land, and said: "Till the British Frontier reaches the Frontier of Afghanistan we can never have peace, no matter how friendly the terms between the Viceroy and the Amir, nor how loyally your Government and my Government keep their promises. So long as these tribes have not been subdued by the British there will be trouble and intrigue."

Morley to Minto. Feb. 8. I felt the horrible force of your opening words: "The Amir is still with us." Ah well, *il faut souffrir pour être beau*, and Viceroys cannot have bright feathers in their caps without prodigious doses of boredom....

I keep thinking of you to-day in connection with your joy (as I imagine)—joy and exultation at to-morrow seeing the last of your God-granted guest.... I greatly relish the Amir's desire to blow from a gun the architect [of Calcutta's recent public building]. I built myself a library three or four years ago, and I understand entirely the Amir's longing for the gun....

Feb. 15. Your picture of him as a little fat man, in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, diverts me extremely. If one could only forget the diabolical tricks to which he will revert at Kabul. Well, it has been a great event, and for you personally a conspicuous and memorable success....

Feb. 28. I am glad His Majesty has at last taken himself off, and without one bit of new engagement on our part. If, as I most confidently expect, he gets knocked on the head some fine morning by his brother or some other near relative, we are not bound to put him back on his shaky *gadi*, or rather, I should say, to avenge his deposition therefrom. One great spring of mischief in these high politics is to suppose that the situation of to-day will be the situation of to-morrow.

And a little later:

Mar. 14. I am interested—shall I confess?—a little amused to see in the telegrams to-day that the Amir is having a hot time with his Mullas. I always thought this most likely, and it was one of the reasons for the policy of holding as much aloof as possible from all bargains, co-operations and the like; with a community made up of elements so unstable and incalculable. The Mulla denouncing Habibulla is like John Knox denouncing Mary Stuart for her consorting with French idolaters, music-singers and the like!

Journal, March. The last official report from Kabul brings the following gruesome story:

Two women attendants escaped from the Amir's Harem, but were promptly caught and brought back. As a punishment their feet were cut off, to ensure their never committing the same offence again. These cruelties were perpetrated by the Amir's brother, Nasrulla Khan, the gentleman who resided for some weeks at Dorchester House a few years ago.

There is another similar story of which our Kabul agent was an eye-witness in April, 1906:

At Kala-i-Yakub Khan, a girl of thirteen years of age slaughtered, like a goat, the murderer of her father, under the orders of His Highness the Amir. The agent himself was obliged to be present on this occasion, and the palace was surrounded by a military guard. After slaughtering the man, the girl licked the blood-stained knife with which she had committed the deed, and then invoked the blessing of God upon His Highness, that he had enabled her to avenge her father's murder with her own hands.

Such incidents as these, of unquestionable authenticity, make it difficult to realize that this is the twentieth century, or to reconcile them with such sentiments as those expressed by the Amir in his speech to the students at the Mahommedan College at Aligarh, in which he said:

"I am grateful to the Government of India for permitting this Mahommedan College to exist, for helping to bring it into existence and for contributing powerfully to its growing prosperity. I am grateful to Allah for inspiring the Government of India to encourage so worthy and so noble a work. There is, I am told, a violent prejudice amongst many Indian Mahommedans against that particular kind of education which we call 'European' education. What folly is this? Listen to me! I stand here as an advocate of Western learning. So far from thinking it an evil, I have founded in Afghanistan a College where European education is to be given as far as

possible on European lines. What I do insist on, however, is that religious education should come first. Religious education is the foundation on which all other forms of education must rest. If you cut away the foundation the superstructure will assuredly topple over. I say to you, therefore, be ever careful to make the religious training of the students your first and foremost care. This all-essential condition I have imposed upon my College in Afghanistan, and I hope it will ever be strictly maintained there. But, subject to this condition, I say again that I am a sincere friend and well-wisher of European education."

Since Habibullah's day, political intrigues, and murders, have so confused the history of Afghanistan that I must close my chapter with a brief mention of these events.

Rumours of the Amir's undue partiality for Europeans had preceded him, and on his way home in 1907, in Lughman, between Jellalabad and Kabul, an attempt was made by mullahs to assassinate him. He escaped; some of the would-be assassins were caught and executed and the matter was hushed up. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that in 1918 he was murdered in the same part of the country, while almost alone on a shooting trip. His brother, Nasrulla, and his eldest son, Inayatullah, were at Jellalabad at the time, while another son, Amanullah, was at Kabul. Inayatullah had agreed with Nasrulla that the latter should succeed to the Throne, but they had delayed, and Amanullah seized the treasury and the Throne and declared himself Amir.

Habibullah's intuition as to the danger of being openly on friendly terms with the Government of India had proved well-founded, as his assassination was universally ascribed to his having adhered to the Treaty of March 1905 and to his refusal to join hands with the Turks and the Germans in an invasion of India in 1915. At that moment India's army was depleted and had he accepted the tempting offers made, and crossed the frontier, raising the tribes, Northern India must have been lost for the time being. Britain should remember his loyal fidelity and honour his memory.

Amanullah had no doubts as to the policy necessary to secure

his seizure of the Throne. He immediately proclaimed a religious war and invaded India. Aeroplanes bombed Jellalabad and appeared over Kabul, and Amanullah quickly made overtures for peace, which were accepted. Under the new agreement the subsidy was discontinued, and Britain is not now bound to render aid to Afghanistan, but she has no control over that country, which is free to make treaties with Russia or any other country—a change which makes a strong North-West Frontier in India more than ever necessary.

Amanullah visited England, with his Queen Sourya, in April 1928 and was received by the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, when I was in waiting. A member of Amanullah's Staff who accompanied him, Ali Ahmed Khan,[1] had also accompanied Habibullah to India in 1907, and to my surprise remembered me, treating me with the deference due to a Vicereine of India, greatly to my embarrassment. He emphasized the value of Habibullah's visit to India and the friendships he made, with their effect on his attitude towards England during the Great War. He told me that the photographs we gave to Habibullah of Minto and myself were still in the Palace at Kabul, and added in confidence that Amanullah was by no means as astute a man as his father.

Amanullah, on his return to his country, attempted to introduce reforms in Kabul based on Western ideas, which the tribesmen resented, the deadly affront being a decree that, as members of Parliament, or Majlis-i-Stura, the greybeards were to wear bowler hats and ready-made clothes, which, after the session, were to be returned to the Government Store. The inevitable rising began under one Bacha-i-Saqqao, the Water-carrier's son. Amanullah fled in an aeroplane to Kandahar in January 1929, and Nadir Shah, at the time Minister in Paris, returned to Kabul, routed Bacha-i-Saqqao and made himself King. As I write, Nadir Shah has in his turn been tragically murdered (November 9, 1933).

[1]Governor of Kabul. Executed on his return to Afghanistan, 1928.

As a proof of the personal friendship of Habibullah I quote below extracts from the farewell letter he wrote me when we left India in November 1910:

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, LADY MINTO,

I have the pleasure to say I have to-day received your kind letter of goodbye. It is true that I and all your friends feel your leaving India very strongly, but still I am thankful that His Excellency has passed the time of his Viceroyalty with good name and many improvements....

The kindness friendship and love shown to me by your Excellency and by His Excellency, Lord Minto, during my visit to India I will never forget, and always remember with great pleasure....

I know nothing about my dear friend Lady Eileen. If it is not trouble to you, please convey my salaams and tell her this much, "that it shows you have forgotten your teacher".

My dear friend I want this much from you, that not to forget my friendship, and sometimes, that is once, twice or three times a year, in a few lines.

For saying goodbye I have the pleasure to send you a diamond brooch of a Gorkee shape, with many many good wishes. As Gorkee is an omen of Nepal people, and Nepal itself is a part of India, it is necessary that the present for saying goodbye should show something of the country which is to be leaving.

I will be your friend for ever.

(Sgd) SERAJ-UL-MELLAT-I-WADDIN.

dated: Ark, Kabul, 28th Shawal, 1321=2 November, 1910.

* * *

While these pages were still in the printer's hands, I have had the satisfaction of seeing that the policy of "progressive conservatism" followed by the young King Zahir Shah and his advisers has led to the entry of Afghanistan into the League of Nations. I look forward hopefully to all that this may signify for the security of the Indian frontier and the peace of Asia.

CHAPTER VIII

TIGER SHOOT IN ASSAM: 1907

Journal, February 28. After the strenuous time we had had entertaining the Amir and playing up for the *Entente*, and the fatigue of the Minto Fête, we felt we were justified in having a week's holiday, and on the 17th February we started for Assam for a tiger shoot.

The *bundabust* was arranged by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar at a camp called Kolabari; we shot entirely from elephants and had a very exciting time.

We left camp at nine o'clock in motor-cars, crossing many small bridges over rivulets where notices were prominently displayed: "Elephants prohibited". As an ordinary elephant weighs four tons, I was not surprised.

Five miles from camp sixty-seven elephants awaited us, some with pads and some with howdahs, and the Maharaj Kumar, Cooch Behar's eldest son, came with me, while Cooch Behar went with the beaters.

We were all placed along a river-bed on the outskirts of a thick jungle at a considerable distance apart. The elephants then beat up towards us along a strip of land, which was drawn blank. Our positions were then changed, and we formed a line facing a dense jungle of such tall grass that only the heads of the *mahouts*[1] riding the elephants were visible. I was on the extreme right: we waited breathlessly. A soft wind cooled the air and made the sun less oppressive. The beaters formed a huge circle, all advancing together towards one goal, of which we were the centre. While the beaters were still some distance away there was not a sound to be heard, so that a sudden crackling among the hard dry stems of the pampas grass made one's breath come quicker; but nothing but a small deer galloped out of the thicket.

Nearer and nearer came the elephants till they were within eighty yards of us, their great unwieldy bodies forcing their way through

[1]The natives in control of elephants.

the jungle with a loud rustling noise, so that the only way of knowing whether any wild animal was approaching was by watching for movements in the grass. Suddenly, with a roar, out sprang a young tiger in front of Minto. He fired and wounded him, but it needed a second shot before he fell dead. At this moment, from the same part of the jungle, a huge tigress bounded across the small open space and galloped down the line, to be immediately hidden again by the tall grass. She had hardly passed before a second young tiger followed his mother and was killed by Eileen. Meanwhile the line of elephants had formed a circle which was gradually closing in, imprisoning the furious tigress who occasionally, for the hundredth part of a second, showed us a flash of yellow and black stripes. At last she was cornered: there was a cannonade; everyone was shooting amid a scene of great excitement, and it was impossible to say who had fired the fatal shot.

Exciting as the morning had been, it was as nothing to what occurred during the afternoon.

We had formed up on our elephants on the outskirts of a jungle with a bit of open country behind us. As the line of beaters approached, the trumpeting of the elephants warned us that some wild animal was not far away. So close came the beaters that the patch of ground enclosed could not have been more than a hundred yards square. Suddenly the jungle seemed alive with tigers! They appeared to be bounding wildly from side to side, almost touching the encircling wall of elephants. Of these some stood like rocks, but others, less accustomed to the roars of the tigers, and the reports of the rifles, backed and turned, in spite of the *mahouts'* punishing weapons, with which they urged them to remain staunch. Two stampeded, turned, and fled back through the jungle, their riders saving themselves as best they could from the branches of trees and other obstacles which threatened to sweep them from the howdahs. Meanwhile, rifles were fired into the tiny patch of ground as a glimpse was caught here and there of a tiger.

The uproar was deafening and I could feel my heart thumping with excitement. It was a most sensational scene, more like the Hippodrome than anything in real life, and the stage seemed overcrowded with struggling animals and shouting men. Suddenly a huge tigress bounded out of the thicket between me and Colonel Crooke-Lawless. He fired as she sprang towards him, and I saw a cloud of dust rise where his bullet struck the ground. I was shooting

with the Maharajah's all too heavy paradox gun. My first shot knocked the tiger over and gave me time to reload. She got up, apparently little the worse, and instead of breaking straight away, turned to the right, giving me a view of her body broadside in the open. My next shot again knocked her down, but she was up in an instant, and with a terrific roar, on she flew. One more chance before losing her! I fired, a moment of acute suspense, and then, to my joy, I saw her roll over and over, stone dead, shot through the heart. When a tiger is bounding along at that pace, one inch to the right or left and the wound is not fatal. My lucky star enabled me to aim straight and the great quivering tigress had fallen to my rifle.

This gives but a faint idea of what took place in that tiny space of ground. In twenty-three minutes four tigers had been killed, and in spite of the cross-firing everyone was safe. One's sensation when a tiger, wild with rage, with flashing teeth and flaming eyes, makes for one's elephant, is unforgettable. The *shikaris* were astonished at finding four tigers together. Cooch Behar, who had shot for thirty years, had never seen such a sight. My tigress was the biggest of the bag.

We had five miles to ride home on pad elephants, a back-breaking process, and we all felt exhausted after our excitement. Seven tigers in one day is a record!

During the shoot a Native clerk in one of the howdahs was heard to ejaculate from time to time: "My God! My God! but this is dangerous sport!" and when asked on another occasion whether he wished to accompany the shooting party he said: "My God! No! What I have seen, I have seen!" That night our camp was disturbed by a rogue elephant which came quite close to the tents, only disappearing into the jungle when badly wounded. An unpleasant and dangerous visitor.

CHAPTER IX

BIRTH OF THE REFORMS

"My Lord: I have examined in Council, with the care that their high importance demands, the five proposals submitted to me in your despatch of 21st March. Those proposals, as Your Excellency assured your Legislative Council on 6th April, were not framed in accordance with instructions conveyed to you from home. This move in advance has emanated entirely from the Government of India. This initiative you took as a great step towards satisfying the present requirements of the Indian Empire." *From Lord Morley's reply, May* 17, 1907, *to Lord Minto's original Despatch on Indian Reforms.*

THROUGHOUT the last six months of 1906 Minto's ideas as to future policy were developing. He always distinguished between sedition and legitimate aspirations. He realized that we had come to the parting of the ways; that the Indians would have to be recognized and allowed to assist in the government of their country, but that it was equally imperative to have strong legislation to stop sedition. His correspondence with Morley shows, step by step, the final conclusions which he reached:

Minto to Morley. July 5, 1906. In your last letter to me you suggested the possibility of attempting to meet the demands of coming changes here, and I feel, if I may say so, that we are very much at one in our wishes. I have very nearly, on several occasions, suggested to you the possibility of a Native gentleman on my Council, but thought it would be premature to say anything about it.[1] On the other hand one must remember that such a colleague would necessarily become acquainted with all our State secrets, both interior and foreign, and that in this country it is difficult to dissociate any Native, however able, from the influences of religion . . . also it would be necessary to find a man generally looked up to in India, with a stake in the country. . . . Please take all I say now as the

[1]Down to 1921 the Governor-General in Council was, inside British India, the supreme authority in which was concentrated responsibility for every act of civil as well as military government throughout the whole area." *Simon Report*, part 2, chap. i. vol. 1.

mere embryo of future possibilities. I believe we should effect the most solid reforms by beginning at the bottom, I mean by greater powers and greater encouragement given to the Native element on District Councils and Municipalities. . . . You may be sure that I am watching all the time.

July 11. As to a Native Member of Council, there is a great deal to be said for it. To me such a possibility appeals very strongly, but I cannot disguise from myself the doubts which naturally arise as to committing State secrets to a Native colleague. At the same time I do not feel sure that we are not exaggerating the risk: that our suspicions are not largely due to our own inherent prejudice against another race, and that the time may not have come when we can afford to take a broader view of things and to offer to recognized ability a more direct share in the government of India. . . .

What I think we have distinctly before us is the prolongation of the Budget Debate, the encouragement of greater discussion at that debate, not only on questions of finance, but on other matters of public moment, and also a larger representation on the Legislative Council of the Viceroy.[1] The prolongation of the Budget Debate would not be difficult to deal with. The question of representation is much more so. . . . We must remember that our own people at home have been educated for centuries in the idea of constitutional government, and have only advanced by slow steps to the popular representation of to-day. Here everything is different; from time immemorial it has been the rule of dictators, and we must be very careful not to thrust modern political machinery upon a people who are generally totally unprepared for it.

. . . We have not had the matter up in Council, and I think it would be premature to do so at the moment. What I venture to propose to you is that you should let me know what you think of my crude suggestions, and that we should put our ideas as far as possible into shape by private correspondence, and that I should then place the position before my Council for discussion with the intention of sending

[1] "Down to 1861 legislation was entirely in the hands of British officials. After the Indian Mutiny and the transfer from the Company to the Crown the Legislative Council was reconstituted by the Indian Councils Act of 1861 . . . The next stage was reached in 1892. The Indian Councils Act of that year made a limited and indirect provision for the use of the method of election, in filling up some of the non-official seats . . . on the Indian Legislative Council, over which the Governor-General presides. The word 'election' was, however, never used in the statute. . . . So matters remained until Lord Morley became Secretary of State and Lord Minto was Viceroy." *Simon Report*, part 2, chap. i. vol. 1.

you our proposals in the shape of an official despatch. I attach great importance to the official initiative being taken by the Government of India. It is better in every respect, both for the present and for the future, that the Government of India should appear to recognize all that is in the air here, the necessity of meeting new conditions, and that they should not run the risk of being assumed to have at last taken tardy action out of respect to instructions from home. . . .

If you approve of my outline you might perhaps telegraph me and I could set the official ball rolling here at once. . . . I cannot but feel that we have a great opportunity, and I expect we are both equally eager to seize it. Nothing was ever truer than what Morison says in the extract you send me: "Ideas can only be combated by ideas, and you won't keep the younger generation away from the Congress unless you have another programme and another set of ideas to set up against theirs."

I am sorry to say my doubts as to the genuineness of Congress aims are growing. I am quite prepared to recognize much that is good in their campaign, but at the same time there is much that makes one very suspicious.

And in much the same strain Morley was writing:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 2. Yesterday I had my fifth and final talk with Gokhale. He made no secret of his ultimate hope and design: India to be on the footing of a self-governing colony. I equally made no secret of my conviction that for many a long day to come—long beyond the short space of time that may be left to me—this was a mere dream. "For reasonable reforms in your direction", I said to him, "there is now an unexampled chance. You have a Viceroy entirely friendly to them; you have a Secretary of State in whom the Cabinet, the House of Commons, the press of both parties, and that small portion of the public that ever troubles its head about India, reposes a considerable degree of confidence. The important and influential Civil Service will go with the Viceroy. What situation could be more hopeful? Only one thing can spoil it: perversity and unreason in your friends. If they keep up the fuss in Eastern Bengal they will only make it hard, or even impossible for Government to move a step. I ask you for no sort of engagement. You must of course be the judge of your own duty, and I am aware that you have your own difficulties. So be it. *We* are quite in earnest in our resolution to make an effective move. If your speakers or your newspapers set to work

to belittle what we do, to clamour for the impossible, then all will go wrong. That is all I have to say."

He professed to acquiesce very cordially in all this, and assured me that immediately after my Budget speech he had written off to his friends in India and pitched a most friendly and hopeful note. By this time, or before you get this, you will see whether his tuning-fork has done its work.

Only one word more. I believe that what they really want a million times beyond political reforms is access to the higher administrative posts of all sorts. I wish very much that you would, from time to time, as occasion serves, talk about this great subject with sensible and liberal-minded men of all sorts, of course without being in any hurry to form your own judgment.

Aug. 6. I won't trouble you with ideas of my own until you report things from your side.

The Council of Princes has never struck me as promising. Curzon, I believe, thought of it as a device for countering the Congress. My puzzle is to know what they would do when you had got them together. I suppose the admission of a Native to your Council is the notion most likely to cause a row among the Anglo-Indian community, civilian or commercial. If the principle be accepted, I feel pretty clear that the Law Member is the right way of beginning, just as I should put a Judge on my Council if I determined to act on that principle. I drew back, because you implied that if I put an Indian on mine, your hand would be forced to do the same. Undoubtedly if you put one on I shall have to follow suit. Let us see what your men say to it all.

By August 15, Minto had appointed the Committee from his Executive Council to consider the whole question, consisting of Sir Arundel Arundel (Chairman), Sir Denzil Ibbetson, the Honble. E. M. Baker, the Honble. H. Erle Richards, and Mr. Risley, as Secretary. He had composed for its guidance a memorandum setting out clearly the lines for its deliberations and recommendations, and throughout the ensuing months he kept in the closest touch with its work, following with deep attention the progress of the formation of definite opinions by its members, as they carefully and exhaustively collected, sifted and

digested information and facts, and tried to visualize in concrete form the "signs of the times". Occasionally Minto indicated in his letters to Morley the general trend which the mind of the Committee seemed to be taking, and the gradual framing of his own opinions into a set and definite conclusion:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 12. The more I think of it the more inclined I am for a Native Member on the Viceroy's Executive Council. I do not want to pledge myself to an opinion before the matter is threshed out, and there may be evidence that would decide one against it, but it would answer much of the accusation against the narrow character of Indian bureaucracy; for, while recognizing that India is unfit for popular government, it would be the admission of one of her people to a direct share in the executive authority of the Imperial Administration. It would be an immense move forward.

Morley's mind was also crystallizing in the same direction:

Morley to Minto. Nov. 23. I think I have pretty well mastered the discussion on the Native Member to your Council, which I suppose to be the most critical of all the questions before you. When I say "mastered" pray do not think that I have formed any definite judgment for I have not, and I am quite as much alive as you can be to the risk of going too fast for British sentiment in India. I do not forget the row about the Ilbert Bill[1] and I can see the elements of uneasiness that are aroused, or may easily be aroused by the present trouble in Eastern Bengal and elsewhere. The fuss about the contemptible Fuller episode shows the nervous and excitable frame of mind of your Anglo-Indian community. On the other hand I ask myself how it will be possible to resist the admission of a Native in face of the fact that two out of four of your own Committee are not afraid! . . . On the substance of the matter, and to put my present leanings plainly and shortly, I incline to think that the admission of a Native, whether to your Council or to mine, or to both, would be the cheapest concession we could make. It would leave executive power as strong and as absolute as it now is, and that the strength and decisive authority of executive power should remain unimpaired is, to my mind, the cardinal requirement of any reforming operations that we may undertake. . . . No more important questions than those

[1]Which proposed to give power to Courts presided over by Indian Judges to try Europeans.

of Arundel's Committee have come up for many a long day, that at least is certain.

By January 1907 Minto had definitely made up his own mind on the questions before the Reform Committee and wrote decidedly to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Jan. 2. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the decision we shall have to come to. The question of a Native Member on the Viceroy's Council is fraught with weighty considerations . . . it is all-important to do something at once . . . and, as I have said in my memorandum to Council, a Native Member is much the best answer that can be made to present demands. . . .

Jan. 23. The necessity for increased representation on Legislative Councils is admitted, and the machinery for supplying that representation could be worked out by Council with the assistance of the new Native Member. This will no doubt take time, but in accepting an Indian Member of Council we should admit the immediate right of a Native to share in the highest executive administration of the country, and with this fresh factor on my Council I think we might more satisfactorily consider the question of representation.

As to that we have to be very careful. The only representation for which India is at present fitted is a representation of Communities, as I said in my reply to the Mahommedan Deputation, and only to a very small extent in that direction. The composition of the Municipalities and District Boards is to my mind more important at present than representation on the Legislative Councils, though the latter attracts more public attention. But there is necessarily much detail to be thought out about all this, and I believe that if we accept a Native Member we should, in doing so, admit a principle which would be of the greatest help to us in dealing with the future.

You have asked me in former letters what I thought as to the advisability of a Native Member on your own Council. I have pondered over it much, and on the whole I should be against it. The Native gentleman who goes home and who would probably be most available to you, would not, I think, be likely to be representative of India generally. A Native gentleman who decides to reside in England has most probably severed his connections with the life of his own people, either because he is tempted by the attractions of

Western life, or because he is imbued with the impossible political aspirations of the Congress school, of which Gokhale is one of the best examples. You would have little choice between a —— and a Gokhale, either of whom would be very open to Western wire-pulling and influences of a different sort no doubt, but which would equally incapacitate them from becoming level-headed advisers on your Council. Here the Viceroy has the whole of India to select from, and though, Heaven knows, I should never think the selection an easy one, his chances would give him better opportunity for finding suitable men than would ever exist at home.

There is so much to be said about all this that the enormous disadvantage of not being able to talk it all over with you becomes more and more palpable.

Morley agreed:

Morley to Minto. January 24. You may well say that the question of a Native Member on your Council (involving most likely ditto on mine) is fraught with weighty considerations. It is indeed! It cuts deep, and may be the first step in a dangerous journey. Dangerous or not, it will at any rate be a serious venture. But then, as we are always saying, to stand stock still would be a serious venture too. It will be very awkward if you only find one man on your Council to go with you and all the rest adverse. . . . I have known some slippery places in my illspent political days, but I declare I do not recall one where every step, both in reaching a conclusion and in the process of making it known, needed more wary deliberation.

A month later Minto emphasised his decision:

Minto to Morley. February 27. I have determined to advise the appointment of a Native Member to my Council. I have no doubt at all as to the actual soundness of the proposal itself, though I have been anxious, and still am, as to the reception British official opinion may accord to it. All the same British public opinion in India will not be unanimous against it, and I am inclined to think that many people to whom the proposal was at first something of a shock, will recognize the advisability of it sooner than I had previously expected. The reasons against it stated by Members of Council are generally narrow, based almost entirely on the assumption that it is impossible to trust a Native in a position of great responsibility, and

that the appointment of a Native Member is simply a concession to Congress agitation.

The truth is that by far the most important factor we have to deal with in the political life of India is not impossible Congress ambitions, but the growing strength of an educated class, perfectly loyal and moderate in its views, but which, I think quite justly, considers itself entitled to a greater share in the government of India. I believe that we shall derive much assistance from this class if we recognize its existence, and that if we do not, we shall drive it into the arms of Congress leaders to whom it will be forced to look for salvation.

March 6. We had our Council Meeting to-day. . . . I wish you could have been concealed behind the door, you would have been amused I am sure. We are generally agreed as to the outlines of the despatch to you, except as to the Native Member and amendments to the Budget. Baker and I alone support the former, and Baker stands alone in advocating the latter. I will let the reasons for and against both points stand over for the present, but as to the Native Member, Lord K. is my strongest opponent . . . he looks upon the appointment as an entire subversal of the old order of things. In this I told him I entirely agree with him, but that, in my opinion, with our knowledge of what is going on around us, we cannot stay as we are, and I am quite prepared to admit that what we propose may be a step to greater changes in the distant future. I am almost inclined to think he was a little shaken. . . .

As to the despatch we are to send you . . . the Native Member is infinitely the most important of all.

Possibly you may not agree with me, and I suppose that, as your Council is an older one than mine, you are likely to find even more adverse criticism to it than I have met with here. . . . Our despatch to you must be suggestive, by which I mean that we can only attempt to outline the possible machinery; we could not now place a final scheme before you; there are points which will require full consideration and discussion between us. However, I think on the whole what we have proposed will go far to meet the requirements of the times.

March 19. The despatch goes off to you to-morrow. It is a weight off my shoulders till you load me up again with your reply. I do not believe that any despatch fraught with greater difficulties and greater possibilities has ever left India. It deals with a future which no one can foretell.

Lady Minto, our two girls, and my small boy Esmond, have just left for England, and I have a solitary time to look forward to. Lady Minto is very anxious for a talk with you which I hope you will be able to grant her. She returns here in July.

Morley to Minto. March 28. I am looking forward with the liveliest interest to seeing Lady Minto before many days are over. We parted on the railway platform at Ottawa one frosty morning in the winter of 1904. What unexpected things have happened since both in your world and in mine!

CHAPTER X

MY VISIT TO ENGLAND: 1907

The Reception at Home of the proposed Reforms

Journal. Before leaving England in 1905 I had been approached by certain members of the Up-country Nursing Association, established in 1892 in the Punjab and United Provinces, who begged me to interest myself in the creation of a wider organization for providing nurses for Europeans all over British India, with the exception of Bombay which already had a scheme of its own. After much discussion with Minto, Members of Council and Lieutenant-Governors, a new Association was established, approved by the Government of India, who voted an annual grant of Rs.35,000 to assist the work.[1] The Lieutenant-Governors took up the idea enthusiastically, making themselves responsible for a Nurses' Home in every Province. In 1906 I made an appeal to the public in England and in India to start an Endowment Fund to place the scheme on a sound financial basis. The response was encouraging, and I was fortunate also in securing Mrs. Davies, a fully trained nurse, daughter of Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, to act as Chief Lady Superintendent.[2] I wrote to Mr. Morley, being anxious to secure his blessing and support, and was delighted to receive the following sympathetic answer to my letter:

DEAR LADY MINTO,

... Do you know that I have often wondered whether I would not rather be in Lord Shaftesbury's place at the Day of Judgment than in the place of all the glittering statesmen; I mean I would rather have done something pretty certain—nothing is quite certain—to mitigate miseries such as your Nursing Scheme aims at, than have done all the grand things about which high speeches are made and great articles written in the newspapers....

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

[1] Of this sum Rs.5000 was allotted to Madras for an independent organization.

[2] A position she held honourably for ten years.

A few days ago, to my immense surprise, a contribution of Rs.2275 arrived from the officers of the 9th Lancers in answer to my Appeal. The regiment is leaving shortly for South Africa and I could not conceive why they should send so generous a donation. I spoke of it to Lord Douglas Compton, who is second in command of the regiment, and who confidentially explained matters to me. There is apparently among their officers a rich but stingy young subaltern, and when my Appeal reached them this boy was chaffed by his brother officers, who told him that here was an opportunity for displaying his generosity, each of them promising to contribute a similar sum to anything he gave. To their dismay he at once volunteered to give Rs.500 and they were all obliged to follow suit. I feel dreadfully sorry for the impecunious ones, but Douglas says it will do them no harm as the cause is very deserving.

March 12. The week before leaving for England the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia spent four days with us, *en route* for Rangoon. The Duke has been altogether seven years in India at various times and has seen four different Viceroys, but had not been to Calcutta for seventeen years.

He was complimentary with regard to the cordial terms we are on with the Native chiefs, and recognizes the importance of bridging over racial feeling.

We gave a large official dinner and an evening party; the grounds were beautifully illuminated and thousands of little lights outlined the water. I strolled about among the people with the Duke; he had so much to say to everyone that our progress was slow. People had come from all parts of India to see him, and he recollected, with the usual Royal memory, not only their names, but where he had previously met them! He had a wonderful ovation. It has been a great privilege to entertain such charming and appreciative guests, and we said goodbye to them with real regret.

March 16. I left Calcutta for England, with Eileen, Ruby and Esmond. Sir Henry McMahon brought me a pathetic little token from the Amir, who had commissioned him to deliver it into my own hands. It is a charm in the shape of a tiny golden ship on which is a swallow and the words "Good-bye India". On the envelope containing it the Amir had written in Persian: "O Hindustan, may the peace of God be with you!" To Eileen he sent a little golden book with a minute photograph of himself, at the back of which is written

"Happy Memories", and to Ruby a golden case with good wishes and a ruby.

The cloud on the political horizon in Bengal, which had appeared so menacing on Minto's arrival in India, had almost died away. The Viceroy had recognized that the success of the unpopular measure of "Partition" depended on judicious handling and had proceeded with caution.

In 1904 a legitimate "Own Country" movement had just begun to take on a political aspect, precipitated by the Partition of Bengal. Antipathy to the partition was originally grounded in Hindu-Moslem, and not in Indian-British, antagonism; but political agitators obscured this issue and unscrupulously used this source of unrest to serve their own ends. Minto found himself face to face with an anarchist movement, which held secret meetings, manufactured bombs, and covertly insulted the British in ways understood by the Natives but often not comprehended at all by the English themselves.

In Bengal, a rising which called itself "The Little Mutiny" was staged to take place in May 1907, on the anniversary of the Great Mutiny, but it never materialized, as the leader who was appointed to give a signal lost heart.[1]

In March the moderates of both communities, anxious to dissociate themselves from such discreditable proceedings, approached the Viceroy with a Deputation. He wrote to Morley joyfully:

Minto to Morley. March 19. My best item of news I have kept till the end of my letter. I think I told you that I was to receive a Deputation of Mahommedans and Hindus. They came to see me last Friday, and of all the wonderful things that have happened since I have been in India, this, to my mind, was the most wonderful. The Deputation consisted of the Maharajah of Darbhanga, Surendra Nath Banerjee, Mr. Chowdry, a Member of Congress, Narendra Nath Sen, Editor of the *Indian Mirror,* and three Mahommedan gentlemen. The burden of their conversation was that

[1]Miss Cornelia Sorabji has given an interesting account of this movement in an article in the November (1933) number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

they are most anxious to put an end to unrest and bad feeling, and that they propose to organize associations throughout the country with a view to inducing Mahommedans and Hindus to work together for the control of their respective communities . . . It was simply marvellous, with the troubles and anxieties of a few months ago still fresh in one's memory, to see the "King of Bengal"[1] sitting on my sofa with his Mahommedan opponents, asking for my assistance to moderate the evil passions of the Bengali, and inveighing against the extravagances of Bepin Chandra Pal. I hope you will forgive me a little feeling of exultation at the confidence expressed in me by these representatives of hostile camps, and their declaration of faith in you, Mr. Hare, and myself.

I was tempted to gush off a note of triumph to you at once. But one never knows what may happen next, and a letter by the next mail seemed safer than an impulsive wire.

Later, after a second Deputation, he wrote:

Minto to Morley. Gokhale was very reasonable. He pressed of course for increased representation and amendments to the Budget, on the grounds that there is at present an utter want of reality in the Budget discussions. He asked for two Native Members on the Viceroy's Council and three on the Secretary of State's. He says that the whole younger generation of India is going over to the extremists' side; that they are quite unreasonable and are attracted by the idea of getting rid of British rule, which is the doctrine preached to them: that the glamour of the British Raj, which in the old days fascinated the people, has departed, and that the only way to recover our moral control is to do something that will appeal to the Native imagination.

To me Minto wrote:

Minto to his wife (at Bombay). March 21. Gokhale was very interesting and, I thought, fair. The whole thing is a tremendous problem and there is a dead wall of official resistance always ready to obstruct anything which can be twisted into meaning interference with British official rights.

The great despatch on possible reforms, based on the report of Arundel's Committee, goes home by this mail. I think it is good, at least that part of it representing my own and Baker's views. As you know, we stand alone. A great deal of the introductory part is taken

[1]Surendra Nath Banerjee. For explanation see Note on p. 121.

from my notes. It is intended for publication, but no doubt bits will be cut out. I am sending you an extract of my covering memorandum, as I know how it will interest you:

No one believes more firmly than I do that the safety and welfare of India depends on the permanence of British administration, but I equally believe that the permanence of that administration depends upon a sound appreciation of the changing conditions which surround it. I am no advocate of 'representative government for India' in the Western sense of the term. It could never be akin to the instincts of the many races composing the population of the Indian Empire. It would be a Western importation unnatural to Eastern tastes. From time immemorial in India the power of the State has rested in the hands of absolute rulers. Neither under Hindu Kings nor Mahommedan Emperors had the people any voice in the affairs of State. Sir Courtenay Ilbert observes in the opening sentences of his work on the Government of India "British authority in India may be traced historically to a two-fold source: it is derived partly from the British Crown, partly from the Great Moghul and other Native Rulers of India. These are the two sources of our authority and they involve important consequences. As heirs to a long series of Indian Rulers we are bound to reserve to ourselves the ultimate control over all executive action and the final decision in matters of legislation; as trustees of British principles and traditions we are equally bound to consult the wishes of the people and to provide machinery by which their views may be expressed as far as they are articulate."

To say this is not to advocate the introduction of popular representation. The Government of India must remain autocratic; the sovereignty must be vested in British hands and cannot be delegated to any kind of representative assembly. No such assembly could claim to speak on behalf of the Indian people so long as the uneducated masses, forming nearly ninety per cent. of the adult male population, are absolutely incapable of understanding what 'representative government' means and of taking any effective part in any system of election.

Yet possibly the dual origin of which Sir Courtenay Ilbert speaks may suggest a solution of the problem consonant both with English ideas and with Indian history and tradition. He shows how the British Government in India is the embodiment of two principles; the principle of autocracy derived from the Moghul Emperors and Hindu Rulers, whose methods they adopted, and the principle of constitutionalism derived from the British Crown and Parliament. Can we fuse these two principles into a definite system of government, into what may be called a 'constitutional autocracy' and thus give to our administration a definite and permanent shape? There is all the difference in the world between the arbitrary autocracy of the Asiatic despotism and the constitutional autocracy which binds itself to govern by rule, which admits and invites to its councils representatives of all the interests which are capable of being represented,

and which merely reserves to itself, in the form of a narrow majority, the predominant and absolute power which it can only abdicate at the risk of bringing back the chaos to which our rule put an end.

I do not believe that any Committee has ever been asked to consider questions fraught with more immense possibilities than those with which the report before us has attempted to deal. A mere sop to agitation is beside the mark. To deal out in driblets what we may eventually be forced to give wholesale would be equally so. The Committee has in fact been asked to discover whether it is possible to give to India something that may be called a 'constitution' framed on sufficiently liberal lines to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the most advanced Indians, whilst at the same time enlisting the support of the conservative element of Native society: a constitution based on the traditions and practice of both English and Indian Rulers: not an experimental makeshift, but a working machine, representing all interests that are capable of being represented, and providing for an adequate expression of the sentiments and requirements of the masses of the people, and in particular of the great agricultural class forming two-thirds of the entire population. And, to my mind, there is no answer to be found to the problem unless we call to our counsels the people over whom we rule.

The week after I arrived in England the Reform proposals were in the hands of the India Office. It is important to give here the opening paragraph of Morley's official reply, as Secretary of State, to Minto's original official despatch:

May 17, 1907.

"My Lord: I have examined in Council, with the care that their high importance demands, the five proposals submitted to me in your despatch of 21st March. Those proposals, as Your Excellency assured your Legislative Council on 6th April, were not framed in accordance with instructions conveyed to you from home. This move in advance has emanated entirely from the Government of India. This initiative you took as a great step towards satisfying the present requirements of the Indian Empire."

The following extracts from their correspondence give comments on the fortunes of the scheme.

Morley to Minto. April 12. It often occurs to me, that John Bull needs almost more brains than we can command, for the government of his vast and rather haphazard sprawling kind of an Empire. . . . Yet the Empire is a wonderful thing for all that. What

is curious is that India, the most astonishing part of the Empire, is never mentioned, and people are very much obliged to you and me for keeping it under an extinguisher. . . .

This brings me to what you may be sure is the subject constantly before my mind—*the despatch*. I received it last Saturday and brought it before the Council with a few introductory remarks of a neutral character, commending it to the special and prompt attention of a committee of seven or eight members. I have since had short and provisional talks with three or four of them. I believe the Council will be of one mind against the Indian Member on your Executive Council. For instance Morison[1] who represents our nearest approach to Congress principles, said to me: "You might as well put the Leader of the Opposition into your Cabinet." "Far worse", said another critic: "Balfour would play the game if he were planted at the Cabinet table. The Indian Member would be as if you put Mr. Stead, or Leo Maxse, or some other frenzied outsider amongst your colleagues!"

If my Council is unanimous against it, like yours (bar one), it will be impossible, I believe, to secure support for it here. . . . The fear of reawakening the uproar of the Ilbert Bill days, and so reviving racial antipathy, will be a powerful factor in most minds, as I know it has been in yours and is in mine. If this particular proposal has to be dropped can we keep it secret that it has been made? And that you favoured it? This is a point of immense importance, for if it became known I suppose it would be likely to weaken your influence and great popularity among Europeans, official or non-official. On the other hand if I were the instrument, and known to be, of its withdrawal, I should have without doubt to put an Indian Member (or two) on my Council, instead of seating one on yours. Well, you might think that to be no bad end of it all?

These are only first and unformed impressions. How I share your regret that we cannot have a single day's actual talk; that would disperse all, or at any rate half, the obscurity and mist.

April 17. Everybody concerned is working with a will. As was to be expected, considering who they are, and what are their antecedents, my Council show no enthusiasm; on the other hand they show neither impatience nor wrath. They are almost without exception conservative and sceptical about reforms. And, almost with-

[1]Sir Theodore Morison.

out exception, they won't face the state of opinion and feeling that is described in your despatch. Yesterday I said to them: "The truer all you say about 'inflamed minds', 'sedition-mongers', etc., the more incumbent it is upon you to tell us how you hope and intend to abate the mischief"....

I propose to take Arundel[1] to the Committee to state the case. They hinted to me in a good-natured way that he would carry no weight in their minds and would make no difference. This is a trifle, only showing how frightfully stiff are the joints of the veteran steeds with which I have to do my share of our chariot race....

My own mind is still ingenuously open to all the ideas, evidence and impressions that flow so copiously in upon me. There are a good many ways of looking at the question, and many grave things to think about, as you have better reason to know than anybody....

If we can hatch out some plan and policy for half a generation, that will be something, and if for a whole generation, that would be better. Only I am bent, as you assuredly are, on doing nothing to loosen the bolts.

Minto to Morley. April 17. Your telegram of yesterday telling me of the doings of the Special Committee of your Council in reference to our Despatch has just reached me. . . . You ask me if, supposing the Native Member is rejected, it will be possible to keep secret that the proposal was ever made and that I supported it. I am afraid it will be quite impossible to keep either point secret . . . it has been necessary to attempt in conversation to ascertain the trend of opinion, especially as to the Indian Member. I have done so, and no doubt others have done so, and one can hardly imagine that the public will fail to guess that the point has been officially considered. People are certain to jump to conclusions which we cannot deny, and it seems to me hopeless to expect that the proposal as to a Native Member, and my views as to it, should not soon be generally known.

You ask me how this will affect my position in respect to Anglo-Indian opinion. I think that the Anglo-Indian opinion would be divided into two camps agreeing and disagreeing with me, and that I should be violently attacked by the latter both here and at home. If he is appointed the attacks will, I believe, die down and gradually disappear; if he is not appointed we shall have a tremendous revival

[1]Chairman of the Reforms Committee in India: at this time in England, his period of service having expired in February, 1907.

of agitation in which moderate Natives will join, and with which many Anglo-Indians will sympathize. It will be generally known throughout India that the Viceroy (and it will be assumed, I am sure, that your sympathies run in the same direction) and reasonable British opinion, as well as Native, have given way to the clamour of a bureaucracy largely influenced by concern for their own interests. We shall have a row either way. But in the case of the appointment of a Native Member it would emanate from the official world alone, and would, in my opinion, gradually subside, whilst in the case of his rejection, we shall have a mass of commonsense and Native ambitions opposed to us, and a long and dangerous struggle before us in which we are perfectly certain to be defeated. I have not as yet had time fully to think out your telegram, but notwithstanding the forces ranged against us I think we must fight. There is more danger in giving in to them than in overruling them, notwithstanding the attacks that one may have to face.

Morley to Minto. April 26. I must first of all thank you most sincerely and warmly for your telegram about my poor personal affairs. It gave me more than pleasure, for I find that as one's days of pilgrimage are drawing towards their close, the kindness and goodwill of comrades counts for more than all besides, and you and I are comrades in the toughest of battles, for I don't believe that there is any task in the whole range of British Government to-day half so hard and so impenetrably obscure as that with which Fate has, for a rather critical moment or two, loaded us two men. . . .

The difficulties of the despatch do not lessen as the discussion proceeds. . . . To-day it looks to me as if the Native Member on your Council will have intractable forces against him and that I shall have to find one or two for mine. The mere fact of your having made the proposal will have a good effect on the Natives and strengthen your hold upon them. . . . When I reply to you and speak in the House of Commons, I shall put the question of the Native Member into a secondary place and magnify the other parts of your scheme. I believe this will be tactically prudent. . . . At the same time we must use language to convince people that we mean to stand no nonsense, and that disorder will extinguish the chances of reform. I daresay, in old Puritan language, the Lord will put words into my mouth when the time comes. Meanwhile I am not slow to recognize your courage, steadfastness and magnanimity, and I believe you will find,

when the froth of the controversy subsides, a general willingness to do you full justice for these not too common qualities.

Meanwhile a letter from Minto had crossed my full account of my interesting talk with Morley:

Minto to his wife. March 28. I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Morley wrote a really charming reply to my remonstrances against the tone of one of his telegrams; he practically says that if it were not for the friendly terms we are on he would retire. He writes: "If I found the terms between us to lose the friendliness and freedom of the last fourteen or fifteen months, I for one, who hold office by rather a loose rein, should be tempted to fall, and leave the battle to be fought out by some other warrior." He would be a tremendous loss to me, for I quite understand him, and he is almost more than friendly, so I hope you will say nice things to him when you see him.

Lady Minto to her husband. April 4. *London.* (Written in the small hours of the night to catch the Indian mail.)

Morley was with me yesterday for an hour and a half. He was most understanding. We began with banalities, then he discussed George Curzon. He said: "I like him, in spite of his faults and eccentricities." . . . He told me that Arthur Balfour had said to him: "I made two mistakes while I was Prime Minister. The first I have forgotten, and the second was allowing George Curzon to return to India for a second term."

We talked about the better feeling between the Indian Princes and the Viceroy and all he said about you was very complimentary. "Although I have only met Lord Minto a few times," he said, "I feel I have got to know his character very exactly from his letters. I can absolutely trust him and we thoroughly understand each other. Of course he sometimes writes things that annoy me, in fact I'm in a bad temper to-day at something he said in his last letter. But don't worry about that. I know, when I have written to him, he will explain any misinterpretation."

I told him how well we got on with Lord K. and he said: "I have just written to suggest that he should stay on another two years", and added: "If we are accused of making radical changes in India, I want it known that anyhow we are not tampering with the Army."

Later we returned to the great question of the Native Member. Morley said: "I don't suppose any man has had such a weight of

responsibility on his shoulders since India was taken over by the Crown. Here is the Viceroy and one Member of his Council advocating a measure which the rest of his Council and the whole of my Council are against: all old Anglo-Indians such as Lord Lansdowne, Sir Alfred Lyall, etc., are antagonistic. The question is, will it raise too great a storm? Will the racial feeling be too strong to stand it? Is the Viceroy too sanguine in thinking the opposition will not be as violent as in the case of the Ilbert Bill? The decision rests with him. The suggestion comes from Lord Minto and I mean manfully to support him, but the responsibility is very great both for me and for him. I am not afraid and if I feel that the country is not ready I can let him down easily and say that I cannot go so far, but then will come the House of Commons storm. "Here", they will say, "is a Liberal Secretary of State refusing to go as far as the Viceroy who is not a pronounced Liberal!" Before I retire this measure will have to be brought forward for good or ill. "Mind you", he said "it might lead to incurable evils".

I said: "You are surely not going to retire? We should be so sorry."

"Thank you", he said: "I am glad to know that. Though I do not suppose I shall hold on very long, my colleagues say I must not go just yet. People say that it is impossible for the Secretary of State and the Viceroy to agree. I tell them that for sixteen months we have worked in perfect harmony."

We then went on to talk of the work:

"Mine is bad enough", Morley said: "the Viceroy's is far worse."

I told him that the Secretaries had been trying to reduce the files, but that Lord Curzon had always insisted on attending to the minutest details himself, till all the subordinates had at last become afraid of making a decision, but that you were trying to change this state of affairs.

"The social part of a Viceroy's life would be intolerable to me", he said. "When my thoughts were full of business I could not be pleasant to people. Does Minto like it?"

"Like it!" I said. "No, he finds it terribly trying, but he is very good about it, as he considers the social side of the life of a Viceroy to be of real political importance."

He spoke of your having attained the position of Viceroy without the usual political experience—of your previous career, and the proof that knowledge of the world was really the more valuable of the two.

"I am bound to admit", he said, "that one can learn more from men than from books, but it is extraordinary to me that he should write the letters of a statesman without the schooling of the House of Commons, for undoubtedly that is the best schooling one can get. I think Minto's insight into things is remarkable: the calm way in which he weighs the pros and cons with scrupulous fairness delights me."

I showed Morley the following cable, just received from the Amir from Kabul:

> Hope you and your daughters have passed your voyage pleasantly and have reached home in good health and safety. Many, many salaams to you, to Lady Eileen and to Lady Ruby. Let me know of your good health.

I explained that I had done all I could for the *entente* while entertaining the Amir in India, but that I could not possibly keep up a telegraphic correspondence with Kabul, so I gave the cable to Morley and begged him to deal with it.

To-day he has written me a very nice letter saying: "Never hesitate to call on me for anything I can do", and he ends: "Yes, the slender shadow of a cloud has passed away before a very kind and mollifying telegram."

Minto to his wife. April 10. (*Camp near Dehra Dun.*) We are in a lovely camp about twenty miles from Dehra, overlooking the Ganges a hundred feet below. We have not had much sport: Holden, however, got a panther yesterday.

I can never understand how you and the girls were ever allowed to go shooting on foot here! Colonel Hutchinson, who got so badly mauled lately at Mohand, where you were, was simply walking up to his wife's *machan*, when he put up a wounded panther. He fired at it, after which it hid in a hollow in the ground and sprang at him. How they could have allowed you to go walking about as you did I do not know! We have been entirely on elephants or in *machans*.

There is a little Rajah shooting here whose back view on an elephant is so exactly like you that we all nearly died of laughing. He is tremendously energetic and is always flying past on a pad elephant, rifle in hand, ready for any emergency, amid shouts from Vi of "Mother! Mother!" and "Her Excellency!" from the Staff. He is the image of you from behind, with your big hat, when you rush determinedly at the nearest tiger!

I suppose you have seen Morley. Evidently there is much that is charming about him, but so sensitive that one wastes hours over letters and telegrams so as not to hurt him. I think I told you that I was writing to him a little time ago saying that I did not like the idea of a separate correspondence between him and Kitchener. K. himself told me that Morley had protested against this kind of thing to Duff. I had already agreed to Morley writing direct on the understanding that both he and K. should always show me the correspondence, and I only repeated in the most friendly way what I had written months ago. This produced a wild telegram from him asking if I have any "grievance" and a lot of other nonsense. I answered quite good-humouredly asking if my letter had been unintentionally stiff, and he wires back an almost affectionate telegram and weeps on one's neck and begs I will think no more about it.

Some little time afterwards he writes to K. asking him to stay on in India for another two years, and sends me a copy of the letter. K. also sent me a copy and asked me to telegraph to Morley a very nice message for him accepting. This I did. K. was bound, according to all custom, to accept through me. But the result is a huffy telegram from Morley saying that he "supposes K. has answered his *private* letter direct". I have wired back that K. is in the wilds somewhere, shooting, but of course there can be no doubt that he has answered his letter direct himself. But I never know what to expect from anyone so sensitive . . . certainly our Secretary of State seems the most lovable individual, but he gives me endless worry in constantly guarding against wounding his feelings.

I think I forgot to tell you that I had a long talk with Sir Andrew Fraser before I left Calcutta about the Native Member. He is very strongly in favour of it. I hear there are others of the same mind.

I haven't the least idea what Morley will say in answer to our despatch. No doubt great pressure will be put upon him by old Indians at home to withstand the Native Member, and I am not at all certain that he will resist it. One can only wait and see.

April 18. I see there is going to be a tremendous storm over the Native Member question. Morley's Council generally, if not unanimously, are opposed to it, and so are mine, with the exception of Baker, and Morley says it would be a strong thing to overrule both Councils. . . . There is bound to be a row whatever happens, and the official world will fly at my throat. But if the

Native Member is refused we shall have a much worse row, as I am convinced that a large number of English officials and unofficials, as well as Natives, think that it is an absolute necessity, and that he will have to be appointed whether we like it or not.

I know Morley's sympathies are entirely with me, but he is evidently doubtful as to overruling the opposition. If he does not, then I shall be in the position of having been overruled, and I shall be "overruled" and "abused" simultaneously.

April 21. People at home do not in the least know the state of affairs here, and Lansdowne and Elgin,[1] who will, I suppose, both oppose the Native Member, know nothing of the way things have been moving lately. . . . It is a very difficult state of affairs, but I am all for fighting.

You will be glad to know that Morley enjoyed his visit to you; in a letter which I have just received he says: "Lady Minto was kind enough to allow me to call upon her last Tuesday, and it was a sincere pleasure to me to have a good long talk with her about both small things and great. It seemed to bring me nearer to your Council Chamber. I was admirably rash and indiscreet!"

April 24. (*Dehra Dun.*) The weather was so bad that we had to give up our shoot, but late in the afternoon it cleared and Vi insisted on a motor drive which resulted in our getting to Mohand about 7 p.m. Just before reaching the camp we saw a panther taking a walk along the road. We hadn't time to get out at the camp, and turned round to come back again, soon after which we passed within five yards of another splendid panther. This excited us so much that we arranged a *bundabust* for the next day. Geoffrey, Francis, Watson (Ghurkas) and I, and Holden.

We got to Mohand in good time and there Holden told me that a tiger had killed a few miles off up in the hills, but it was no earthly use going after him except for one gun. I said: "All right, we'll go", and we left the others to continue the arranged shoot and he and I started off on pad elephants. We followed up the bed of the river for some way and at last came to the foot of the nullah running down from precipitous hills where the *shikaris* said the tiger was. We saw his pug marks where he had killed. The *shikaris* wanted to drive the nullah, making the tiger come down, as they said it was not safe to go

[1]Both Ex-Viceroys.

above him, but I did not understand their lingo and thought they supposed I would not face the climb, so of course I said: "Come along," and we left the pad elephants and proceeded to climb the hill. It was a tremendous pull. I never was so beat in all my life! If the tiger had carried me off I should have thanked him! I have not had a gallop since Kashmir and thought I should have died.

We were sure the tiger was in the nullah and we had to go quietly past him and get above him. I suppose the climb took us about forty-five minutes. When we got well above where we thought he was, we came down a little, and found a tree with some very comfortable branches close to the bed of the nullah. I and one of the Bodyguard got into the tree, and Holden stood at the bottom ready to join us at any moment. We did not wait long after the beat began. I felt sure he would come up the stony bed of the nullah and hardly took my eyes off it, but there was just a chance he might come up on the right, and I suppose I looked that way for one moment when I felt the orderly touch me and saw the tiger there on my left. Instead of going straight on up the bed of the nullah I think he must have heard us, and turned sharp to his left, across my front, going quite slowly. The bush was thick and I could not be sure of getting him, then he passed behind a tree, after which I could not see him distinctly, but felt I must fire, and shot him dead first shot with your rifle. He just moved again, so I gave him another. A magnificent tiger! We were so excited! I shook both the *shikaris* warmly by the hand. We had had such a tremendous grind and it all came off so splendidly! We did it all by ourselves: worth all the tigers in a big shoot put together.

While the beat was going on, Holden, who was going to shoot again next day, wrote a note for some supplies to come up from Dehra, and ended: "*I must stop now, I think the tiger is just in front of us —the tiger is dead! His Excellency knocked him over first shot. Hurrah!*" I told him the note written "in action" ought to be framed!

We thought the tiger was probably just under ten feet, but had nothing to measure him with. They had to make a litter to carry him down and we went off and left him and got back to the other people about 2.30 and joined them at luncheon. Wasn't it splendid!

You see, as you went on foot after tigers at Mohand I had to do the same. I shall never have such a thrilling day in India again.

The next news is that I have bought a racehorse; an Arab pony about 13.3 to run for K.'s Cup here. He has won a good many races. *Behar*, I think his name is. Vi made my life a burden to me till I

bought him. Elgee[1] will ride him. I forget when the Races are, but it is the regular meeting and, I hear, tremendous entries. It will be rather fun if I win. I will telegraph if I do.

I hope you have read an article in this month's *National Review* on the Amir's visit. It is on the usual Indian page, at the end of the number. It is quite disgraceful. It is evidently intended to slur over the success of my having got him to come to India. . . . Reuter has telegraphed extracts from an article in *The Times* to the effect that since Fuller's resignation things have become worse in Bengal. Everyone here knows that this is a downright lie, and the *Pioneer* has an article pointing out how untrue the statement is. . . . But it all shows the wire-pulling that is going on. *The Times* is thoroughly prejudiced in favour of Curzon. All the same as time goes on it is possible they may come round, and it would be the greatest mistake to fall foul of them, however slightly. In fact the only way is not to mind and simply to go ahead and people are sure to find out the truth in the long run.

May 2. I enclose you a copy of a letter from the Amir. I like the little man. I am not sending it to Morley as the India Office may think I have started a clandestine correspondence with him!

[1]Capt. Elgee, A.D.C. (Extra). Killed in the Great War.

NOTE

THE "KING OF BENGAL" (p. 109)

Sarendra Nath Banerjee was acclaimed "King of Bengal" by the extremists, on an occasion when they paraded the streets carrying him at the head of the procession sitting under a gold umbrella (the Indian insignia of Royalty). The procession was followed by another headed by figures made of pith and clay showing Kali dancing on the body of an Englishman—interpreted as India victorious over Great Britain. There is still on a wall at Kalighat (the temple of the goddess Kali) a pictorial reproduction of these two figures as used in the procession.

CHAPTER XI

UNREST

The Punjab Colonization Bill

IN the early part of the year the machinations of the extreme Congress group began to bear their inevitable fruit.

Minto to Morley. March 5. I am afraid we must consider seriously how to deal with the Native press, for in many cases the utterances of newspapers are outrageous. I don't know that we can afford to treat them with contempt. To deal with them lightly in the way of punishment only makes matters worse in that it advertises the newspaper, which is just what a seditious editor wants. Yet public opinion at home will not support severe treatment. It is a question whether we can count on inflammatory writing falling flat, or whether we consider it so dangerous that we must, by some means or other, put a stop to it. If the class of literature in question was merely an expression of impossible ideas it would not so much matter, but much of it is a direct instigation to the people of this country to get rid of British rule.

The influence of this seditious machinery is undoubtedly spreading, and I am afraid has, to a considerable extent, captured the Punjab. I heard to-day of the discovery at Mardan, the Headquarters of the Guides, of a circular addressed to Native troops pointing out to them how easy it would be to throw off British rule. This is the first authentic information that has reached me of an attempt to corrupt the Native Army. The circular emanated from some Natives of India now in the United States. I have not had time yet to compare what we have heard with information we recently received from America of the doings of certain Indians in close alliance with the Clan-na-gael. But Sanderson, British Consul at New York, not long ago sent us a somewhat curious story with which I fancy the Mardan circular can be connected. There is, no doubt, a great deal to be uneasy about, and I am more and more convinced that our

control of the future will rest largely upon the mutual action of ourselves and the thoughtful portion of the Indian community. But we cannot count on their support unless we trust them and enable them to share our responsibilities with us....

Later, with regard to Press prosecutions:

April 2.... There are risks on every side, certainly a very considerable risk in muzzling free expression of opinions, and on the other hand there is the danger of allowing unlimited licence to the open preaching of rebellion among an ignorant and inflammable population. I do not think we should allow Bepin Chandra Pal[1] to stump the country preaching sedition as he has been doing. I quite see the storm that any appearance of over-severity might raise at home, and yet we must do what we can to protect ourselves from a hurricane here.... I agree with you that the fault is not all on one side; some of the Anglo-Indian Press is both low and mischievous....

And on May 2, he wrote:

May 2. The air is full of anxiety. I have just received a letter from Hare,[2] evidently much concerned as to the state of his province. I cannot but apprehend further trouble there. Political mischief-makers will not leave the people alone, and the feeling between Mahommedans and Hindus is being accentuated. But it is encouraging to feel that in Hare one possesses a cool-headed, strong and just man. Besides the disloyalty of much of the Native press, some of the Anglo-Indian newspapers have lately been almost equally mischievous. Cotton[3] not long ago asked you in the House of Commons about some letters which appeared in the *Civil & Military Gazette*. They were disgracefully low in tone, just the sort of writing to stir up racial hatred. The Punjab Government decided not to prosecute and would not allow private prosecution. They may have been right, but it makes one's blood boil to know that a leading English newspaper could publish such productions. We have written to the Lieutenant-Governor suggesting that, though no definite action is to be taken, he should see the Editor and point out the harm that is being done....

Lord K. is anxious at the evident attempt to tamper with the Indian Army.... He is taking special measures to deal with such at-

[1]Member of Congress party.

[2]Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal, *vice* Sir Bampfylde Fuller.

[3]Sir Henry Cotton.

tempts, but it is a difficult matter, for enquiry in regiments naturally draws attention to what is going on and shows the importance we attach to it. At present there are no signs of any successful tampering with the troops. K. himself is in capital spirits and looking better in health than I have ever seen him. He is evidently much pleased at the prolongation of his term of office.

In the Punjab matters went from bad to worse, and a week later Minto telegraphed to Morley:

Telegram (deciphered). Minto to Morley. May 8. Three days ago we received a weighty and urgent minute from Ibbetson[1] on the present political situation in the Punjab. . . . He describes a state of things giving rise to the greatest apprehensions. Everywhere the extremists openly and continuously preach sedition, both in the press and at largely attended public meetings convened by them, while well disposed classes stand aghast at our inaction and will before long, in Ibbetson's opinion, begin to despise a Government which permits sedition to flourish unrebuked and submits to open and organized insult.

The campaign of sedition assumes two main forms. In the towns of Lahore, Amritsar, Pindi, Ferozepore, Multan and other places, —— has openly advocated the murder of high officials, and he and others have urged the people to rise, attack the English, and be free. In the country systematic efforts are being made to corrupt the yeomanry from whom the army is recruited. Special attention is given to Sikhs and military pensioners; seditious leaflets are circulated to Sikh villages, and, at a public meeting at Ferozepore, where disaffection was openly preached, the men of the Sikh regiments stationed there were invited to attend, and several hundred were present. The Sikhs are told that they saved India for us in the Mutiny, that we are now ill-treating them, and that this is a judgment on them for betraying their country in her war of independence. . . . It is alleged that we wish to crush the flourishing indigenous industries of cotton and sugar-cane; it is said that we have taken the people's money and given them paper in return, and the villagers are asked who will cash our currency notes when we are gone. The people are urged to combine to withhold payment of Government revenue, water rates, and other dues; to refuse supplies, carriages and other help to Government Officers on tour, and Native soldiers and police are pilloried as "traitors" and adjured to quit the service of the Government.

This propaganda is organized and directed by a secret Committee of the Arya Samaj, a society, originally religious, which has, in the Punjab, a strong political tendency.

The head and centre of the entire movement is Lala Lajpat Rai, a Khatri pleader, who has visited England as the Congress representative

[1]Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

of the Punjab. He is a revolutionary and a political enthusiast who is inspired by the most intense hatred of the British Government. He keeps himself in the background, but the Lieutenant-Governor has been assured by nearly every Native gentleman who has spoken to him on the subject that he is the organizer-in-chief. His most prominent agent in disseminating sedition is Ajit Singh, formerly a schoolmaster, employed last year by the supposed Russian spy Lasseff. He is the most violent of the speakers at political meetings; he has frequently advocated active resistance to Government and his utterances are largely directed to exciting discontent among the agricultural classes and the soldiery. After dwelling upon the objections to prosecuting these men under the ordinary law and the impossibility under present conditions of producing satisfactory evidence of what has been actually said at a meeting, the Lieutenant-Governor made a formal official application for the issue of warrants against them under Regulation III, of 1818, and laid stress upon the extreme urgency of immediate action, as the situation, instead of improving, shows signs of growing seriously worse.

The case was considered in Council yesterday, and warrants have been issued to-day for the deportation of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh to Mandalay, special measures being taken to avoid the possibility of popular demonstrations en route.

In my opinion, and in that of the whole of my Council, this action was imperatively necessary, and the present emergency is so great that I may be forced to issue an ordinance under section 23 of the Act of 1861 to regulate public meetings, chiefly with the object of obtaining full and accurate reports of the utterances of the speakers, and in extreme cases to prohibit meetings altogether. It is impossible in the absence of shorthand reporting of vernacular languages to get correct reports of speeches. We have to trust to oral reports of informers smuggled in, and do not consider that, in face of the multitude of witnesses who would be brought to contradict informers, we could obtain conviction for sedition.

Information received to-day shows that systematic attempts are being made to tamper with the troops in the Pindi division, but the troops themselves are quite satisfactory.

I will take the greatest care to keep you fully informed, but an emergency may arise at any moment requiring immediate action.

Following up this lengthy telegram, Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. May 8. I am sure my telegram to you of to-day must have caused you grave anxiety. At the present moment I can give you little more information than what it contained . . . I have had some long talks with Lord K. and from what he has heard no mischievous effects whatever would appear to have been produced on the troops, but the feeling in the country districts in the Punjab

is evidently bad, as the 11th Bengal Lancers thought it advisable to recall some survey parties they had sent out, owing to the disagreeable attitude of the villagers.

Though we have heard rumours from time to time of bad feeling in the Punjab, we were quite taken by surprise by Ibbetson's information. . . . No one, I suppose, knows the Punjab better than he, and I should not think him in the least inclined to exaggerate. At the same time at the present moment I cannot see any danger in the nature of a rising from an unarmed population as long as the Army is loyal. We shall in all probability have further riots, and there may be bad ones, but now that we are warned we ought to be able to take ample precautions as to these.

In the Peshawar District there is cause for anxiety owing to the possibility of the fanatical Mahommedan sympathy of the frontier tribes with the Mahommedan population of the province. Sir Harold Deane is, I know, uneasy, but what he fears is an attack by the Mahommedans on the Hindu population, and not against the British Raj. . . . As far as danger goes it is, in my opinion, confined to the Punjab and the North, and Lord K. has taken every military precaution.

In Bengal the condition of affairs is disagreeable, but the agitation there has to a great extent changed its character and consists of bad feeling between Mahommedans and Hindus, which may at any moment bring about serious riots. But Hare has ample police to deal with any emergency, and we need not expect anything serious beyond a good deal of disorder and Mahommedans and Hindus breaking each other's heads. . . . My own feeling is that a great deal of the unrest is due to the anniversary of the Mutiny. We have been told to expect trouble between the 8th and the 11th. I think the Mutiny broke out at Meerut on the 10th, and at Delhi on the 11th, and I feel pretty convinced that, putting political causes aside, recollections of 1857 are making the present year an exceptional one.

There is also a good deal of dissatisfaction in the Punjab over the "Colonization Bill" . . . (but of this I will write later, as I am not in a position at the moment to judge of it). . . .

But besides the Colonization Bill the horrible ravages of the plague are raising all sorts of wild suspicions against us: that we are poisoning the wells, and are determined to kill off a percentage of the people! The rat flea is, as you know, supposed to carry the infection, and yet there was quite an uproar, I am told, in the bazaar here the

other night, because the Municipality presented the inhabitants with rat traps gratis. A deep design was at once suspected! It is very difficult to deal with such superstition. . . .

The information I get from Calcutta points to a nervous hysterical Anglo-Indian feeling there which I can only call very unpalatable, the beginning of much of the same feeling which it is not pleasant to read of in Lord Canning's time during the Mutiny. We are infinitely stronger now than we were then. On the other hand, the communication of ideas and Native public opinion has become much more easy and universal than it was in 1857, and the mistakes our officers make are much more generally known, and are known by people who are much more aware of their own rights, and are far less ready to accept such mistakes as a matter of course. At the present moment we have to deal with a crisis which I earnestly hope will not last long and during which we must be very firm and very just. The factors that we have to control and to conciliate are so inflammable that we cannot afford to throw a chance away. Any general belief that we are undecided or weak would be fatal. But the more I see, the more convinced I am that we cannot continue to govern India with any hope of tranquillity until we give her educated classes a chance of a greater share in the government of the country. . . . And this brings me back to the Arundel Report and your coming despatch.

I fully recognize the weight of the opposition to the Native Member. I had made up my mind to face it. Here I do not think the opposition would have been so great as that you have had to deal with, but since Ibbetson has sounded this note of alarm, one cannot tell what effect present conditions may have on the Anglo-Indian mind in respect to any recognition of Indian claims. I think it is quite possible that if we could have brought in our reforms by the beginning of the year the present upheaval might have been prevented, or at any rate that we might have been in a better position to control it. However, that was impossible, and perhaps, after all, if we can steer fairly safely through the next few months, the discussion which will take place on your despatch in a less heated atmosphere may help us to judge more fairly of the requirements of the future.

For the present one must watch every moment of the day here. Perhaps I am over sanguine, but in a big sense I see little cause of apprehension as to the immediate future. We shall probably have riots—possibly bad ones—but I hope and believe our difficulties will not go beyond that, though I am afraid it is too much to hope that

hysterical accounts will not be telegraphed home from here and spread abroad with all their evil consequences.

Morley's confidence in the Viceroy was unshaken:

Morley to Minto. May 9. It looks from your Punjab news as though we were approaching deep waters. It is a pity for a hundred most obvious reasons, perhaps most of all because it will make it much harder to carry out the bold line of reform that you and I have marked out. It is an old and painful story. Shortcomings in government lead to outbreaks; outbreaks have to be put down, reformers have to bear the blame and their reforms are scotched; reaction triumphs, and mischief goes on as before, only worse!

Well, we must make the best of it. If rows go on I daresay some stern things will have to be done. You may be sure of my firm support, even if the sternest things should unluckily be needed. It may turn out that you will want that support not only against sedition-mongers, but also against your "law-and-order" people, who are responsible for at least as many fooleries in history as the revolutionists are. I only hope that plenty of deliberation and comprehensive balancing of pros and cons may precede any strong measures. . . . It won't surprise me if you desire to take some steps in press matters, but you must know that people here are very sensitive about this, not merely ultra-radicals, but papers like the *Spectator*. Much attention has naturally been paid to Cromer's resolute refusal to muzzle the press in Egypt. If there be a scintilla of real evidence that seditious rags are infecting the Native Army, nobody would refuse suppression. Only you won't forget that in moments of excitement, such as this may become—nay, may actually have become before you get this letter, people are uncommonly liable to confuse suspicions and possibilities with certainty and reality. . . .

You have no idea of the sensational headlines in some of our most widely read prints! One would have supposed that the riot at Pindi was the scene of fire and sword and carnage, almost as if it had been the siege of Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War. Rather vile, isn't it?

As you may not be surprised to hear, this sort of thing produces some not unnatural excitement in certain high latitudes. I was reproached the other night in a good-natured half-playful way with taking the riots too coolly! Whereas they ought to "prevent me from sleeping at night!" I said that if they did I should not be much

good by day. Lord Roberts was standing by, and I appealed to him, whether he lay awake when campaigning. He said most decidedly not; at any short halt he often dismounted and had a good nap on the ground under his horse's nose!

. . . . I measure your anxieties by my own, only I do believe that mine are the worse of the two, for you are on the actual battle-ground and can see the men, the currents, the forces, the risks, and the good chances, just as they really are under your eye, while I only see "through a glass, darkly" and have to make it all out by guesswork.

The reply to your despatch which I shall send you by next mail is a wretched sort of affair, and though I have written a thousand pieces in my ill-spent days in which I took little pride, I never felt so little proud of anything as this. . . . The question is the "Future". 'Tis like the Czar and the Duma! Are we to say: "You shall have your reforms when you are quiet: and meanwhile we will not listen to a word you say: our reform projects are hung up . . . " ? People here who have been shouting against the Grand Dukes in St. Petersburg for bullying the Duma, will shout equally vociferously against you and me if we don't, in our own sphere, borrow the Grand Duke's policy! . . . But you know the ground too well in Pall Mall and Westminster, and the City of London, for me to need to draw a picture of the forces that will wax active in the various directions. I daresay they will all die down. That will depend on India. Nobody in the world has better reason for desiring us to suppress the rioters than the moderates among the Congress party, for they know they will be dished if disorder prevails. But it is no use saying more until we know more; that is to say until events have shown us what the sedition is made of and amounts to.

I fancy you are of a good temperament for troublesome times, and I believe that I am not bad, so we come well out of it.

The pretext for this new cause of trouble in the Punjab was a piece of legislation in connection with the rainless district, embracing the Chenab Colony, the cultivation and settlement of which had been made possible by the Government irrigation schemes. Its population in the Chenab area had been assisted by a system of land grants to Native Army Pensioners, and for a time the settlement had flourished. But the traditional Oriental law by which a man's sons inherit his property in equal shares

had at length brought about difficulties. In the more thickly populated areas, the holdings, through this constant sub-division, had become too small to support a family, with consequent poverty and destitution. The Punjab Government, having a particularly paternal interest in this little district, had stepped in and introduced a law of primogeniture and other regulations intended to relieve the situation. The population resented what they felt to be an interference with their traditional rights and customs and began to murmur. However, before feeling had risen to a pitch of any loud or definite expression, the Punjab Government had sent the measure up for sanction by the Government of India; and the Home Office, seeing no valid reason for rejecting the Act, and always anxious to uphold a Local Government, had put their seal upon it. It remained to obtain the sanction of the Viceroy. In the meantime political agitators, keenly on the watch for any lever, had seized this chance and worked up quite a storm of angry protest. Immediately Minto, though the measure had been passed by Council in the routine way, requested a review of the whole Bill, declaring that he must himself take time to scrutinize it in this new aspect. He found it, in his judgment, "very faulty", and the criticisms brought against it to be sound. He steadily refused to listen to the argument brought by some members of the Government that to withhold his sanction would be derogatory to the prestige of the Punjab Government, declaring firmly that "if it was an unjust Bill he did not care for the prestige of fifty Punjab Governments; he would withhold his sanction".

On this issue he wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. May 16. The point I shall have to consider is whether to assent to the Act, imposing certain conditions, or to refuse assent altogether. I am inclined towards the latter course at present. I hate the argument that to refuse to sanction what we know to be wrong is a surrender to agitation and an indication of weakness. It is far weaker to my mind to persist in a wrong course for fear of being thought weak. But there is another point of view

which influences me. At the present moment we are in very troubled waters, in the midst of a discontent, some of which is justified, and where large portions of the population (I am speaking of the Punjab), though discontented, are not really disloyal to British rule, and where a word aptly spoken, if one could only touch the right note, might have the greatest effect. And, from the Native point of view, the Viceroy is a personality, an individuality totally apart from the Government of India, or the Government of the Punjab, and it is possible that if he, of his own free will, refused assent to the Act, his doing so might have great results for good. It may be an occasion on which one might "play to the gallery", a thing I have always inveighed against, but which, in this strange country, at a critical moment might prove a winning card in its effect on the Native mind. It is an occasion on which to aim at impressing Native imagination. . . .

What has struck me very much, and I think the same thought must have occurred to you, is the suddenness with which this critical state of affairs in the Punjab was sprung upon us. Of course we have all known for months of the unrest in India, but we were quite unaware of the extent to which the systematic tampering with the Native troops was being carried out, or of the perfection to which seditious machinery had attained. One feels how little one knows of what is going on behind the scenes . . . there is a barrier of Native thought very impenetrable to European eyes. . . .

Though I think less seriously than many do of the present situation, and believe that immediate trouble will disappear, one must not disguise from oneself how little it would take to set the whole of India in a blaze. I have told you everything I know, and that K. knows, as regards the troops, but perhaps after all the gossip which reaches one indicates more truly the dangers of the electricity that is in the air than the best information on reliable authority. It means a good deal when one hears of Europeans arming everywhere: of British soldiers sleeping with rifles by their sides, and of the unauthorised issue by Commanding Officers of Army rifles and ammunition to civilians wherewith to defend themselves. Needless to say K. promptly put a stop to this, but it shows the feeling that is about.

So far we have only had to deal with a seditious agitation cleverly organized, but with no leader of any standing or commanding any general respect, but if in the future such a leader should arise, it is impossible to say what we might be in for. The genuine grievance of

the Colonization Act, and the fact too that the ghastly havoc of the plague has, from the paucity of labour available, greatly increased civilian wages and caused the Sikh soldier to draw comparisons between them and his scanty pay, has greatly increased his discontent.

The future of British administration in India is a tremendous problem, and I agree with you that we need not covet for our descendants the position either of Secretary of State or Governor-General. My firm belief is that the only way we can save India from a tremendous convulsion, which may result I know not how, is in recognizing the right of the Indian gentlemen, loyal at the present moment, to a greater share in the government of the country. . . . If we don't do so, we shall ere long have a force opposed to us of a strength of which we have had no previous experience.

After considerable study, thought and discussion the Viceroy decided to disallow the Punjab Colonization Act on his own responsibility. In his official minute he said:

. . . I am aware of the arguments against my refusing assent to the Bill. I very much regret if, in doing so, I may appear in any way to detract from the authority of the Punjab Government, and I would ask them to remember that the Government of India must to some extent share with them the responsibility for legislation of which they had themselves approved. I also recognize that my refusal to assent to the Bill may be criticized as a surrender to agitation. I do not for an instant admit that it is so.

My grounds for refusing assent are based on the belief that we have found ourselves about to be committed to the approval of a very faulty piece of legislation—legislation which would be inadvisable at any time, but which at the present moment, if it became law, would add fuel to the justifiable discontent which has already been caused, whilst the appearance of surrender to agitation, should any portion of the public entertain such reasoning, would, in my opinion, be far less dangerous than to insist on enforcing the unfortunate legislation proposed upon a warlike and loyal section of the Indian community. . . .

In the present condition of affairs it is necessary to act decisively and quickly to impress the public imagination with the absolute justice of our intentions.

I see no other way of doing this than by refusing assent to the Bill. . . .

And to Morley, after receiving his approval by telegram, he wrote:

Minto to Morley. May 23. Reuter to-day gives a short summary of a letter to *The Times* on the Punjab, stating that the clock has been

put back and that India has returned to where she was after the Mutiny. What stuff! It is the fact that the clock has moved on at such a pace that is creating all our difficulties, and if we are incapable of reading the present time of day we shall come to grief. No one realizes more than I do that the ultimate authority of British rule in India must be that of the strong hand, but we have factors to consider that did not exist at the time of the Mutiny. . . .

May 29. I am so very glad you approved of my action in refusing assent to the Punjab Colonization Act. . . . I cannot tell you how great a relief it is to feel that I have your support, and how grateful I am for it. I consulted my colleagues in my decision. They were a good deal divided. Almost without exception they thought the Bill a bad one, but there was a strong inclination to save the face of the Punjab Government. After discussing the case in Council and thanking them for the assistance they had given me, I told them that I must take time to think it over and would decide for myself. . . . I feel sure that the only way to remove the suspicions of the populations affected was to refuse assent to the Bill and to enquire fully into the state of the colonies with a view to their future government. . . .

With regard to the agitation, the Home Department have been thinking out a policy for dealing with the press. . . . I have to-day sent you a telegram outlining their proposals, viz.: that we should go in for enforcing the Law as it exists, a course which, as a matter of fact, has never been systematically adopted, press prosecutions in India having been few and far between. I was inclined at first to think that no Resolution was necessary, and that we might proceed to act on the Law as it stands, but on second thoughts it seemed to me desirable that we should, in a very few lines, point out to the public that, much to our regret, we have been forced to take a line of action sanctioned by the Law now in existence, but which, from an earnest wish to avoid any appearance of muzzling expressions of opinion, had been allowed to lie in abeyance. . . .

You tell me you have been told that our troubles here should keep you awake. Mercifully I never find any difficulty in making the best of what remains of the night. It is a very great mistake to fuss.

June 5. You say one thing in your last letter to me which is very full of meaning. It applies in fact to the whole question before us and the possibility of an answer. I mean your sentence: "I wish one could think of some sort of machinery for acquainting the Indian public—

so far as there is what is to be called an Indian public—with the real motives and intentions of Government in what they do. As it is we are all in a cleft stick. We don't know the minds of the Natives, and the Natives don't know what is in our minds. How to find some sort of a bridge? That's the question". I have thought of the possibility later on of seizing some opportunity for a speech in which one might make some attempt to bridge the gulf between the Native mind and our own. But then I am afraid I think differently to many of our British administrators in India as to future possibilities, and such a speech would be an extremely difficult one to make and not without risk. But it is a point one must think over.

CHAPTER XII

UNOFFICIAL LETTERS

May–July 1907

Lady Minto to her husband. May 9. (*London.*) My brain is in a whirl, I hardly know how I shall ever manage to write anything sensible. . . . Sir Arthur Bigge[1] telephoned to ask if I could see him and he came yesterday, and we talked for nearly two hours, a great deal about the Native Member. He is a real friend and I was so glad to have an opportunity of explaining some of your difficulties. He gave his opinion quite candidly and I have made a note of our conversation which will, I know, interest you when I show it to you on my return. . . .

Minto to his wife. May 9. (*Simla.*) When I got back from Annandale last Saturday I found a letter from Ibbetson giving a very serious account of the state of affairs in the Punjab, and asking for further powers. . . . He asked, among other things, for a special warrant to arrest without trial and lock up two of the chief agitators. . . .

I am afraid you must be getting worried about the news sent home There are a great many things to cause unrest; the political situation, plague, which is too appalling, and the fact that this year is the anniversary of the Mutiny, which no doubt is affecting both European and Native feeling. I have just read the plague statistics: in one district in Lahore, in one week ending April 27, there were 6993 seizures, and 6839 deaths: in the Punjab alone there were over 5400 deaths in a week. It is too awful! Of course it is an enormous population, but imagine more than the whole population of Hawick dying in one Province in a week! And yet I believe the death-rate is severer from malaria than from plague. . . .

The Amir's ponies have arrived; they have been sent to Dehra. According to Holden they are absolutely wild and untamed. I sent you the Amir's letter with enclosures to all of you. Please write and thank him, he will be so hurt if you don't.

[1]Private Secretary to H.M. King George V.

Lady Minto to her husband. May 10. (*London.*) I am terribly upset at seeing by the newspapers how serious the agitation is. I cannot bear being away from you. If it gets worse I shall return at once in spite of the weather. Sir Arthur Godley is very kind in letting me see the telegrams to the India Office. He came to tea with me to-day and told me that Morley is really devoted to you and is evidently very pleased with the way you are handling Indian affairs. Speaking of Morley he said: "He is a fearful autocrat for a democrat, which he fancies himself to be".

I dined yesterday at a big dinner at Marlborough House for Prince Fushimi.[1] Lord Roberts was there and had a talk with me. He evidently feels very anxious about India and says force must be shown at once. Crowds of your friends were there: the Londonderrys, John Buccleuch, and Sir Claude Macdonald, full of enquiries about you. The Duke of Richmond said: "I feel sure Rolly will be all right; he is certain to come out on top".

Minto to his wife. May 15. (*Simla.*) I do not know if you have been able to follow at home all that has been going on here. But probably there has been any amount of sensational news in the London papers. I think Morley may have told you the pith of some of my telegrams to him. We have had a very anxious time. We issued warrants for the arrest of Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh. The former has been sent off to Mandalay and the latter has so far escaped, and since then I have "proclaimed" the Punjab and Eastern Bengal, giving very exceptional powers to deal with public meetings in both Provinces. The effect has been excellent and has frightened the agitators out of their wits for the present. But though personally I have never thought the position really dangerous, things have been and still are very ticklish. The whole place is a powder magazine, but I think we have nipped a very dangerous movement in the bud.

The Europeans and Eurasians have been buying arms everywhere, and I hear the soldiers on the plains have been sleeping with their rifles in their beds, and the gunners with their gun-traces by their sides. I only tell you this as gossip, but true gossip, I believe, to show you the feeling in the air. The recollections of the Mutiny have shed a great influence over both Europeans and Natives: but K. and myself, and the people who know best, do not think that the present agitation is deep-seated as regards danger for the moment. We think

[1] Crown Prince of Japan.

it will die out. But the future for years to come must be full of risks and the peace of our rule here will depend largely on the line we ourselves follow. At present we have all moderate Natives on our side, but if we give them the cold shoulder and they go against us and there should happen to be a leader of real standing amongst them, we may have a terrible fight. . . .

All our information has been shockingly badly managed; the recent crisis sprung upon us, for though of course we knew the Indian feeling was bad, we did not know it had come to such a head. K. told me it took fifteen days for the news to reach him that Sikh soldiers had attended a seditious meeting at Multan. Now he is getting information regularly; he writes every morning to tell me what he hears.

The Police at Lahore muddled the arrests; they never attempted to take a single paper from Lajpat Rai's house, and never ought to have allowed the other man to escape, as they did.

Now everything has been put on a better footing. But there seems to me a great dearth of good men, except among the soldiers.

And now poor Ibbetson has broken down. The doctors strongly advise him to go home and I told him I had not a shadow of a doubt he ought to do so. Poor fellow! It is terrible! And he is a greater loss to me just now than I can say. He knows the Punjab better than anyone.

We have all been delighted at Morley's support in the House; he has backed me up really well. Everyone here has been charming to me. Yesterday all my Secretaries congratulated me on my success and Morley's support. My Council has been very sensible too, but the responsibility for everything is absolutely on my shoulders—and on the top of it all I have a bad cold!

I have hardly been able to get out of the house for more than an hour in the evening, but the air is clearing and I have got through a great accumulation of work.

It is desperate here without you. Dear old Mahommed Khan[1] has just been in and asked me to send you his salaams. He asked affectionately after you all.

By the by the girls' expenditure is simply appalling! They always seem to think they must get outfits. An "outfit" to go to India, an "outfit" to return to England, and another "outfit" to come back to India! It's quite awful!

[1]The Viceroy's *Jemadar*.

Minto to his wife. May 23. I must tell you a case of the trivialities which come before the Government of India. Yesterday Robertson, Secretary of the Commerce and Industries Department, came to see me. They have to deal with the issue of patents. He said: "We have had a somewhat peculiar application for a patent".

"What is it?" I asked. With some hesitation, he answered:

"It is in connection with ladies' suspenders and drawers."

Like everything else in the office, this was noted on the file, the note being: "At first blush the invention would hardly appear to be a novel one," and now the whole office is trying to decide whether the words "first blush" were written in a sense of humour, or whether they were written in solemn earnest. Official opinion inclines towards the latter view, and the Department has granted the man his patent! Fancy this having to be decided by the Government of India in the midst of all the unrest!

Lady Minto to her husband. May 16. (*London.*) I dined with the Lansdownes on Sunday and asked him his opinion of the Native Member. He said: "I agree that we must make concessions, but to place a Native in the Holy of Holies I should consider a grave mistake. There are plenty of other ways in which concessions could be given."

Mr. Morley came to luncheon the other day: he was very nice about you, saying how much he admired your pluck and courage over the question of the Native Member. He discussed the Indian officials and agreed how important it is to cling to anyone with brains.

Minto to his wife. June 6. (*Simla.*) Here I think everything so far has gone very well, but the work and responsibility have been tremendous.

I cannot help being amused at *The Times* which arrived last week. They think that everything has been done by Morley. He has backed me up splendidly, but he did not initiate any action here: I have had to take the whole responsibility for everything. With regard to the deportation of Lajpat Rai, he (Morley) had not even time to express an opinion. The Ordinance "proclaiming" certain districts was absolutely my own act. The power to "proclaim" rests only with the Viceroy personally. Certainly my Council suggested my doing so and were unanimous, but I let Morley know what I had done only in time to stop it if he liked. However, he supported me, whilst mak-

ing it quite clear that the responsibility rested with me. Then came my refusal to assent to the Punjab Colonization Bill. But this is too long a story to write. . . . I vetoed the Bill: K. supported me most heartily and also little Baker. My refusal has been a great success and praised in all the papers. . . .

I think someone must have told Morley that he has not supported me as regards the Indian Member, as he has written me a very clear explanation of his position. He entirely agrees with me in principle, but what he thinks is that it may be impossible to carry it in face of the opposition with which he has to deal, namely the Cabinet, his Council, Lansdowne, etc. In his last letter he says:

> The line I have taken with the Cabinet is that what influences my own mind is not the weakness of your case on its merits, the arguments against you seeming to me rather moonshine, but this: that the gain of having a Native on your Executive Council, whether in improving administration or in pacifying Native aspirations, is not decisive enough to justify the risk of provoking a European fuss. In this country what I firmly believe to be a wholly disproportionate stir is worked up about 'unrest in India' whenever some trumpery riot is reported: everything is put under a microscope, and a whole host of old Indians pounce down with alarmist letters in the press. This sort of thing is reason the more for keeping the Native Member back for a while at any rate. It is not the most solid or the most satisfactory of reasons, and I wish it did not prevail, but Cabinets and Ministers have to take the world as they find it.

He is probably right, but I daresay people assume that because he will not push the matter he does not agree. I have written to him again saying that I quite understand the circumstances and the attitude he has taken up; I see that at the moment it may be impossible to overrule the hosts of opposing opinion, though in normal times I should not have expected any manifestation of an "Ilbert Bill" feeling here. I have never been anxious to escape from public criticism; I am always ready to stand the shot. But though my opinions remain the same, recent events have altered surrounding conditions, and have accentuated European nervousness in respect to the possible aggrandizement of Native political power, and I have gathered from news from home generally that this feeling of apprehension is far stronger in England than it is in India.

June 10. I am just back from Annandale where, amidst a scene of tremendous excitement, *Behar* won the "Kitchener Cup". Elgee rode him beautifully. It was a great race.

Incidentally I nearly met an untimely end at the Horse Show last Saturday. I thought I would go in for the jumping on *Waitress*. The event was very late in the afternoon and as she had been shown in various classes all day, by the time I got on her I suppose she had had about enough of it and was slack and careless. At any rate the wall was a very stiff one and she hit it and tumbled head-over-heels, sending me flying into the middle of the race-course. Very nearly an end of the Viceroy! I got up at once and took her back to the start, taking her round the whole course again, and this time she jumped beautifully. But of course it put me out of a chance of winning—wasn't it awful? The spill happened exactly below the wall where all the people were sitting, so you can imagine the consternation. Think what head-lines the papers might have had:

Unrest in India!
Disaffection spreads to the Viceregal Stables
"Waitress" puts the Viceroy down!
His Excellency remounts and completes the course in perfect style
Omina sunt aliquid!

I won the next class, for Arabs, on *Bahadar*, and same class I won last year on *Newminster*. Vi also won on him earlier in the day in another class, and she won on *Abbess* and was second in a hack class on *Waitress*. We did splendidly. As for Victor Brooke, he won so many cups he must have had a cart to take them away!

Do say a word to Morley again if you see him before you leave and tell him how grateful I am for the support he gives me in his letters.

Lady Minto to her husband. June 6. (*London.*) I went to the House to hear Morley's Budget speech. Unfortunately he spoke so low that it was almost inaudible, but I expect it will read very well. He certainly backed you up and said a good deal in support of your action in regard to Bampfylde Fuller, but it was disappointing not to be able to follow the whole thread of his remarks. He seemed to be a good deal cheered by the Opposition, but you will have read all about it in the newspapers before this letter reaches you.

June 11. Last night I dined at a banquet at Marlborough House to meet the King and Queen of Denmark. Morley took me in; the Prince told me he had arranged it on purpose, which was very kind of him. Morley couldn't have been nicer: he said you had written

him such a charming letter when he hinted at his resignation that he was greatly touched. "I value that letter immensely and shall always keep it", he said. "Tell the Viceroy that I enter into all his difficulties to the full. It is impossible by letter to express all one wishes, but no words can say how I admire his courage, his commonsense and his straightforwardness". . . . He continued: "I would give anything in the world to come out to India for a week; not to see the country, but to talk to the Viceroy, and I should not waste one minute of my time". It does my heart good to hear him talk in this way about you, and several people like Lord Crewe and Lord Lansdowne have told me how much he appreciates you.

June 14. I have had a week of incessant society and interviews. On Saturday last I dined at a magnificent banquet of 120 people at Buckingham Palace, sitting between the Greek Minister and Lord Lansdowne.

I met Leo Maxse at luncheon at the Salisburys'. We talked afterwards for an hour. He was very understanding and owned that his correspondent was too much of a partisan. I said that, considering the difficulties you had inherited, I thought it was the duty of anyone connected with the press to make your path as easy as possible, and not to add to your worries, in which he agreed. . . . I hope our talk may have some effect.

Sir Arthur Godley lunched with me yesterday and told me that Morley is in high good humour and he thinks my interviews have done good.

June 20. I am at Cliveden, and going in an hour to Ascot so must write hurriedly. . . .

I lunched with the King and Queen at the Races last Tuesday, and sat next to Lord Crewe and Bikanir.

Everyone has been putting tremendous pressure on me to postpone my return journey to India on account of the heat. The King tells me it is an act of folly and seems to think I shall not arrive alive, but I am simply longing to get back to you and trust I shall get through all right.

This letter should reach you just before your birthday; you know how I shall be thinking of you, and I hope some day we may spend your birthday together at Minto with the children. How delightful it will be to be home again, your work completed. I pray this joy may be in store for us.

Lady Minto to her husband. June 26. I had a very interesting evening at St. John Brodrick's last Monday. I sat next to Mr. Buckle of *The Times* at dinner and we discussed the present situation in India. I told him George Curzon was an old friend and I regretted he should have taken the line of ignoring that there was a Viceroy in India, that he still continues to correspond direct with Indian officials, which greatly adds to your difficulties.

After dinner I was introduced to Mr. Richmond Ritchie. I was not prepared to find him such an ardent admirer of yours: he at once started off on the satisfaction of the officials at the India Office over the success of your policy. "The way Lord Minto quietly tells us exactly what we want to know," he said, "without bothering about certain noisy people, is magnificent, quite magnificent. We have never had such a Viceroy. The relief is great."

Last Saturday there was a Garden Party at Windsor Castle. I met Bikanir and we walked about together: he was so resplendent in his brocaded coat, jewels and orders that people made a lane for us through the crowd; it was most embarrassing.

The King came up to me and said: "If I have no opportunity of seeing you again, tell Minto that I am most satisfied with the way everything is going on, and that I have every confidence in his judgment and administration".

I think I have now seen all the influential people I wanted to meet and everyone has been most cordial. I spent an hour at the India Office yesterday and Morley was quite charming. He referred to Mr. Ritchie's opinion of you: "Ritchie", he said, "is far the ablest man at the India Office; I would sooner have his opinion than anyone else's." He went on to talk of how you were leaving your mark on the country and becoming the central figure. "His concern as to the future of India amazes me", he said. "Most people never look ahead, and that is where Lord Minto shows his statesmanship." He said a great deal more which I shall try to remember to tell you on my return.

Minto to his wife. June 20. (*Naldera Camp.*) We go back to Simla on Sunday and next week is a horrid one of balls, etc. We all tremble lest, with your energy, you will insist on beginning the season all over again when you arrive! . . .

June 27. A ball at the Chief's last night, and, as far as I could see, Vi spent the evening with him! . . .

Minto to his wife. July 12. The whole establishment is in a state of excitement over your arrival. It has been dreadful without you. I hope you will be able to keep the carriage fairly cool and that the journey across India will not be too terrible!

Journal, August 5. (*Simla.*) On my return to India I found everyone up in arms at an extraordinary statement made by Lord Curzon in a letter he wrote to *The Times* of June 15. He said:

"If we spend upon his [the Amir's] pleasure trip a sum which, I believe, fell very little short of that which was expended upon the Delhi Durbar, at which a hundred Princes attended to celebrate the Coronation of the Sovereign, it ought not to be difficult to produce a favourable result."

Any allusion which might give umbrage to the Amir is hardly discreet, and his letter is very misleading, as the official figures show that the Delhi Durbar, which lasted ten days, cost over 100 per cent. more than the Amir's visit which lasted for sixty-five days.

With regard to the unrest which Lord Curzon says in the same letter was not apparent in his day, the Secret Service Department records show that they had a very anxious time during the last few months of his régime, and it was thought inadvisable that he should visit Calcutta before leaving India owing to the acute feeling roused in connection with the Partition of Bengal.

CHAPTER XIII

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

May–December 1907

In May the Secretary of State made a pronouncement on the line of policy in Indian affairs. He felt nervous as to the reception his statement might receive and wrote to Minto:

Morley to Minto. May 24. Your telegram of yesterday about the line of our pronouncement in the Budget Speech is worth silver and and gold to me in my travail. It fits in exactly with my own notions, and I do believe that, in spite of the delay and discouragement about your Arundel Despatch, we ought to get the train back on to the track again. A Viceroy, a Cabinet, a House of Commons majority all looking in the same direction—such a conjuncture of the powerful elements in the firmament must lead to good, unless we bungle. Perhaps I ought to say unless *I* bungle, for all depends upon the way in which the problem and our solution of it are stated, and if I use, as is likely enough, a wrong turn of sentence or phrase, I may get you and all of us into a bad scrape either with the Moderate Natives, or with the Bureaucracy, or with the British Radicals, or the British Tories acting as allies of the Bureaucrats in India and at home here. I am not very clever at egg-dances, as was my old chief, Mr. G. But I'll try my best, and I know that in you, who are the person most directly involved, I shall have a judge who will make allowances.

All went well, in spite of his misgivings, and a fortnight later Morley wrote:

Morley to Minto. June 13. My speech of last week (and I fondly nurse the hope that I shall never make another) has had a prosperous reception in all quarters. A Liberal M.P. said to me the other day: "We never thought that you would pull it off", *i.e.* would reconcile the Liberal Party as a whole, and even the Labour men, to deporta-

tion, *lettres de cachet*, and the rest of it. But I am not in the least intoxicated, and am too old a hand not to be quite aware how slippery in politics is the prosperity of an hour. An uneasy suspicion will arise that I may have misled, or even duped them, and they will watch us with keen disposition to scrutinize. On the other hand your officers may easily fall into the delusion that this country will turn a blind eye towards acts of repression. This will be a fatal error. All such acts must be more carefully guarded than ever, that is certain: and I know of nobody who will be more keenly and constantly sensible of this than you. . . .

And continuing later he wrote:

Morley to Minto. June 21. You seem to me to be almost the only person on your side of the water who thinks of the question you put so excellently in your last letter: "I should like to know from the critics of our proposed reforms how they themselves would treat present and future problems. Would they ignore all claims of growing political education, and rule India by an administration only guaranteed by military strength?" Well may you answer: "If so, they would have a terrible time before them". Yes, they would, and they will!

Lady Minto told me the other day that I had said that you were a stronger Radical than I am: or else that I was the Whig and you were the Radical, or something of the sort. I daresay I did, in good humour, talk in that vein, at my expense, not yours. If I may seem overcautious to you 'tis only because I do not know the Indian ground and I hate to drive quick in the dark. You are at close quarters and can see things with your own eyes, and this gives you—rightly gives you—confidence in the region of political expansion. At least be certain that in object and temper I am in entire sympathy with you, even if in detail I may now and then differ. You remember old Carlyle's saying of himself and another: "We walked away westward from seeing Mill at the East India House, talking of all manner of things, *except in opinion not disagreeing*". About India I don't know that you and I disagree even in opinion. . . .

I note with keen interest your sentence: "To put it mildly, there has been a scare, and a very decided want of cool-headedness in various localities". I can well believe this, and in truth I much suspected it. At the same time I go entirely with your next sentence: "There is undoubtedly a deep-seated seditious movement with which

we must be prepared to deal firmly, and on occasion, very quickly". Assuredly, and I will see you through it here. Only don't forget that your Secretary of State has difficulties of his own which any slip or excess would soon make formidable. I wonder why I have written this warning, for I know it to be superfluous!

Your latest general telegram is not over-comfortable reading, but then comfortable reading from India is just what one has no right to expect. I will copy out for you a little piece from a speech of Lord Canning's, just before he left for India, and not very long before the Mutiny. I came across it the other day, and it struck me as being the exact truth for Viceroys and Secretaries of State to have ever at the back of their minds:

"I wish for a peaceful term of office, but I cannot forget that in our Indian Empire that greatest of all blessings depends upon a great variety of chances, and *a more precarious tenure than any other quarter of the globe*. We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but growing bigger and bigger may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin."

He was not many months in India before the storm broke.

The following week, after an interesting interview at the India Office, Morley again wrote:

Morley to Minto. June 28. Yesterday afternoon I had the honour of a visit here from Lady Minto, who was curious to see the foundry where I forge thunderbolts, and receive the thunderbolts from Simla in return. We had a famous talk about persons and things, and, to use your own expression, Lady Minto's detail brought out all sorts of "light and shade" and gave me a graphic notion of what your life and work in Government House are like. We talked of one or two annoying topics connected with the wire-pulling of certain persons whom I need not name, in newspapers and elsewhere. I wish I had thought of an Irish word that Walter Scott discovered on some visit to Ireland, and constantly used afterwards in his letters when trivial disagreeables came in his way: "*Nabochlish*," which is old Irish for new French "*N'importe*". When I hear or read some malicious or injurious word in politics, I find real comfort in saying to myself "*Nabochlish*" with a convinced emphasis. What does it matter? Why need I care? It won't alter the facts. Time will prove. Wait. The facts are what justifies—facts and time. There's a grand dose of philosophy

for you! And yet, from Lady Minto's account, you stand in no need of it, and so much the better. In one sense I need it more than you, for, since the deportation of Lajpat, I am often wounded in the house of my friends: "*shelving the principles of a lifetime*:" "*violently unsaying all that he has been saying for thirty or forty years*", and other compliments of that species. This from men to whom I have been attached and with whom I have worked all the time! I wince for a moment and then out comes my talismanic "*Nabochlish*".

At this point the firing of the guns for the King's Birthday has begun just under my windows, so if there is unusual confusion of thought you will know to what it is due! In truth the multiplicity of regal functions of all kinds inclines me to turn Republican! . . .

The closing remark of your letter of the 5th June interested me greatly[1]. I am much inclined strongly to encourage your notion. It will no doubt be an operation of supreme delicacy, but I keep thinking what would a Prime Minister, or any leading Departmental Minister of any sort, do in such a case? He would undoubtedly address his constituents, or go to a great caucus at the Albert Hall, or make a set deliverance in Parliament, and then the leading man on the other side would reply, and the country would know what was going on in the minds of the governing men. *You* cannot exactly do this, but your Mahommedan speech was excellent, and did nothing but good. I don't see why you should not make a bold, straightforward utterance dealing in the language of plain commonsense—a native language in your case—with some of the perversities and purblind follies of extremist critics. You need not single them out for attack, but thinking of them and their devilries you would naturally come to a plain, broad, strong defence of Government.

Minto to Morley. June 27. I have just sent you a telegram proposing the deportation of Bepin Chandra Pal. . . . You may be quite sure that it is very much against my wish to press you unnecessarily for further support in extreme measures, but Bepin Chandra Pal's behaviour has been monstrous, and it is the danger of it that we cannot ignore. We had, as you know, decided upon a policy of prosecutions, but the old arguments against them have been vehemently reproduced by Fraser with the addition that he doubts whether it will be possible to get a jury to convict under Clause 124A in Calcutta. In such exceptionally pronounced cases as that of Bepin Chandra Pal

[1]On taking an opportunity of making a public speech aiming at bridging the gulf between the Native and European mind. *Vide* page 134.

I am strongly in favour of deportation as more simple and effective than prosecution, attracting less prolonged attention, and at the same time immediately impressing the public mind. . . .

The Press Act question has been delayed by discussions in the Home and Legislative Departments and I am avoiding troubling you about it until we have something definite to advise. . . . What we all feel is that we must have some safeguard against the contamination of the Indian Army. Commanding Officers report that inflammatory leaflets are freely distributed amongst the rank and file, and, with a view to getting some further clue to their origin, I lately sanctioned the interception of suspicious correspondence, which we have power to do under an Act of 1898. Much matter of an inflammatory and seditious nature has come to light. The Intelligence Department tell me there are proofs too of treasonable correspondence with Russia and with Russian Staff Officers, whilst the Clan-na-gael in America have been supplying large numbers of their abominable publications to the Native troops.

July 10. We have at last come to a decision as to our Press Act. . . . The immediately important part of it deals with the Military position which Lord K.'s memorandum accompanying the despatch (which goes home to you to-morrow) treats most seriously, but not the least too much so. It expresses a graver view than he himself was at first inclined to take, but the sedition aiming at the corruption of the Army has only been known to us during the last few weeks, and the more one learns the more one feels how much there may be going on of which one is ignorant. As you know, the regimental officers of the old Indian Army believed implicitly in the loyalty of their regiments till they rose in arms against them, and now again one cannot take as gospel the assertions as to the impossibility of anything being wrong with the Native troops.

From all I hear and from what Lord K. tells me, the mischief has not gone very far as yet. But still it has made itself felt. Lord K. is, I think, certainly more anxious than he was. The reports from the North-West Frontier Province are not satisfactory: Sepoys returning from furlough have undoubtedly been tampered with, and if these infamous stories as to our propagation of the plague get a footing in the North and amongst the frontier tribes one cannot foretell the consequences. The absolute necessity of doing all in our power to prevent the spread of sedition in the Army is evident to

everyone, and I earnestly hope you will approve our proposals in that direction.

A general Press Act is a much more difficult question, and as to that I will leave the despatch to speak for itself. In the meantime I quite agree that deportation should only be brought into force in cases of real emergency. Certainly such cases may occur at any moment, and if they do we should not hesitate to act, but at present I do not think the ordinary Law has been given a fair chance, and admitting all the well-known arguments against prosecution, we must, for the present, rely upon it. My own opinion is that it may be much more effective than some people suppose, and that when our determination to enforce the Law is realized, prosecutions will not be very frequent. In the meantime Local Governments do not seem at all inclined to take responsibility upon their own shoulders. They would infinitely rather the Government of India should go in for deportation. . . . It's all very well, but one can't go about deporting people right and left. In certain circumstances it is much the best thing to do, but without the certain circumstances we are much safer under the ordinary Law until we get some legislation better suited for the occasion.

To this Morley replied:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 8. The demand for a new Press Law is to my mind the topic of topics for the moment, and is rather an awkward sort of embarrassment. The responsibility of refusal in face of K.'s Memorandum, backed by the Government of India, is grave. For a tightening up of the general Law about seditious printings I am not at all unprepared, but as at present advised I do not see that a case is made out for urgent and imperative legislation to protect the Army. When absolute rulers, or rulers of the "absolute" species, are in a fix the first thing they think of is a Press Law; my principle is that a Press Law should come not first, but last. . . .

The agitators would, of course, perceive from the passage of a military Press Law that you were uneasy about the troops, and that you had found out your weak place, and if the press were more drastically muzzled than it is ever at all likely to be, that would only make them redouble their activity in other directions, meetings, lectures, individual solicitations, and the like, within or as near the lines as they could get. . . . I am not only willing, I am anxious to strengthen the hands of Lord K. and the other military authorities in dealing

with all these uncomfortable symptoms, but have they done their best with the powers they already possess under the Penal Code, Articles of War, etc.? . . . I hope I have said enough to acquaint you with the drift of my thoughts. You will note that I only consider, up to this point, a military law. The policy of a general Press Law, such as is outlined in your despatch, needs mature examination. . . .

The substance of the above letter had been telegraphed to Minto, and even before Morley had set it down in letter form Minto had written:

Minto to Morley. July 31. Unfortunately there is no lack whatever of evidence of the mischief that is being done. I have seen all the military reports of any consequence. . . . Only this morning I received a telegram from Burma saying that the arrival there of seditious pamphlets for the —— is expected, and I hope to hear from Lord K. to-morrow as to the submission to you of detailed information. I feel I cannot speak too strongly as to the imperative necessity of taking every means in our power to safeguard the loyalty of the Native Army from contamination. . . . I know that neither Lord K. nor I are alarmists. We are both inclined to take a sanguine view of things, but we cannot shut our eyes to the possibilities that stare us in the face. No one knowing what we do could be justified in not pressing upon His Majesty's Government the enormous responsibility that must fall on them if we are not enabled to deal summarily with all attempts to create sedition in the Army, whether by pamphlets, newspapers or by any other means.

And he continued:

Aug. 7. As to Gokhale, if he chooses to play with fire he must take the consequences. We can't afford to let him tamper with the Army, and if he says anything to me as to what has occurred I shall tell him straight to his face. I think, however, he has good reason for letting the subject drop. . . . I am thoroughly disappointed in Gokhale. I had liked what I had seen of him and believed he was honest at heart, but the part he has played of late has disgusted me. As an honest moderate he has lost a great opportunity of discountenancing rank sedition, and what you tell me of his references to your speech shows either that he is incapable of understanding the real friends of India, or that he is, as you say, as big a revolutionist as Lajpat and the rest of them. It is very disappointing.

On receipt of Morley's letter, Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Aug. 29. Your letter of the 8th August reached me yesterday. Of course I very fully recognize the great difficulties existing at home as to anything in the nature of a Press Act, but I am afraid as regards the Army we have not made the position quite clear.... It is quite lately, since the arrest of Lajpat Rai, that we have become aware of the attempts to corrupt Native officers and soldiers. ... I have told you that we were entirely taken by surprise, and the more we got to know, the worse things seemed.

You say that the Cabinet will not be likely to agree to a Press Law without seeing the evidence in full—certainly a very right stipulation to ask for in the conditions of the Western World. But here nine-tenths of the evidence would not appear as evidence at home. Here we have the evidence of everyday life, the constant information that comes to us from Native sources, the warnings of Native officers, the statements of our own Native informers. I fully admit a great deal of it may be unreliable. If it went home and were sifted we should be told that it was mere hearsay often emanating from personal prejudices. But we cannot disregard everything that is in the air. The mysterious story of the *chupatties* before the Mutiny might have been a warning, but not evidence. The facts that stare us in the face are the circulation of leaflets and seditious newspapers in the lines of Native regiments....

It is only lately that we have become aware of the tremendous efforts the agitators are making to trade upon the existence of the low rate of pay, the ravages of plague, and anything else they can lay their hands upon to corrupt the loyalty of the Native Army. We know that nothing is being left untried to bring this about.... Of course the Articles of War give very great powers, but at the present moment I should be sorry to have a man shot for sedition, though his guilt were proved up to the hilt. So far I believe only two men have been tried for it by Court Martial. With things seething as they are, any extreme action might simply mean provocation. All we can do is to be very firm, cool and cautious. We are fully warned, and we think certain precautions absolutely necessary to prevent further corruption. The next step of sedition in the Army, if it makes another step, must be mutiny, and then we can take up the Articles of War in all their strength....

We have had some curious information too of communications from Lajpat Rai and other agitators with the Amir. As regards the

Amir, I attach no value to it at all, he probably puts such letters in his wastepaper basket, if he has one, but it shows how immensely important his friendship is to us. If he was in league with sedition in India, supported by the frontier tribes, we should be in a nice dilemma.

Grant [Secretary to Sir Harold Deane] tells me that nothing has surprised him more than the sudden reticence of Hindus of good standing at Peshawar, men who used to give much valuable information. He told me of one Hindu who had served us well and who had been granted an honour, who has recently become absolutely uncommunicative. Grant taxed him with it and for some time he would say nothing, but said at last: "Sahib, I will tell you two months before the massacre". Grant asked him what he meant, but he only repeated these words, and all he could get him to admit was that there is an intention to get rid of the British Raj.

To-day Harold Stuart has told me of information as to the manufacture of bombs at Lahore. . . . It seems to me quite clear that some attempt at a rising has been intended. How far the organization in connection with it has gone, or if it has fortunately been nipped in the bud we cannot say. Just now, to the outside world, things certainly look better. . . . Personally I take a hopeful view, but it would be unjustifiable to rely on one's own instinct; the information that reaches us we cannot ignore.

From Morley's telegrams and letters it seemed that the Secretary of State was unable to enter into the atmosphere of nervous tension in India. His telegram to Minto, baldly stating: "His Majesty's Government are not satisfied that the existing law, if generally and systematically enforced, is inadequate" must have been cold comfort, and his letters, which at this time were often written in his most charming literary strain, though perhaps bringing a momentary respite to a mind harassed by daily new disturbing facts and rumours, do not express that firm support for which Minto asked:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 15. I took the proposals to the Cabinet yesterday, but only asked for a decision upon the Urgency Bill for Army purposes, leaving the changes in a general Press Law for a later day. . . . They could not see, any more than I have ever been able

to see, how a Press Law would muzzle the great army of pleaders, agitators and the like. We were all of one mind.

And in the same letter he continues:

I am delighted that Lady Minto got back to Simla on such comfortable terms. It must have been a considerable refreshment to you to hear all her news of the great world, or what thinks itself the great world, at home. It does not really change very much, and in spite of a vast deal of hurry of all sorts, in thought, sentiments, creeds, standards of life and wealth, yet hopes, fears, ambitions, the hunt for pleasure, the love or weariness of our neighbours, remain in substance pretty steady from generation to generation. I am much struck by what you say of India: "We all feel that we are mere sojourners in the land, only camping and on the march". You call it the most fleeting society in the world, and contrast it with Canada, and how you would find the same friends there as you left; whereas in India ten years hence you would scarcely find a single friend of to-day's standing.

Your way of putting this helps me to realize how intensely artificial and unnatural is our mighty Raj, and it sets one wondering whether it can possibly last. It surely cannot, and our only business is to do what we can to make the next transition, whatever it may turn out to be, something of an improvement.

Perhaps you may hear a sigh of fatigue in all this commonplace moralizing. In truth I cannot say that I feel as if we were doing more than drawing our hands through water. Will your Reform policy, Natives on my Council, Decentralization, Economizing of Taxation, and the rest of our virtuous deeds really make a pin of difference in their feelings about British rule? I take copious doses of the Indian press, and it is even more *lowering* than colchicum, of which I am also taking doses; so fretful, peevish, stupid, even where it is not the foam of the rabid dog. But of this enough. The central fact in our days here is that the long session is slowly rumbling on to its close in days and hours of almost insufferable tedium.

Without giving up his point, Minto patiently argued:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 4. All I wrote is, I think, a perfectly fair story of the present position which I am bound to give you. . . . Part II [the military part of the Act] was due to our belief that it would be extremely difficult for you to approve of a general Press Act, which

also, before we could submit it to you, would require much time for consultation here, whereas . . . you might see your way at once to agree to a purely Military Act. Personally I would infinitely rather have a general Act, and I readily admit that there was much to be said against parts of that which we proposed . . . but we were acting in an emergency and with a view to saving time. We know of the poison that is being administered to the Native Army and we must try in some way to stop it. I do not think the objection to a Military Act, viz.: that it would show our distrust in our Native troops, is a very serious one. That the troops have been tampered with is known throughout India, and the general feeling is that their best friends would be glad to see them protected from further contamination.

Persistent pressure from the Viceroy won the day. Morley gave way, carried his colleagues in the Cabinet, and enabled the Government of India to bring in and pass a Bill[1] to deal effectively with agitators and the open preaching of sedition, and for the time peace seemed to be restored. Minto, writing from a camp up in the hills, said:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 3. I am sitting writing outside my tent with a villainous pen, under the pine trees of the Himalayas, about 9000 ft. above the sea and some thirty miles from Simla. We are halting for a couple of days at this lovely place, and then wander on through the hills and gradually work back to Simla in about ten days. It is an immense relief to get away from there for a bit.

[1]Bill for the Regulation of Public Meetings.

CHAPTER XIV

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMS

"For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery through all the ages we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is GOOD, is GOD? Here on Earth we are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it, seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with heroic joy. Behind each one of us lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest; before us is the boundless Time with its as yet uncreated continents and eldoradoes, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial guiding stars."—CARLYLE.

FROM the moment the Reforms Despatch had reached the India Office Morley had been using the utmost diplomacy to carry it through his Council and the Cabinet intact in its essential features. The recommendation of a Native Member on the Viceroy's Council had raised much fierce dissension both in the Council of the Secretary of State and among influential politicians outside, and Morley, being hard pressed, fell back upon the compromise of the appointment to his own Council at the India Office of two Native Members. While the question was still under discussion, and before final conclusions had been reached, Morley, foreseeing that the opposition would be too strong for him to counter, telegraphed to Minto:

"Council of Notables agreed to . . . Native Member as proposed by you rejected, but hope that eventually Native Member of Indian Civil Service may be appointed. . . . If, by development of circumstances, I should feel myself driven to appoint one, or even two, Indians on my Council, do you feel able to suggest a couple of names?"

Minto replied:

Most fully recognize difficulty as to Indian Member. . . . Class of Native we want to assist us will not join Civil Service. . . . We want

Indian expert to inform us of Native mind. . . . For myself I see nothing for it but to stand the shot. . . . My opinion is that it is time to overrule bureaucracy, and that though we shall be bitterly attacked at first, feeling would subside before long, whilst British Administration would gain in strength and in popular confidence. Am more apprehensive of opposition at home and in the House of Lords than here. But you will know as to that.

Sir Harnam Singh would be excellent for your Council; a Sikh by descent and fully in touch with Native thought. . . .

In spite of Minto's encouragement to "stick to his guns" Morley was forced back to his second line, and telegraphed on May 3:

Have to-day brought despatch before Cabinet: decision adverse to Native Member, but understood that I should place one, or possibly two, on Council of India. Except this, and perhaps Budget Committee, your other proposals substantially accepted. . . .

With this concession Minto had, for the time, to be content, but the frustration by the Home Government of his hopes and plans did not turn him from his conviction that the time was ripe for offering to Indians the opportunity of sharing in India's supreme Government, and he determined to find other means whereby the door might be unlocked. To Morley's telegram he answered:

I am afraid recommendations of the report without Native Member will appear very conservative and will give little satisfaction . . . the addition of two Indian Members to your Council may, to a certain extent, counterbalance disappointment here. . . .

After some telegraphic consultation the choice fell upon Mr. Gupta and Dr. Bilgrami, who were appointed to the India Office Council in July. Meanwhile the final stages of approval of the rest of the Reform Scheme were in progress:

Morley to Minto. July 26. We are working hard at the Reforms. I have pulled your Council of Notables out of the cauldron in the shape which I believe you desire: an august and decorative adjunct to the Viceroy, fifty or so in number, to be named by you: to meet once or twice a year at times to be fixed by you, and to exchange views with you and with one another on any matter you thought fit and apt at the time. This I believe will satisfy you.

And again:

Aug. 2. This mail carries the Reform circular to you, and unless your Council make a fidget about it there is no reason why it should not be given to the listening earth, with or without "the wondrous story of its birth", before Parliament rises—which is just now our standard and measure of time and all its seasons.

If at the same date I publish the two Native Members on the Council of India, it will look like a single operation and ought really to mark a great move, leaving the appointment of an Indian Member on *your* Council for some other not too distant day. Your subjects may be as unappreciative as they like, and may cry out for more as shrilly as they like, we shall have tried the best experiment within our reach. All depends on the strength of the sensible people in India. Unluckily, as a rule, when things get into a certain condition of disquiet, political aspiration, and other revolutionary humours, the sensible people retire into their shells and leave the violent people masters.

Minto to Morley. July 31. I was delighted when I heard of your decision to appoint Gupta and Bilgrami to your Council. I believe both of them will be well qualified, but I so thoroughly agree with you that one must not pin one's faith on changes in political machinery, and that it is to the broader influences of political changes that one must look. In this case it is to the fact that you have included two Indian gentleman in your Council that we must look for political results. It is a new departure, a very great one.

And regarding the Council of Notables, he continued:

Aug. 7. I had some talk with Harold Stuart this morning . . . he made a suggestion which struck me as useful, namely that if our Council of Notables is established it might be advisable to have two or three of them in residence at Simla in much the same way as one of His Majesty's Ministers is in attendance on the King. I think there is a good deal in the suggestion. We both felt the terrible disadvantage the Government of India suffers in such questions for instance as plague, or education in Bengal, from its want of contact with the Native world. One knows, of course, the many difficulties of caste and native prejudice with which there is to deal, but it is a different thing to having at one's elbow some recognized adviser who could give the key to many mysteries.

However, we are moving on, and I am so glad to see from Reuter that your Council Bill has passed its third reading, and, if your two Native Members, and the Council of Notables could be announced before Christmas, I should look to great results for good in India.

Morley answered:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 23. We have really between us made a move and a beginning. Our Indian friends will, of course, belittle our programme as hard as they can; that is to be expected and it does not matter. The admission of two Indians to the Council of India, if you probe its full significance, is a step of prime moment. For my own part I should never, I think, have had the pluck to take the step but for your notable courage in proposing the bolder plan of an Indian on your Council, and I regard the present move as the sure precursor of a move in the very near future as far as you would like to go. It often crosses my mind that if there were to be a vacancy on your Council, we might, without any fuss, do what you no doubt have still at heart. We shall see.

After a holiday in Switzerland, when he had leisure to see Indian difficulties from wider points of view and in a changed perspective, Morley was summoned to Balmoral, and from there he wrote to Minto:

Morley to Minto. Oct. 8. The one topic since I last wrote to you has been the performances of Keir Hardie[1]; leading articles in every newspaper; strident demands to know what we are doing; violent insistence that he should be packed off home, and all the rest of that hoarse music. By the time you get this the episode will have come to its end one way or another, so I won't say anything about the immediate aspect of the thing. It brings into sudden and full view the great riddle of how a Parliamentary Democracy is to govern India. I say "*how*", not "*whether*", because the experiment has got to be tried somehow, and perhaps the policy of the next three or four years will have a good deal to do with it—who knows?

The House of Commons has so far stood the test excellently, but will need much management, and the line taken by Hardie will not be likely to nullify the difficulties of management. He will rally a certain number of adherents by plausible claptrap, and he will rally a further

[1]Socialist M.P. visiting India.

number by the ordinary tendency of politicians, whether moderates or ultras, to stick to their leader, right or wrong, without troubling themselves to examine a particular case on its merits. Hardie will not infect even the Radicals in this country with his nonsense, and I have no fear whatever of his producing mischief in the House of Commons. The fear is, as you will anticipate me in perceiving, that the puny group which he may possibly succeed in bringing into action in the House of Commons, will be mistaken by our Congress people, both right and left, moderates and extremists, for the representatives of a strong force of British opinion, though in effect it will be nothing of the kind. The differences between Keir Hardie and the little band who won't like to break from him—between them and such poor performers as ——, —— and ——, will be enormous, and all to our disadvantage.

I am sure you will realize this change in the situation, though it is a far cry from Simla to Whitehall. And I hope you put yourself as far as may be into my place, and keep it much in view. It requires an effort of imagination, I know, and I know also that you, and your advisers and agents, are as sincere as men can be in not making a single difficulty for me that can be avoided when you think of it. But, most naturally, you have your own tasks to think of, and they are more than enough to fill anybody's mind and time.

Minto to Morley. Oct. 16. I got back to Simla, of course to find any amount of work waiting for me, and to-day I have hardly had a moment to myself—amongst other visitors, Keir Hardie. I telegraphed to you that he would probably ask to see me, and sure enough a very civil letter arrived from him saying: "It may not have escaped your notice that I am at the present time visiting India!" and asking for an interview. He came this afternoon: I rather liked him. He said nothing that I could in the least find fault with. He impressed me as a warm-hearted enthusiast who had come here with preconceived ideas. He was quite prepared to admit the difficulties of the present position. He argues that there is no real sedition, and that the unrest, such as it is, has been brought about by the oppressiveness of British rule.... He was well aware of the difficulties involved in racial antipathies and regretted our want of touch with Native feeling. With very few exceptions he did not consider the vernacular newspapers bad! He must have been fed with very careful selections! He thought much harm had been done by the exaggeration of the European press.

Though much of what he said is entirely wrong-headed, there are grains of truth in some of it. . . . He seemed very anxious to meet everyone worth meeting, and to hear all shades of opinion. . . . He has had a good deal of talk with Dunlop Smith, somewhat amusing and very Scotch, and from which I believe he gained an insight into things which was quite new to him. He is travelling down to the plains with Colonel Mahommed Abdul Majid Khan, a much respected member of the Patiala Durbar. . . .

I cannot but think he has been a good deal impressed by what he has seen and heard. Even while telling me of his conclusions I saw doubt in his eye, and he was very far from being dictatorial. He may have done a little harm—personally I think a very little—by some of his reported conversations, but I hope he will return home a somewhat wiser man: at any rate, I am glad I saw him.

As to the unrest, I think there are evidently signs in our latest reports from Eastern Bengal that things are on the mend. It is beginning to dawn on people that it is somewhat disagreeable to run counter to the Law if it is enforced. I hope we shall not be disappointed, and no one will rejoice more than I shall at the opportunity of withdrawing oppressive measures.

Morley to Minto. Oct. 25. My imagination is struck by your sitting down in your tent to write to me with a "villainous" pen. It was kind of you to break into your holiday for an hour. At any rate you mastered the "villain" for you have given me a most charming description of the scene. I read it to my wife and we sighed to think we shall never see the Himalayas. The things in the way of sublimity that linger in my mind are the weird desolation of the Gorner Grat, the glory of the Matterhorn as the dawn steals out of the ice-caves, and lastly the maniacal fury of the Niagara *Rapids*—not the Falls. No doubt you saw them more than once when you were in Canada. I often think now that the ferocious rush of waters is still going on while we mortals are fuming about our transitory pains and pleasures. . . .

Our situation—yours and mine—is a curious one, isn't it? We both understand India in the same way, and look at our common business in the same spirit, yet it is and must be from the necessities of the case, that one horse in the pair is always tugging to the right, and t'other to the left: or is it like the tandem in *Pickwick*, the leader turning round to stare at the wheeler (is that the word?). You have to think

of a whole host of facts and people and atmospheres around you. I have to think of Parliament, and doubting colleagues, and foolish, irresponsible newspapers, and political watchwords that are as sound as gospel here, but are no better than false and windy platitudes out where you are.

Though my position in public confidence is as good as I could desire, yet I shall get into a certain row about the Meetings Act. Ripon[1], who forgets that it is over twenty years since he saw India, is *very unhappy*. However, I am quite ready to fight it out, only I do wish you would seriously consider how Lajpat can be dealt with. It occurs to me that when the time comes to promulgate your new Meetings Law, the occasion might be taken to say: "We have now armed ourselves with new powers; we shall probably go further; with this new strength, and considering that deportation has wrought its perfect work, *Lajpat may go*." It seems to me that you will have such a good answer in the powers your new Law will give you of "proclaiming" areas, etc., to the people who will talk of weakness, timidity, deference to English sensibilities, and the like. I am quite sure you realize the difficulty—not to call it by any stronger name—of defending in the House of Commons indefinite detention without charge. His release will be one way of procuring assent here to the Meetings Act, and to whatever other repressive measures you may feel bound to take.

Oct. 31. One of the most interesting things that have come my way this week is a letter from Gokhale, dated October 11. The one absorbing question, he says, is how the split in Congress, now apparently inevitable, is to be averted. . . .

I have often thought during the last twelve months that Gokhale, as a party manager, is a baby. A party manager, or for that matter any politician aspiring to be a leader, should never *whine*. Gokhale is always whining, just like the second-rate Irishmen between Dan O'Connell and Parnell. There was never any whine about Parnell (unless maybe at the bottom of the useful fire-escape). Now, if I were in Gokhale's shoes—if he wears shoes, I forget—I should insist on quietly making terms with the bureaucracy on the basis of Order plus Reforms. If he would have the sense to see what is to be gained by this line the "split" when it comes should do him no harm, because it would set him free to fix his aims on reasonable things, where

[1]Viceroy, 1880-1884.

he might get out of us sixty or seventy per cent. of what he might ask for.

I must not forget to inform you that "the feeling against *Mr. Morley* in the country is so strong at present that no one who puts in a word for him has a chance of being listened to. In fact it is no longer mere 'regret' or 'disappointment', or even 'dislike' or 'distrust'; it is, I grieve to say, *disgust* and *detestation*, and God knows if it will ever improve". There's a terrible tale for you!!

Minto to Morley. Oct. 29. At the present moment the Public Meetings Bill gives me a great deal to think about, and my time is very full.... But looking back at all the anxiety we have gone through it is very satisfactory that I have been able to entertain the idea that we could dispense with repressive measures. It is only quite lately that there have been signs of a change for the better.... I have had a long talk with Hughes-Buller who lunched here to-day. He is Collector of Bakarganj, with his Headquarters at Barisal. He thinks that we are certainly beginning to see daylight, and says, what is so very true to my mind, that though we have been able to enforce the law by repression, it is impossible to suppose we can dispel the unrest by the same means. We must go to the causes of things before we can expect to succeed. We must be prepared to recognize economic difficulties connected with true Swadeshi, to divest education of the political taint which the agitators have done so much to encourage, to purify the Native press, and to get on to more sympathetic terms with the people and the leaders of the people.... I hope at the close of the Legislative Meeting on Friday I may have an opportunity of saying something that may do good.

After all the worry we have given you in respect to our legislation it seems strange that I should be writing to you as I am; but I honestly hope a change for the better has come at last, though if it has come, it has done so somewhat suddenly and much sooner than I expected. We still have the infamous vernacular press to deal with. It is our evident duty to do something to restrain it, or to direct it, and I hope in doing so we should have the support of moderate Native opinion....

You talk in your last letter of the "great riddle how parliamentary democracy is to govern India". I have often wondered. In my humble opinion it will depend very much upon future Secretaries of State. If they are able to control their party and dissuade their followers from assuming that things in India can be governed by the

standard of British political requirements, all may go well. But I can imagine things going very wrong indeed. It is a great problem, and so is the future of India itself. I confess I should be very sorry to attempt to prophesy to what the present trend of Indian thought may lead.

Nov. 5. As to Lajpat Rai and Ajit Singh, I have not a shadow of a doubt that we must in common justice release them, and that the sooner we do so the better. Now that we have declared the Punjab to be quiet we cannot logically justify their further imprisonment. . . . No doubt the release will be hardly criticized by the Punjab Government, and perhaps in other quarters where unthinking repression is the only weapon recognized. I have no doubt at all myself as to what is right. . . . I have made all necessary arrangements and am informing you by telegram.

Morley to Minto. Nov. 8. I was greatly relieved by the line you took as to Lajpat Rai. The Cabinet, to whom I stated the case very much in your own language, was unanimous in the conclusion that you will never have as good a chance of getting rid of your precious *détenus* as at this moment, when you have acquired new repressive powers. . . . According to Ibbetson's line of argument, as the quiet is only ephemeral, and as Lajpat is to be kept locked up until the ephemeral has changed into the eternal, he will remain in Mandalay for ever! Nothing could be more childish. . . . It is exactly the same fatal error as puts some of my ultra-radical friends in the wrong. They take some single general principle of liberalism, and apply it to some particular set of circumstances without regarding the whole case of Indian rule. So Ibbetson: so the Russian Tchin: so King Charles, the Martyr, who thought that if he could only hold Sir John Eliot long enough in the Tower he would make short work of Roundheads and Parliamentarians. . . . But there, enough to say that if Lajpat opens fire again we shall certainly support you to the uttermost in again putting his fire out by a douche of deportation. . . .

I found your interview with Keir Hardie extremely interesting. Your judgment of him is perfectly just and perspicacious, and I know him pretty well.

Nov. 14. I was heartily sorry when last Saturday's mail brought me bad news of your health. I only hope the attack was short and not too severe, and I comforted myself in thinking that you must have shaken it off in pretty good time or else you could not have made so

excellent a speech at your Council about the Meetings Act. Pray take care of yourself. At Windsor the other night the Princess Louise asked after you, and trusted that we worked harmoniously together —or words to that effect. I was happy to be able to reply in superlatives. What a mighty difference it would make if the reply should ever be anything else. . . .

It is a considerable relief to me to-day to see (if Reuter may be trusted—a large IF!) that the release of our friends at Mandalay has not provoked, as a matter of first impression, any row so far. Of course, I am quite aware that if anything goes amiss for several years to come it will be set down to our ill-judged leniency, surrender to rebels, and the other compliments of that species. Meanwhile, I shall bask complacently in a few hours of sunshine. I have just had a letter from a Radical M.P. congratulating me on returning to the principles of my life-time!! If I receive any more felicitations of that stamp I shall have to send you a telegram beseeching you to lock up Lajpat again as soon as possible! . . .

I am interrupted by a visit from a learned man, from the State of Nabha, clad in white turban and a silken brocaded robe that would move the envy of the fine ladies in Mayfair. I asked him how it was that the son of his Rajah had voted against your Meetings Act. He could not tell me, though he admitted that he thought it curious, and furthermore that he was sure the Rajah himself would stand no seditious meetings in his own State. Besides this, he told me that if the Rajah had once locked up Lajpat Rai he would have taken very good care *never* to let him out again as long as he lived! That is also, I understand, the excellent Sir Denzil's policy!

Nov. 22. The telegrams report Lady Minto and you as having reached Rangoon. It seems an immense long way off and I wish Reuter had thrown in a detail or two of local colour that I might realize how you fare. Anyhow I know you must be seeing a host of interesting things and men, not excluding women, for people give me most attractive accounts of the Burmese young ladies. In this country we have days of pitch dark, just as if day were night; so, in your blaze of Eastern sunlight, reflect that exile is not without its compensations. . . .

From Rangoon Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 23. (*Government House.*) We had a very pleasant voyage from Madras to Rangoon, and the two quiet days

at sea were very acceptable. Here the moist heat is most trying, and the mosquitoes make it still more disagreeable. But there is much that is interesting to see, and the cheerfulness of the people, and the dainty little ladies with flowers in their hair, make every thing look lively and happy. The great Pagoda with its gilded dome is a magnificent pile, and the illumination of the Royal Lakes a few nights ago was one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. . . . I feel much out of touch with India except through telegrams. . . .

What you tell me of Gokhale's letter is an excellent indication of the times. . . . I never for an instant thought that our reforms would be welcomed by the extremists, but I hardly expected Gokhale would play such a stupid game as he is doing. It is such trash his talking about the bureaucracy putting down the Congress and brushing him and his friends aside. He could have played a great game if, while asserting his own political honesty, he had recognized our good intentions and done his best to assist the Government of India. I spoke very openly to him on these lines, but he has evidently no intention of coming to our support, and what he has now written entirely gives him away.

In the meantime all that I hear of the political weather is satisfactory. How long the sky will keep clear it is impossible to say, but certainly just now there seems to be a general idea in the Anglo-Indian and Native press that for the present we have come to a pause at any rate in our difficulties. . . . During the last three weeks I have received fifty-nine telegrams from Mahommedan societies in Upper India . . . communicating resolutions passed at meetings of Mussulmans convened to discuss the proposed Council Reforms, and the majority beg that the grateful thanks of the senders be communicated to the Secretary of State for the appointment of Mr. Bilgrami, Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk, to the India Office Council. . . . It is somewhat significant that no Hindu or Hindu Society has expressed any gratitude for the appointment of Mr. Gupta. The only communication I have had from Hindus is from the Brahmins at Sonpore Fair conveying a general expression of loyalty.

Minto's next letter came from Mandalay:

Nov. 30. (*Government House.*) I am attempting to write to you in a perfect pandemonium, in a room on the ramparts of the old Fort in Mandalay overlooking the moat on which boat-races are being carried on in the presence of the whole population of the city, and in

the midst of a din which it is quite impossible to describe. In the circumstances I am sure you will forgive my not attempting to go into serious matters: what with interviews with Shan Chiefs, Buddhist Archbishops and Bishops, Durbars and Addresses, I am really beginning to feel the strain on my sanity. . . .

Dec. 12. (*House-boat.*) We are now on our way down the Irrawaddy and I have a little more time to collect my wits for a letter to you. I am afraid I have told you little about the country, its people and its fascinating little ladies, and I should only weary you with descriptions of Shans, Kachins, Chinese and Burmese. The great Pagodas at Rangoon and Mandalay are very wonderful, and the palace at the latter place, the abode of Theebaw till we took over Upper Burma in 1884, is interesting. But it is modern and built entirely of wood, and therefore like much of Burmese architecture, very perishable.

Both Rangoon and Mandalay were much too hot to be pleasant, especially the former, a damp, sticky and very trying heat. But the two frontier stations of Myitkyina and Bhamo were quite delightful, Myitkyina especially so. We lodged in the Deputy Commissioner's house on the banks of the Irrawaddy, beyond it the dark green foreground of the jungle, and in the distance the high hills of the Chinese frontier, the station itself quite green with recent rains, and the gardens brilliant with scarlet poinsettia. There seemed to me to be everything one could wish for there; beautiful rides into the country, excellent fishing and shooting, and, at this time, a delightful climate, with the inspiring knowledge that if one wandered too far afield one might quite possibly get one's throat cut!

We left there on Sunday morning in a long flotilla of steamers for Bhamo, where we arrived on Monday, after some very intricate navigation, and having left Dunlop Smith stranded on a sandbank. He did not arrive until the next day, and as he had the cypher books with him my reply to your telegram was somewhat delayed. . . .

I have just heard that the people at Agra have set their faces against plague inoculation because they are certain Hewett intended to introduce plague into the city on the occasion of a recent visit, and that he inaugurated the railways strike, with which we have just been dealing, to prevent the possibility of anyone getting away. Such is the superstition with which one has to deal!

CHAPTER XV

HYDERABAD AND BURMA

AFTER several months of ceaseless official business and entertaining at Simla, it was a rest to be in our luxurious train as we started for Hyderabad in the autumn of 1907.

Journal, November 6. At every station as the train whirled through Guards of Honour were standing to attention, and after dusk they carried flaming torches: one of our A.D.C.s remarked "They could not do more for the Almighty, were He travelling!"

At Munmad we left our own train and went on by the Nizam's narrow-gauge line, and at Ellora at the foot of a long mountain ridge, we stopped to see the wonderful cave-temples carved in the solid mountain sides. Three distinct periods are represented: Buddhist, Hindu and Jain. The workmanship is so exquisite that I well understand these caves being amongst the "Wonders of the World". The most striking is the Hindu Temple of Kailasa, or "The Gate of Heaven", 70 ft. long and at least 150 ft. wide, elaborately carved inside and out; ornamented pillars surround the images of Siva, Kali, Bhairava and other Hindu Gods. Every gallery is profusely carved with emblematic figures; elephants and huge columns decorate the courtyards, but on one side only; the other sides were never finished and remain solid walls of rock. No one knows what became of the thousands of tons of excavated debris removed from those thirty-two vast caves.

From here we drove several miles across a plain in which there was one deep nullah to be crossed, and we could hardly control our amusement at the preparations which had been made to convey us safely over this *dangerous incline!* Fifty coolies with ropes harnessed themselves to the back of the carriage to form a drag, and half-way down it was considered impossible for the Lady Sahib to risk the fear of some untoward event such as a broken trace or a restive horse. The organizer of the relief party, arrayed in pink brocade with a jewelled cap, "hoped that the Lady Sahib would alight, and

graciously deign to be carried in a sedan chair which had been brought for her convenience". I was obliged to comply with his wishes, though the gradient was hardly as steep as Hampstead's well-known hill! But there are not many precipitous hills in the Nizam's dominions—which are larger than England and Wales—hence the apprehension shown for our safety.

On reaching Hyderabad we were received with great ceremonial. Minto's letter written to Morley that evening describes the scene:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 15. I am writing from Falaknuma Castle, one of the Nizam's Palaces overlooking the city of Hyderabad. Our arrival here impressed me more than anything I have yet seen in India. The Nizam met us at the station and drove with me through the densely populated city, through miles and miles of streets brilliant with many-coloured turbans and the dark red of the women's dresses: Arabs, Abyssinians, Pathans, Parsis, Mahommedans and Hindus in a dense throng all along our route; I should think the most mixed population in the world. The streets were lined by the Nizam's troops in many picturesque uniforms, officered largely by Europeans, or semi-Europeans, who, I believe, in many cases, are the descendants of old French adventurers or Company officers who founded families here.

Journal, November 10. From the Palace we had a beautiful view of Hyderabad city, and in the distance the great lake, the Mir Alam, stretches across the landscape. We motored out to the grand old Fort of Golconda, driving through villages all too fast to be able to appreciate their beauty. Huge boulders of every shape and size, strewn about in all directions, are the feature of this part of the country. They have an old saying that when the world was created the Almighty dumped down all his superfluous building material around Hyderabad, where it has lain ever since.

Before the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales a year ago, the Nizam had never seen a motor-car, but he had been so delighted with the one sent for his use during their Royal Highnesses' stay that he at once ordered twenty for himself and his household, and he has now thirty-two cars in his garage, and his English chauffeur, dressed in a magnificent uniform with an orange pughree, thinks himself the most important person in Hyderabad.

I had been warned that the manners of one of the Nizam's officials —a very old man—were somewhat primitive. During meals he would remove in his fingers anything from his plate he did not require and toss it backwards over his shoulder. At a banquet given to the Curzons he tried to restrain himself and contrived to throw his debris beneath the table, but with such violence that most of it was found on the front of poor Lady Curzon's peach-satin gown, who sat opposite to him! I begged that I might be placed beyond his line of fire.

The shyness of the Nizam made conversation with him difficult; he was the most silent man I ever met. He rarely gave vent to more than a monosyllable, though he was credited with having given the Resident the following sound advice: "Blow hot, blow cold, but never forget your strength."

Towards the end of our visit he began to thaw, and at our farewell luncheon produced a brooch from his pocket, made of a lucky tiger-bone, set with diamonds, which he shyly slipped into my hand under the table-cloth, begging me to accept it as a souvenir.

November 15. On leaving Hyderabad we expected to embark at Coconada for Rangoon, but received a wire to say that owing to a cyclone the R.M.S.I. *Dufferin* had put out to sea and had not since been heard of. Coconada is a treacherous port. The surf is invariably high. The Natives in rough weather ride through it on mussocks with legs dangling in the sea, which occasionally prove tempting to the sharks that infest those waters. We were eventually obliged to sail from Madras, where happily we found the *Dufferin*.

An amusing incident occurred on the voyage when the first officer found the *dhobi* (washerman) lighting a fire on the main deck. He very naturally remonstrated, and with injured surprise the *dhobi* asked: "How then shall I heat my iron that the Lord Sahib's clothes may be smoothed to his entire satisfaction?"

November 20. (*Government House.*) At Rangoon we were received by the Lieutenant-Governor Sir Herbert White, and Lady White. There were four Guards of Honour besides one from H.M.S. *Perseus*. The municipality presented the Viceroy with an Address and a magnificent silver ornament supporting an elephant's tusk, elaborately carved, while I received a lovely bracelet mounted in Burmese gold. After Minto had replied to the Address and expressed our appreciation and thanks for these generous gifts, we started to drive to Govern-

ment House, passing through eleven triumphal archways erected by different sects, each in its own style of architecture, and crowded with people all dressed in their national costume. The school children in their brilliant colours were like little Chinese dolls, with their close-cropped hair gaily decorated with silver beads and ornaments; they frequently have a small tuft of hair upright on the crown of the head, tied round with ribbon. The magnificence of Government House took my breath away: a finely proportioned Hall with two tiers of carved arches, and the staircase, a splendid specimen of Burmese carving, with elaborately designed dragons, in rich red-brown pedak wood from the Andaman Islands.

The great golden dome of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda towers as a landmark for miles around. It is surrounded by arcades and temples, and figures of Buddha loom large on every side. The buildings with their frescoes in fantastic colouring are impressive enough, but what makes the picture so attractive is the crowd of humanity loitering languidly in every nook and corner; men, women and children, grouped together in the most bewitching poses, their shapeless, soft-hued garments carelessly flung about their bodies. Crowds clustered round us with happy smiling faces, children shyly advancing with offerings of flowers, which, with a delicious coyness, they placed at our feet. Picturesque groups of Hypongees (priests) knelt at their devotions in the courtyards of the temples, and in the various arcades bowls of lotus flowers were placed for worshippers to buy.

In an inner shrine there is a casket which is said to contain eight hairs from the sacred head of Gautama, and from this Pagoda is suspended a sacred bell of enormous size. After the Burmese War of 1840 the British tried to carry this off as a trophy: its weight is forty-two tons, and by some accident it was dropped into the Rangoon river. There it lay, the British engineers failing in their endeavours to raise it. Some time later permission was granted to the Burmese people to restore it to their Pagoda, and the legend is that the bell at once floated on the tide to the shore, and was lifted without difficulty with bamboo sticks and restored to its original position.

In the grounds of the Pagoda several English officers killed in the Burmese War are buried. Their spirits are supposed to roam at night, and after dusk no native will come near the spot for fear of ill-luck pursuing him.

In the evening the lake was illuminated and the golden Pagoda shone out with a soft glow, so cleverly devised that it seemed

merely to enhance the light from the full moon. The lake was covered with boats of all shapes and sizes, decked with coloured lamps. The State Barge, which awaited us, was drawn by six long narrow boats each manned by ten men who gently chanted a mournful dirge to the rhythm of their paddles, and tiny bells tinkled in the breeze as we glided over the water. Two great golden dragons, with flaming torches in their mouths and huge out-spread silver wings, kept guard over us. I was reminded of the legend of the twelve Princesses stealing across the crystal lake with their lovers to dance till dawn amongst the gold and silver bowers on their island of enchantment. I wondered if even fairyland could be as lovely as this shimmering scene.

Two days later we were *in* Mandalay, instead of "on the road". Dufferin Fort, a great square building, guards the inner city and the Palace, each wall of which is a quarter of a mile long, and on these walls stand thirteen graceful watch-towers, richly ornamented with gold. Outside the Fort is a broad moat, more than a hundred feet wide, covered with water-lilies. Government House is unique, built in the style of a pagoda, in a central position on the walls

A public holiday had been granted in our honour, and round the moat a large concourse of people had gathered. Curious groups of wild tribes from the hills were collected on the grass, the most remarkable being the Pedoung women, who elongate their necks by wearing metal rings tightly encircling their throats. Each year another ring is added till they succeed in wearing twenty-four, by which time their neck resembles that of a giraffe! Several Shan teams were competing in boat races, some of them paddling with their feet. It was a pretty sight to see them as they stood, bending in unison, almost lifting the boat out of the water with each stroke as it darted along, smothered in spray. On the opposite shore the crowd swayed like flowers in the breeze as they watched, in tense excitement, to see which team would win. The Shans, with their foot-rowing, were easy victors. Meanwhile the sun was setting, shedding a warm glow on the 750 pagodas at the foot of the Mandalay hills which looked mysterious in the waning light; each contains a stone with lettering from the sacred writings of Buddha.

November 26. From Mandalay we went to Lashio, the terminus of the railway, a small settlement entirely surrounded by tribes. Carriages do not exist in these wilds, so tiny Burmese ponies had

been provided, and, as they are too small to carry a lady's saddle, we were obliged to ride astride. On each side of the road lines of natives of various tribes awaited us, dressed in the strangest garb. As we rode by, the chiefs advanced, holding yellow umbrellas, with tall golden sticks, over our heads, forming a long sheltered lane up to the Durbar arena. These chiefs wore astonishing costumes: one resembled a golden pagoda, another wore a dilapidated crown, placed at a rakish angle; and a third represented a dragon. Most of the tribes had brought their womenfolk with them in their own picturesque costumes, all wearing massive silver ornaments.

The chiefs came forward to make their petitions to the Viceroy, after which the wildest dances took place: men, with their bodies a mass of tattoo, and others with hideous scars of self-inflicted wounds made to ward off the evil spirits; some with painted bodies and "devil" faces, while one old chief had brought all his kitchen utensils and sat with them carefully displayed around his chair. The most fearful pandemonium ensued, each tribe trying to out-do the other in antics and outlandish noises. These people are genuinely savage and continually cause trouble. The "Waz" tribe, who collect human heads to propitiate their Gods, look formidable men: they have long matted hair and wear practically no clothes.

We returned to the Residency in the same order as we came, to thank the Sub-Commissioners who had organized this gathering of the tribes, some of whom had come several hundred miles to be present at the Durbar.

On December 3 we arrived at Myitkyina (pronounced Mich-i-na) the furthest outpost of the Indian Empire. Thirty miles away a range of hills lie along the ridge from which our Forts look into China. To the north is "No-man's Land", a tract of country inhabited only by tribes who continually raid the surrounding districts. To the Kachins murder is a pastime. A few weeks ago a Chinaman, his Burmese wife and their three children had their throats cut during the night. Block-houses are built round the station, and at Myitkyina a force of two thousand military police and nine officers are stationed to try to keep the peace and teach these tribes something of law and order. Entanglements of barbed wire are always kept ready to place between the block-houses in case of need, and owing to a persistent rumour that the tribes intended an attempt to kidnap the Viceroy, the authorities had taken incredible precautions for our safety. Double sentries had been placed every few yards round the

Commissioner's house, and no one was allowed to enter without a special pass. One evening, hot with indignation, Colonel Dunlop Smith and Colonel Crooke-Lawless arrived towards the end of dinner, having been arrested by our over-zealous sentries for venturing to cross the garden without their permits!

From Myitkyina we travelled leisurely by boat down the Irrawaddy as far as Prome on our return journey to Rangoon, pausing at many places on the way.

We halted at Pagan, which was the capital of Burma from the ninth to the thirteenth century, before the Chinese invaded and devastated the country with, tradition says, five million horse and twenty million foot soldiers. In the light of the setting sun we gazed on the countless domes and spires of graceful design and delicate and varied architecture. Perhaps in the fading light we failed to note the tragic side of this poor dead city gradually crumbling to dust.

December 17. We spent one day shooting duck on a lake near Pauglin, lying between Mount Victoria and Mount Popa, the sacred abode of the *nats* or spirits. The whole surface of the lake was covered with mauve lotus flowers and small water-lilies like tiny orchids. The shooting "hides" are reached by canoes, and for miles around the water was black with duck, but the first shot startled them, and thousands rose, soaring higher and higher, till quite out of range. I watched a V-shaped flight of geese above me, so high in the heavens that they looked like sparrows. I hurriedly fired both barrels of my small 28-bore gun at the two nearest birds, expecting no result, but, to my amazement, with a thud and a terrific splash, two enormous geese fell into the water, both shot through the head —a record for me of which I was very proud. After a tremendous expenditure of ammunition, the total bag was 135 birds.

Some years ago Lord Curzon was shooting on this *jheel*.[1] Unfortunately his *machan* was insecurely built and the boards gave way, precipitating the Viceroy into the water. The officials have never forgotten that day and still turn pale as they speak of it!

I cannot close this chapter without referring to the wonderful hospitality of Sir Herbert and Lady White, who, with their Staff, spared no pains in entertaining us both at Rangoon and Mandalay.

[1]Wide stretch of water.

CHAPTER XVI

THE AMIR AND THE RUSSIAN CONVENTION 1907-8

EARLY in 1907 Morley had informed Minto that negotiations were on foot between the Russian Ambassador and the British Foreign Office with a view to coming to an Anglo-Russo-Japanese understanding that no expansion of territory in Central Asia or the Far East should, for the period of the agreement, be attempted. "If the Immortal Gods will only allow sensible men to bring this about," ejaculated Morley, "it will indeed be a blessed consummation."

Minto to Morley. May 29, 1907. (*Simla.*) You possibly think I am over suspicious as to Russian diplomacy, and I am afraid I do put very little value on any engagement they may enter into with us in respect to their Central Asian policy. Even giving Russia the benefit of the doubt as to the absolute honesty of her intentions, I do not believe that she is capable of controlling the movements of her frontier officers in those regions. We know that at the present moment she is exceptionally active in respect of her communications in the direction of Herat and on the line of the Oxus, and whatever bargain she may enter into with us, I have no doubt that her officers will continue to perfect their various lines of advance on the frontiers of India.

I am very doubtful as to Articles IV and V [of the draft Convention] because they imply the possibility of our making terms with Russia affecting the interests of Afghanistan without previous consultation with the Amir. Knowing what I do of him, I believe him to be honestly desirous of a firm friendship with us. I believe him to be intensely sensitive as to the obligations of friendship, and if he in any way considers that we have entered into a bargain behind his back with his arch-enemy, I much doubt if we can ever expect again to exercise the influence we now undoubtedly possess over him.

It seems to me that in entering into any agreement with Russia affecting Afghanistan, unbeknown to the Amir, we stand to lose a friendship of incalculable value not only in respect to the defence of India, but as regards a frontier war, and to gain nothing except a mere phantom of friendship with a Power who will not cease secretly to advance her own interests, regardless of any pledges she may give.

But this was not Morley's view:

Morley to Minto. June 13, 1907. The Foreign Office were at first inclined to assume that something should be said to the Amir and settled with him before the final seal was set upon the agreement. I could not agree. In my opinion the best course is for us to send someone to communicate with him, with full explanations of the terms of our agreement as a firm and established Convention: no bargaining: no modification. The point is that no syllable of it involves the bare shadow of a departure from the Treaty of 1905, while the great effect of the whole diplomatic operation will be to strengthen his security and that of his borders.

Minto to Morley. July 3, 1907. I am sure we have endeavoured to assist to the best of our ability what we believe to be the objects of His Majesty's Government, whilst at the same time indicating points as to which we have had our doubts, and I confess the light in which our communications with Russia may be viewed by the Amir when they are placed before him is a matter of the greatest anxiety to me. The intention of the Convention is of course to come to an arrangement with Russia from which we may hope for some permanent guarantee for tranquillity on our Indian frontier. With all respect to Russia, our friendship with the Amir, as far as present circumstances are concerned, is of much greater consequence to us than any agreement with Russia can possibly be (I am only speaking of the north-west frontier). . . . What will be our position in respect of the Amir if, when the Convention is signed and placed officially before him, he says point-blank that he has never been consulted, and that he refuses to agree to Articles III and IV? The question is, what are we to do then? . . .

As to the best means of communicating our action to him, you suggest that we should send an officer to explain to him the terms of our agreement. Under present conditions this would be quite

impossible without the previous consent of the Amir to receive such an officer. He dare not receive him without some explanation to his Durbar. . . . The only procedure that seems to me to hold out any hope of the Amir receiving the news of our negotiations favourably would be for me to write him a friendly letter, explaining to him the objects of the Convention and expressing an earnest hope that he will understand that Articles III and IV are framed to his own advantage. . . . It will be a very serious matter if he does not view the Convention in a friendly light . . . and I am convinced that the sooner you allow me to take him into our confidence the better it will be for the future.

I well remember how Minto deplored Morley's continued refusal to allow him to give the Amir a hint as to the Convention. He felt that his silence might be interpreted by the Amir as a breach of faith. No argument induced the Secretary of State to see the danger, or to realize the harassing situation in which his attitude had placed Minto. The Convention was signed by England and Russia in August, and then, as Morley said, the Viceroy's turn had come, for it was left to him to break the news to the Amir and to persuade him to look upon it with a favourable eye.

Morley to Minto. Aug. 28, 1907. I need not say with what lively interest you will be followed by both Grey and me. If all goes well it will be a big transaction, and if unluckily it breaks down, it will still be a big affair, though for evil and not for good. So you are in for history.

Minto to Morley. Sept. 4, 1907. We have drafted a letter to the Amir which I hope you will approve. If he is reasonable, as I hope he will be, he has, I think, good reason to feel gratified at what has been done. Our letter will take some sixteen days to reach him and I have impressed upon him the necessity for an early reply.

Morley to Minto. Sept. 19, 1907. I shall await your report with as much anxiety as when we watched Roberts in the old days marching unseen from Kabul to Kandahar, lost to the world for three weeks or more. . . . Until we know how his Afghan Majesty takes it I have nothing more to say.

Weeks went by: the Amir made no sign. The Secretary of State evidently began to have misgivings: "Grey and I," he wrote, "are feeling a little fidgety about the Amir and his reply to the Convention. However, you can't hurry the worthy man."

Minto, too, was feeling anxious. Upon the Afghan frontier the wild tribes were turbulent and restive.

Minto to Morley. Mar. 19. I continue to get scraps of information from our Kabul agent, who has come to India on a few weeks' leave. He tells me the Amir is not strong enough to deal with the anti-British faction headed by Nasrulla . . . Though the Amir himself is favourable to the Convention, all his surroundings, including his favourite wife, who is a clever woman, are opposed to it. . . . I am afraid it is very evident that the political situation in Afghanistan is extremely unstable.

Morley to Minto. Apr. 9. What you tell me of the Amir is decidedly not comfortable, quite the reverse. I reported it to Edward Grey, who only regrets the great man's falling away from all the fine hopes he awoke in our bosoms when he was your guest in India. I suppose you will have to jog his memory soon and the operation will need rather gingerly handling.

And again:

Apr. 30. Sir Arthur Nicolson[1] warns me that if the Amir breaks away from the Convention that instrument will be regarded in Russia, especially by the military party, as hollow and exploded. . . . I think you will have to put the screw on the Amir as soon as we get round our present rather ugly corner.

Weeks passed by, and each mail Morley pursued the matter, growing more peevish and anxious as time went on:

Morley to Minto. May 28. Don't you really think the time has come, when you might with some emphasis call the attention of the Amir to the Anglo-Russian Agreement? He really must begin to think about it, and you might as well tell him so. His Majesty's Government are growing a little impatient, and naturally.

[1]H.M. Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

But Minto felt he must proceed warily:

Minto to Morley. May 13. The Afghan Envoy here, . . . recently produced the rough drafts of two letters. . . . one draft being said to represent the Amir's views, and the other those of Nasrulla. There seemed to me to be little difference between the two except that the latter was more decided than the former in its objections to the Treaty: both are quite courteous; but the objections in both are the same, namely that the Amir had never been consulted. . . . They show what he (the Envoy), with an intimate knowledge of affairs in Kabul, thinks will be the answer we shall receive. But, as I have told you, the evidence in my possession points to no hostility on the part of the Amir. . . . No doubt there was always a risk in his not being consulted by us in the first place; the risk was evident. . . .

May 21. If he chooses now to refuse to accept the Convention I don't see what we can do. Any official pressure we may attempt to put on him would probably not only fail but arouse his suspicions against us. If he makes up his mind to refuse assent, the only way by which he might perhaps be induced to alter his decision would be by personal discussion with some friend, such as McMahon, authorized to explain to him the intentions of His Majesty's Government. But this would be very difficult to bring about, for there would be great risk in sending a British officer to Kabul under present conditions; if anything happened to him it would be impossible to foretell the results. . . . It is all-important that we should continue on good terms with the Amir, but we must not forget that any exaggeration of courtesy is more than likely to be accepted at Kabul as an indication of weakness. . . . Nothing is more clear to my mind than this, that the basis of friendship must be a wholesome fear on his part. Among the civilized people of the West it may be true that "perfect love casteth out fear" (personally I doubt it) but certainly in dealing with an Eastern Potentate "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom".

Morley's anxiety increased.

Morley to Minto. June 17. Sir Arthur Nicolson called on me yesterday, fresh from Reval . . . and, as you may suppose, his first business with me was the Amir and the Convention. My story was short enough. I read him what you had said in your last letter

. . . Each of us looked as blue as possible, for if your Majestic friend is obdurate our credit in Europe won't by any means improve. If we could only get McMahon up to Kabul to explain the case, and the advantages to Afghanistan, with perhaps a hint . . . that if the Amir is stubborn and the Convention goes, and Russia walks into Herat, he'll be left without friends. But then we don't want McMahon to have his throat cut, and so we must trust to the clumsy and unsatisfactory devices of letter-writing, which are most fatal to diplomatic ingenuities of the above description. . . . Anyhow, please turn over my hints without impatience—if you ever are impatient —and I am sure you are not easily so.

Minto could not return this compliment, for every week Morley importuned him in the same strain:

July 16. I wish to heaven a Mission to Kabul were possible. A talk between McMahon and the Amir might, and probably would, make all the difference. . . . The only question is whether the Amir's guarantee of an emissary's safety would really be held sacred by his cut-throat subjects? Don't ask Me to go, that's all!

Minto to Morley. June 23. The fog is very thick, but whatever we may do I should accept the necessity of the Amir's friendship as an axiom. One must bear in mind what his hostility to us would mean: the certainty of an Afghan War in which all the tribes on the frontier from Waziristan to Kashmir would join, and, under present conditions, we cannot disguise from ourselves that we should be simultaneously called upon to deal with internal difficulties in India. So that, troublesome and unbusinesslike as the Amir is, it seems to me that we are called upon to do our best to maintain good relations with him, and I believe his personal friendship is really sincere and genuine. . . . We cannot expect him to take a broad view of the effects the Anglo-Russian Convention may have upon European complications. He will look at the matter from his own standpoint, and that being so, he may fairly enough recognize only the risks of the Convention.

You know I have a very poor opinion of the honesty of Russian diplomacy, but, giving Isvolsky[1] credit for the best possible intentions towards us, can we be sure that we have succeeded in changing in any way the procedure Russia has for years followed in Central

[1]Russian Foreign Minister.

Asia, and on the frontier of Afghanistan? Personally I cannot for an instant think we have. It seems to me more than probable that Russia has all along recognized the certainty that the Amir would not agree to Articles III and IV and that she foresaw the possibility of our disagreement with him and the consequent opening that would thereby be afforded to the continuance of intrigues on his frontiers. . . . I don't see what pressure we can put upon the Amir without the chance of alienating him from us.

Morley to Minto. Aug. 6. I often puzzle myself in thinking how it is that you and I are apt to take different points of view about Amirs, Russians and Conventions. As you might expect in this delicate mental operation, I take the compliments to myself. In other words, I flatter myself that I am wholly free from any prejudice against either Russian frontier officials or God-granted Amirs. . . . Now in your mind—forgive me for saying it—I seem to discern a strongish suspicion of "prejudice" against a Russian, whether he be Governor of Turkestan or be called Isvolski, or Stolypin. I told you what the Czar said to Nicolson, that it would take at least a year before his frontier officers found out that they were to turn over a new leaf. We have to worry through that stage as patiently and as steadily as you can. . . . If the breakdown of the Convention, or only of its Afghan section, come about it must leave a most ugly, embarrassing and dangerous ragged edge. The Russian Government will be sore; her military party will be jubilant; her frontier machinations will start afresh in fuller blast than ever. The Afghan will feel, and with good reason, that he has scored against us, and our disaffected Indians will know this too. We shall be discredited in Europe; the Germans will be delighted beyond words.

Sharing to the full your dread of a row with the Amir, I cannot shut my eyes to all these other aspects of this truly critical situation.

Minto to Morley. Aug. 25. As to the frontier and Afghanistan, I have had my say. The Amir has a most delicate course to steer between the fanaticism of his countrymen and their exaggerated fears of foreign aggression, and Anglo-Russian interests. He will stick to us as long as he can, but on the appearance of what may be considered as undue pressure on our part, he may be overwhelmed by the unreasoning resentment against us of his people, and may be committed to hostilities which in his own judgment must be

suicidal. *Ghazi*[1] is being talked of from one end of the frontier to the other; the tribes are being told that pressure on the Amir means armed pressure, and our best chance of peace lies in dispelling that idea. . . .

Sept. 2. I assure you I most fully recognize the European difficulties His Majesty's Government have to face. Naturally, as you say, my eyes are attracted towards Kabul and Central Asia, but I see the bigness of the imperial game of which our doings here can only form a part. Still it is a part very vitally connected with the whole, and it is all-important to handle our Asiatic perplexities with patience and judgment. Please do not think I am ignorant of risks elsewhere. They are plain enough, and it is easy to imagine complications which might strain our strength to the utmost. In the meantime I have written a letter to the Amir, a copy of which I send you. It was a difficult one to write. . . . It seemed to me better not to press for his agreement to the Convention. I feared if I rode the horse too hard it might have the opposite effect to what I wished.

In the end Minto's indomitable resolution triumphed, and on September 24, more than a year after the Convention had been signed by both Russia and England, he was at last able to inform Morley that he had roused the Amir to reply:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 24. You will have received my telegram ere this, saying that the Amir has at last replied to the Anglo-Russian Convention. . . . I don't think we could expect more of him than what he says . . . the correspondence is, I think, intended to be very friendly and amounts to a request that we should explain the advantages of the Convention to him to assist him in coming to a final decision. This seems fair enough. But explanations mean an expenditure of time—an eternity of time if they are to be carried on by correspondence.

Morley to Minto. Sept. 24. I have not often had a more agreeable relief than when I received your first telegram with the Amir's reply to the Convention. I never expected a point-blank assent, only wondered between absolute silence and Oriental evasion. Well, there is no evasion in any fatal sense, and the civility and friendliness of tone are obviously worth silver and gold. To get them

[1] *Ghazi* = the killing of an infidel.

on to the ground of argument at all is assuredly a great thing gained, whatever the terms of the ultimate settlement may prove to be. . . . Isvolski is to be in London in October, and Grey and I are to have conversations with him which will give us an opportunity of trying whether we cannot get modifications in the Convention calculated to smooth away some of the Afghan difficulties . . . and I for one shall feel we shall all be very clumsy fellows if the ultimate settlement doesn't work out as well as our tangled human affairs ever do.

After seeing Isvolski he reported:

Oct. 14. The question of Afghanistan took very little time indeed. Isvolski said with much frankness that whether the Amir gave his formal adhesion or not, the Russian Government would treat the Convention as a valid instrument. . . . Of course, he said, Russia would expect us to do our best to work on the Amir's mind, and to show him the answers to his arguments and objections. This, I told him, we should certainly do, though, as he might suppose, the operation might be protracted.

The operation was indeed protracted, for on March 17, 1910, Morley wrote to Minto imploring him to use his personal influence with the Amir:

Morley to Minto. Mar. 17, 1910. Do you think you could do anything privately, as the friend of that God-granted worthy? You might say that you will soon be leaving India, and that it would be a great personal gratification to you if you could leave with the knowledge that he had accepted, etc., etc. Or could you send some private friend to Kabul to talk it over privately? The thing is really important, as I am sure you must perceive.

Minto consented readily to do what he could. All efforts, however, were unavailing, and when we left India in November, 1910, the silence of the Amir had not been broken.

CHAPTER XVII

FRONTIER TROUBLES

All through the year 1907 there had been threatenings of turbulence among the frontier tribes. Frequent raids had taken place in many villages in the North-West Province, and attacks had been made at various points with the obvious intention of luring the Native police and Militia Levies into the open for a fight. The raiders looted, burned and carried off hostages, and were so mobile and elusive that the Chief Commissioner reported to the Viceroy he could no longer be expected to control the situation and asked for the help of regular troops to deal with the offenders.

Minto and Kitchener hoped things might settle down without a military expedition, and Minto wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 18. We have had a good deal of anxiety lately as to the behaviour of the Zakka Khels. K.'s view is that what we have had to deal with are ordinary border raids which would not justify us in risking a frontier war, and he personally would prefer to wait until Sir Harold and Lady Deane have been carried off into the hills before undertaking an expedition! But his real reason against an expedition, in which I quite agree with him, is that if we enter the Zakka Khel country simply to burn and lay waste and retire again, the moral effect of such a retirement would probably draw upon us an Afridi attack, and create a most unfortunate impression amongst the tribes generally. We both agree that we should sit tight at any rate for a little longer, though an expedition would be easy enough if we did not retire, and were permitted to occupy certain posts on our political frontier which would deprive the raiders of their lines of retreat into Afghanistan, and would give us such a general control over the Bazar Valley (without ourselves attempting to administer it) as would do much to contribute to the safety of the frontier.

Since I saw Lord K., however, reports from Roos-Keppel have been so serious that it will be difficult to avoid doing something. In that case I earnestly hope that if an expedition is necessary you will allow us to keep the posts in question. There is nothing that would be more likely to be misunderstood by the frontier tribes than an advance into their country, and a retirement from it under a heavy fire upon our troops from every hillside.

Morley to Minto. Mar. 14. I wish the Zakka Khels were behaving more sensibly. Of course if an expedition is not to be avoided I suppose an expedition there will have to be. Roos-Keppel is a very competent man, no doubt, and knows his ground, and personally I took a fancy to him. You warned me, though, that he is something of a fire-eater.

As to the posts of occupation, I see two objections at once. . . . My objections are, first, expense; for though an individual post costs no mountain or marvel of money, yet the policy is not cheap. Second, are our officers alive to the risk of these posts kindling the wrath of neighbouring tribes? I cannot ever forget the Tirah campaign of 1897-8, most instructive on the light it sheds on this sort of policy. On the whole, therefore, I shall need a tremendous weight of argument to induce me to accept the posts. . . .

Minto to Morley. Apr. 2. Our experiences in the Tirah campaign are certainly not pleasant to look back upon, but it is quite possible that if we had permanently occupied the Bazar Valley at that time, we should not have the present difficulty before us now.

At the moment there seems to be a feeling, even amongst the frontier tribes themselves, that the Zakka Khels have behaved very badly and deserve a licking.

However, with praiseworthy restraint, the Viceroy and Lord Kitchener so advised their frontier officers in dealing with the raiders that for a few months longer peace was kept. Morley was greatly pleased. It was his policy to keep the peace almost at any price.

In the autumn the war spirit showed itself afresh at other points along the frontier, and the correspondence was resumed in the same key:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 22. As to Waziristan, I have sent you a telegram announcing a recent raid into British territory by a force

of some three hundred men. The position is becoming intolerable. We know that two parties are at present out with the intention of murdering Crump, who has just left here on his way to Wano, and other gangs have been on the move in the hopes of killing a Sahib. I don't at all like the idea of waiting till they succeed.

At the present moment our information is not quite complete as regards the movements of the Mulla Powindah, but I am afraid, for the peace of the whole frontier, we shall have to undertake an expedition. Deane says that in doing so we run no risk of stirring up Afridi sympathy. Waziristan is rather an out-of-the-way corner; the Mahsuds are detested by their neighbours, and their castigation will be generally popular. . . .

Morley to Minto. Sept. 26. Talk of the Wild Cats, I expected you would tell me about Deane's visit and what he had said to you. From letters of the military species that come casually under my eye, I gather that the fire-eaters are anxious to make the Mahsud nuisance an excuse for a second Tirah campaign. We'll see about that! Meanwhile it is fair to warn you that, after the best consideration that I can give to the matter, I am convinced that we shall have no business to hold on after the thrashing has been administered, and that it will be my duty to ask His Majesty's Government to forbid it.

This drew a vigorous retort from Minto:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 16. The position is most difficult. We sent what amounted to an ultimatum to the Mahsuds in July, warning them that if they did not behave themselves the consequences would be most serious. Their only reply has been a raid by a force of unusual strength composed of all sections of the tribe into British territory, and an insolent letter to Crump in a tone of contempt and defiance, whilst a man has been arrested near the tennis ground at Wano who confesses that he was employed by the Mulla Powindah to assassinate Crump. . . .

But, putting these risks aside, we must also consider bigger possibilities, namely the effect of inaction on our part after our solemn warning. It appears to me certain that if we do nothing beyond a remonstrance we shall have a recrudescence of raids, and shall, in all probability, lose valuable lives, and, after a considerable loss of prestige, be forced into an expedition whether we like it or not. It is also very possible that our refusing to move now may convey

an idea of weakness not only to the Mahsuds, but to the frontier tribes generally, which might encourage a turbulence which we shall not be able to ignore, and which might commit us to operations on a much larger scale. . . .

I have thought it all over very carefully and have fully discussed the position with Lord K. . . . We both think that to enter Mahsud territory with the intention simply of punishing the tribe, and then retiring, would be full of the most unfortunate results. You know my intense dislike of what is called here the "steam-roller" policy, that is going into a country simply to burn and destroy all we can lay our hands on, and then going away again, leaving a starving population with their hatred for us increased a hundredfold. And not only this: our retirement would be credited to no feelings of generosity on our side, but simply to fear of the tribes . . . whilst our own soldiers would say, with truth, that their comrades who were killed had sacrificed their lives for nothing. I believe the bad effect of our evacuation of the Tirah—and evacuation is the very mildest word one can apply to it—has been great on the frontier, and will not be forgotten till we are forced again to show our strength.

Why should we leave a nest of cut-throats at our very doors when all our experience has taught us that the mere evidence of British strength means not only safety to ourselves, but happiness and prosperity to the districts we have pacified? It was, I think, only in 1897 or 1898 that we took the Malakand, and that district still remains tribally administered, and yet the only thing I was asked for by the tribal Jirga when I was lately at Dargai was an improved railway service, whilst beyond the Pass the fertility of the Swat Valley promises great things in the future. We have also the example of Baluchistan, and later the Kurrum Valley, and, moreover, putting aside the loss of life and property consequent upon perpetual frontier outrages, the pacification of Waziristan would, in the long run, be far less expensive than a succession of expeditions.

I hope when the occasion does arise to resort to force all this may be borne in mind.

The attitude of the Home Government was soon put beyond a doubt.

Morley to Minto. Dec. 5. Things may be tiresome, they always are tiresome in that delectable region . . . but I much applaud your caution with regard to punitive expeditions, and perhaps there is no

harm in my adding, after careful consideration, that, as at present advised, or as likely to be advised, His Majesty's Government will certainly refuse to set up permanent posts or anything else that is in the nature of annexation.

On receiving Morley's clear and definite statement of the policy of the Home Government, the Viceroy sought for some other solution than an expedition which, in such circumstances, with the limitations insisted on, would, he felt, lead merely to useless bloodshed, and he fell in with a suggestion from Sir Harold Deane that he should summon an Afridi Jirga to explain to the chiefs of the surrounding tribes that if they were unable to accept the responsibility of keeping the Zakka Khels, whose territory was within their administration, in proper order and control, we should be forced to take summary action. But the last hope of peaceful settlement failed. The raiders, growing bolder, made a night raid into Peshawar city, looting and murdering. The necessity for swift and drastic action was no longer a matter for debate.

Minto to Morley. Telegram. Jan. 31, 1908. We are unanimously of opinion that it is now absolutely necessary to vindicate our authority without delay, and to show our determination to protect life and property in British territory, and that the credit of Government demands immediate action....

Morley grudgingly replied:

Telegram. Feb. 2. Your proposal for immediate action is approved, subject to restrictions I imposed....

Telegram. Feb. 6. Please note that His Majesty's Government do not contemplate as possible any contingency in which they would permit occupation or annexation.... It is on this understanding that the expedition is approved and I rely on you to see that the military and political authorities not only endeavour to observe my orders, but actually do observe them.

Minto to Morley. Telegram. Feb. 15. The expedition starts at dawn tomorrow. General Sir James Willcocks in command, vested with full political control.... The end in view is strictly limited to the punishment of the Zakka Khels and neither immediately nor ultimately, directly or indirectly, will there be annexation of tribal territory....

Confirming this he wrote:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 19. Your orders have been quite clearly understood and I am anxious not to appear in any way to wish to evade them. . . . I am afraid we shall have in future to rely more upon regular troops or the creation of some force on more strictly military lines than that of the Border Police or Militia Levies. They have not been a success, and in view of possible criticism in the House of Lords by Curzon it is important that this should be borne in mind. There is a great deal to be said for the system he inaugurated, which was a substitution of tribal levies for regular troops in the hope of interesting the tribes themselves in the defence of the frontier; but neither the Border Police nor the Levies have been capable of filling the position from which the troops were withdrawn.

Moreover Curzon well knew the state of affairs. I have just been looking back at some of his notes. In the autumn of 1905 I find that the Foreign Department reported to him that "an unparallelled state of terror existed on the frontier between November 1904 and March 1905", and Curzon himself, very shortly before he left India, noted that "the present system is a scandal and strong measures are required to remedy it". But it was his own system. And yet in his farewell speech at the Byculla Club, though he knew that a few days before Captain Donaldson[1] had been murdered in Waziristan, he told his audience of the success of his policy, and that he had handed over a peaceful frontier to his successor. Subsequently, as you know, I had to pull up Deane for failing to report many raids, and it was evident that the peace of the frontier was a myth. . . .

It is interesting to add here an extract from the "Annual Statement prepared for presentation to Parliament, 1929-1930":

Amidst the unrest created by the Great War the Curzon system, like so many other institutions, collapsed. . . . All through the War it was a question, at any rate in Waziristan, of holding on grimly and waiting for better days. The third Afghan War which broke out in 1919 sent along the whole frontier a new wave of unrest which broke out in Waziristan in the bitterest and most determined fighting which the Government of India have ever had to undertake on the frontier. When peace was restored it was realized that the time had come to try to settle the political part of the frontier problem once for all, and that the attempt should begin in the old storm centre, Waziristan. The system thus adopted is. . . .

[1]The murder of Colonel Harman, to which reference is made on page 38, took place shortly after that of Captain Donaldson.

in the best meaning of the word, a "forward" policy, for it is a policy not of military conquest but of civilization.

The well-laid plans and close co-operation between Lord Kitchener and the Viceroy were successful beyond their hopes. The timely warning given to the Jirgas of the surrounding tribes had proved most salutary, and though the Zakkas, it was known, had sent emissaries among them, urging them to come and reinforce them for the fight, the tribes hesitated and hung back, and the game was lost. So expeditious was the British force that before the Zakkas had had time to occupy their posts of vantage, a surprise attack disorganized their plans. "Everything tends to show," wrote General Willcocks, "that we were not expected till to-morrow: the Zakka Khels were taken by surprise. We had one casualty".

Five days was sufficient to bring the Zakkas to their knees asking for terms, and by March 2, General Willcocks had telegraphed to Minto that terms were concluded, the situation was cleared up and the troops were on their way back to Jamrud. Minto communicated this good news to Morley, who was jubilant, and wrote:

Morley to Minto. Mar. 6. We Indians are all in great spirits here just now at the end of the Zakkas, and at its being a good end, and our gratification is shared to the full by all the rest of the world. I think the policy of His Majesty's Government has amply justified itself in the result, and the military part of the work has been evidently done to perfection. For this I cannot but feel that we owe Lord K. a special debt. I don't suppose that he had any particular taste for our policy of prompt and peremptory withdrawal, and yet he manifestly threw himself into the execution of it with as much care, skill and energy as if he thought it the best policy in the world. That's the true soldier.

Minto, however, was more cautious and restrained, and, writing on the same date, said:

Minto to Morley. Mar. 6. We must not be too sanguine, for, as I have told you in former letters, constantly recurring raids do not speak well for our system of frontier defence. . . .

Mar. 23. From a military point of view the most satisfactory features of the expedition were the ease and rapidity with which it was sent off, without any dislocation of separate commands, the excellence of the transport and supply arrangements, the signalling communications, and above all, the unexampled efficiency of the troops themselves in their knowledge of hill-fighting. They proved as good, or even better than the Zakkas among their own hills. It speaks volumes for the pains bestowed on their training. In 1897 the superiority of the tribes over us in the hills was very marked, and we suffered heavily, whilst I believe the Zakka losses on the present occasion exceed the whole tribal losses in the Tirah campaign, and our own losses have been extremely small.

By far the most striking characteristic of the expedition has been its political management by Roos-Keppel. He is very modest about what he has done, and though he has told me all there is to tell of importance I have heard much of him individually from others. The mere facts of his story are as thrilling as any novel. Willcocks is immensely impressed with him and speaks with admiration of his courage when he insisted on going out alone to meet the Zakkas when their Jirga came in from China, and when no one's life was safe outside their own line of pickets. But Roos-Keppel's personal friendship with the very men against whom we were fighting is the most attractive part of the story. Though his own Khyber Rifles were full of Zakkas they insisted on accompanying him to fight their own fathers and sons and blow up their paternal mansions, and I am told the first thing they said to him when they met him was: "Sahib, did we put up a good fight?" to which he answered: "I wouldn't have shaken hands with you unless you had".

He is unhappy about Dadi, the most powerful Zakka leader against us, who had been mortally wounded. He wrote Roos-Keppel a very nice letter from his death-bed saying how sorry he was for all that had occurred and that he fully realized the mistake he had made in relying upon assistance from Kabul! Mooltan too, the other great Zakka leader, the gentleman who resides at Hazarnao on the Afghan side, is also a great friend of Roos-Keppel's, and at one time stayed with him as his guest for three months. He was leader of the famous attack on Peshawar the other day, and wrote to Roos-Keppel afterwards saying he hoped he was not annoyed at what he had done! In fact these wild mountaineers have so many attractive qualities that one cannot help liking them.

As to Roos-Keppel himself he is very much more than a first-rate soldier. He is full of administrative ideas and possibilities for the future, entirely on the lines on which I have so often written to you —the growing necessity for a far better recognition of native demands to share with us in the responsibilities of government. Roos-Keppel, to my mind, is altogether an exceptional man whom we ought to utilize if opportunity offers. He has that strong personal individuality which goes for so very much in India.

The Viceroy's apprehensions as to the possibility of further trouble in the frontier regions were not ill-founded. The troops were hardly back in barracks before the news was received of fresh outrageous conduct by the tribes. This time it was from Wano, where the Mahsuds, from mere wanton wickedness, had murdered Mr. Crump's servant and secretary. Police parties had been sent out but failed to catch the culprits, who were a well-known gang, and harboured by the tribe. Mr. Crump, provoked by this dastardly outrage, held the whole tribe responsible, and seized as hostages 700 Mahsuds, with all their flocks and herds, until the criminals should be delivered over to him for summary justice. Though such reprisals were unusual, the Chief Commissioner, Sir Harold Deane, supported Mr. Crump and asked the Viceroy to uphold his action, and use the occasion to call the Mahsuds to account for many recent offences.

"This large seizure having been made," he telegraphed to the Viceroy, "it would certainly create trouble to release unconditionally, and it affords the Government a strong handle for settling outstanding cases with the Mahsuds. For this purpose the Mahsud Jirga should be at once summoned".

"The Government of India approve your proposal that the Jirga should be summoned at once," replied the Viceroy. "It is understood that you have issued necessary instructions to Mr. Crump not to take further action without consulting you, and that you have taken measures to distribute prisoners and give Crump all necessary support."

Minto informed the Secretary of State by telegram of this

fresh development on the frontier. He faithfully adhered to the policy of avoiding all military action, and impressed upon Sir Harold Deane to use his utmost endeavours to secure a peaceable settlement with the Jirga, without a threat of military force. Mahsuds who had lost their flocks and herds through Mr. Crump's prompt action, and whose efforts to recapture them had failed, were ready enough to come to terms, but the infection had spread beyond the confines of their Jirga, and even before they had assembled to meet Sir Harold Deane, new raids had taken place with looting and burning in various villages. The situation was an anxious one, and Minto wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Apr. 15. . . . Crump's decided action in seizing hostages in all probability saved us from the necessity of a blockade, or an expedition into Mahsud territory. He is a fine fellow and has done extremely well. . . . The report of the murder of his bearer and *munshi* will no doubt be sent to the India Office in the usual way. It was a peculiarly brutal affair, and there is no doubt that the life of a British officer was aimed at. I confess I am in constant trepidation of atrocities in Waziristan which may force an expedition upon us; and, putting myself in Crump's place, I can well conceive his anxiety for the better protection of British lives, which will, I am afraid, eventually have to be obtained by some military action.

Of course there will always be a longing for expeditions among young frontier soldiers—we should not be what we are if it were otherwise—but with those in responsible positions the feeling is, I believe, entirely the reverse; partly because, putting the Mahsuds aside, there would appear to be some chance of a better understanding with the tribes, and partly because everyone knows what a serious affair a frontier war would now be.

Conditions did not improve; clashes occurred in several districts between the Levies and opposing tribes, and it became essential again to move troops to the scene of trouble. Lord Kitchener went to the frontier to discover the true state of affairs.

The excitement had spread apace, and small bands of raiders had merged together, forming the nucleus of a formidable force, while fanatical preaching by the mullas of a "holy war"

was bringing in recruits from all the country round. The leaders did their utmost to provoke the British to attack. General Willcocks telegraphed on April 21:

At 8 o'clock this morning a party of Mohmands crossed our Border in the open and fired on our standing patrol west of the Camp. The patrol was withdrawn, as I am endeavouring to show that we are here in a purely protective advanced position. But as the Mohmands kept in the open ground, I fired three shells and dispersed them. Whoever their parties are, they are evidently doing their best to draw us across the Border, but they will not do so unless they attack us in force.

The same day it became clear that there was nothing for it but to administer a lesson to the tribes, and Sir Harold Deane telegraphed to the Viceroy:

I am definitely of the opinion that a sufficiently strong force should be organized at Shabkadr to assume the offensive, as the longer this gathering under fanatical mullas remains in its present position, the greater the possibility of a big fanatical outbreak. . . .

Minto recorded for Morley his own explanation of the renewed unrest:

Minto to Morley. Apr. 23. My mind is full of affairs on the frontier, and I am anxiously awaiting news from K. who tells me that he has been trying to get the situation clear in his head but has evidently found it very involved. . . .

The origin of all this tribal excitement is a mystery. To a certain extent it may be the aftermath of the Zakka Expedition. If we had not got out of the Bazar Valley when we did we should undoubtedly have had to deal with large bodies of Afghan tribesmen who were only waiting for an opportunity to join in against us. The fighting in Bazar has, I suspect, unsettled the whole frontier. Our evacuation of the Valley was talked of in Afghanistan as a retreat, and there was apparently a general determination among many who were too late for the fray not to be despoiled of the fun of a fight. All this unrest has now been taken advantage of by the mullas, who are preaching a *Jehad*.[1] The Hazrat Sahib of Charbagh is, I believe a sort of Father Confessor to the Amir, and it seems more than probable that Nasrulla is doing all he can to foment the movement against us. . . .

[1] *Jehad*=A holy war.

I have to-day sent a message to the Amir, recognizing the difficulties with which he has to deal, but at the same time strongly pressing upon him the necessity of his making some effort to restrain his tribesmen.

During the following week the British troops took the offensive, though keeping strictly inside British territory, and so sharp and effective were their attacks and so severe the casualties inflicted on the tribesmen, that in a few days rumours began to reach the British lines of a dispirited and dwindling force of Mohmands, disheartened by the decimation of their ranks, and by the death from wounds of two notorious leaders. On the 6th May Minto was able to telegraph to Morley:

Telegram, Minto to Morley. May 6. The Sufi Sahib has retreated into Afghanistan. The Bazar Valley and the frontier are now clear of the enemy. All quiet in Mohmand country.

On the same date he wrote:

I earnestly hope that by the time you get this things on the frontier will not have again changed for the worse. I am sanguine, I know, but I believe we shall tide over our present troubles. . . . My endeavour has been to confine the whole position with which we have had to deal within tribal limits. . . . I mean I have done all I can to discourage the idea that we are at war with Afghanistan, an idea which people here have been far too inclined to jump at and which, according to Reuter, would appear to have gained ground at home. It is certainly disagreeably evident that Nasrulla has done all in his power to stir up hostilities against us, whilst the Amir has made little, if any, effort to prevent them. Still it is only fair to recollect the difficulties with which he is surrounded, to say nothing of the enormous political importance to us of maintaining good relations with him. . . . It is almost impossible that the Amir would do anything so suicidal as to come to blows with us.

. . . The behaviour of our own tribes has been very satisfactory. Swat has kept quiet and has given a valuable proof of what our tribal control can do, and we have to thank the remarkable personal influence of Roos-Keppel for the steadfastness of the Afridis and Zakkas. Men such as he are very rare. . . .

. . . It always seems to me that a heavy responsibility is thrown upon us in requiring Crump and the British officers with him to serve under the conditions they do. Every frontier officer accepts the risk of *ghazi*, but what Crump and his comrades have to face from day to day is the constant chance of planned assassination. I often think that people at home cannot realize the strain which such an existence means: to know that you can't leave your house for a few yards in safety to play lawn tennis; that you are never safe anywhere; to have your servant and secretary brutally murdered, and to know that it is only constant care and courage which can save you and your brother officers from a similar fate, is a high trial to undergo for long. Whilst we all know that, with very little expenditure, Waziristan could be made as safe as any other part of the frontier, to the general delight not only of neighbouring British subjects, but of all surrounding tribes, for the Mahsuds are universally hated. . . .

In spite of the many rumours of official encouragement from Kabul of the tribal rising, Minto continued to have faith in the personal friendship of the Amir, and in confirmation of his confidence, he received the following letter, dated Kabul, May 5:

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, LORD MINTO,

I am very sorry about the disturbances of the Mohmand people, and Your Excellency's friend never likes that such actions should happen on the frontier; but imprudent people are always trying for such foundationless action. It is a great pity. I have issued orders to all my Sirdars and officials on the frontier that they should try their best to stop the people from going to help the Mohmands. In regard to this I have written to my friend, Sir Henry McMahon and also to Colonel Roos-Keppel, and hope Your Excellency will have known about them. It is quite necessary that my friend should peruse the copies of said letters. We must be greatly thankful that the friendship between both the Afghan Government and the Government of Great Britain is fenced to the highest point, if it please God the Almighty. The actions of the ignorants, and the criticisms of the calumniators will never disturb the said friendship, especially when such a dear friend as Your Excellency and as we know each other fully, is governing India. . . .

For the rest I am always fond of my friend's good health.

Your friend, etc.

In sending a copy of this letter to Morley, Minto wrote: "I have dictated the letter as regards punctuation and spelling as it

reached me: he enclosed the Persian copy, but I suspect this English translation is written in the Amir's own handwriting. Of course this letter is extremely private. Personally I can never believe in the hypocrisy required to render it insincere".

A week later he had to write:

Minto to Morley. May 13. We have, after all, been let in for a Mohmand expedition. I had hoped it would have been unnecessary . . . but there were insulting messages from some of the tribal sections which, with a view to the future peace of the frontier, we could not ignore. Willcocks advanced today. . . . We hope that the expedition may be completed within a fortnight. . . . At one time the position undoubtedly seemed extremely critical, and it was rendered very much more so by the excitement on both sides of the frontier and the almost universal assumption that we were on the verge of war with Afghanistan. . . . My object has been to keep ourselves absolutely in the right and to remain strongly on the defensive, avoiding aggressive action until we were forced into it. Of course if the Afridis and Zakkas had joined in against us we should have been in for a great tribal war, to say nothing of Afghanistan, and that they did not do so is undoubtedly due to the strong personality of Roos-Keppel. As to the part played by the Amir I am mystified: The evidence of the sympathy of Nasrulla with the tribal rising against us in Ningrahar is overwhelming and there is no doubt that Afghan Khassadars formed a large part of the forces opposed to us, and that the *Lashkars* were assisted in every way by Afghan officials. But I am extremely doubtful as to the amount of blame we can fairly attribute to the Amir, and believe that on the whole the view I have always held of his action, or inaction, has been the right one, namely that his control over his frontier tribes and frontier officers is almost nominal, and that the political power of his brother, and the fanatical influences with which he is surrounded, have made it extremely difficult for him to forbid a border warfare against the "infidels". . . .

By May 25 General Willcocks reported that the tribes were prepared to negotiate terms, and on June 2 Minto telegraphed:

All fines were paid by May 31, and hostages released. Entire force is now back in Peshawar District. We consider the result of the expedition

highly satisfactory and that it reflects much credit on General Willcocks, and his chief political officer, Major Blakewey, who were working under great difficulties. . . .

And he wrote: "Long before you get this Willcocks will be in India again. He has done capitally both as to military work and settlement with the tribes."

The following paragraph appears in one of Minto's letters a few weeks later:

Minto to Morley. June 18. Simla has been full of frontier celebrities. Roos-Keppel and the McMahons are staying with us, charming people both of them. I mean to have a long talk with McMahon about the Amir and the Anglo-Russian Convention before my next letter to you. . . .

Godfrey[1] from the Malakand is also in Simla. He did capitally. His reports are sometimes very amusing. I don't know whether you ever see them, but he hardly ever misses a chance of a Latin quotation. These afforded a good deal of amusement in his heliographic correspondence with the Mohmand Field Force, and though they were very short of signallers the quotations continued merrily, till one fine day, after a long series of flashes, a message ended up with "sic transit gloria Monday". This was bad enough, but when a few hours afterwards the Force was excited by the sight of more flashes and the message was deciphered to mean: "for *Monday* read *mundi*", Willcocks said he really couldn't stand it any longer and the quotations must cease!

[1]Political Agent. Our host at Malakand Fort in 1906. *See* p. 34.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND: 1908

Journal, January 25, 1908. (*Calcutta.*) There has been little to record of social interest since January 1. We have had the usual ceaseless stream of visitors to entertain. Our one excitement has been the Ladies' Steeplechase at Tollygunge for the Calcutta Cup, in which all the hard-riding ladies compete.

Minto had given Violet permission to ride Captain Holden's celebrated horse *Lord Harry*, which had never before been ridden by a lady. Our hopes were high, as Violet is a first-rate rider, Minto having spared no pains in teaching her, but she has had no cross-country experience. There were thirteen starters. It is a difficult twisty course, just under three miles, with six high walls and four fences. During the night a thunderstorm had made the going sticky. Minto had told Violet to go steady at first and then, for the final fences, to send *Lord Harry* along for all he was worth. The Staff were in a twitter of excitement; Minto and I were too anxious to speak. We watched the start, the riders crashing past us over the first fence. One fell; we saw a fair-haired rider lying on the ground, and for one awful moment thought it was Violet, then, to our relief, she came galloping round the corner. She cleared the last fence beautifully, looking round with the *savoir-faire* of an old jockey to see how much she had in hand, and won easily by several lengths. It was a fine performance and we both felt elated and excited: Minto said nothing had pleased him so much for years, and the Staff were all as proud as possible.

Minto recently had rather an unusual experience. He was returning from Barrackpore to Calcutta to attend a Council Meeting: it happened to be the final day of the Mahommedan Muhurrum Festival, and the usual road was impassable. Hanson, the private detective, was on the box of the car directing the chauffeur through the intricate bazaars in the suburbs of the city. In one of the most densely populated streets the car broke down. The only available vehicle in which

to continue the journey was a third-class *tikka gharri* in which no respectable native would set foot. This was hurriedly hired, and the Viceroy and his Military Secretary seated themselves inside, together with two dogs and many boxes of files and papers. Hanson, whose proportions are considerable, squeezed himself on to the box beside the driver, and an entry to Government House past the astonished Guard was thus effected. Hanson dryly remarked that the Viceroy had never had a safer drive through Calcutta, as no one would ever suspect that he could be the occupant of such a disreputable conveyance.

A much more disagreeable adventure occurred one day when Minto and Violet, after a walk in the garden, were about to enter the lift. From a dark corner a kraite, the most deadly of all snakes, uncurled itself and darted towards them; the hall was luckily full of servants, who rushed forward with shouts and cries, and flinging a rug over the kraite, beat it to death. Who introduced the snake into the lift remains a mystery.

In August 1907 our second daughter, Ruby, had become engaged to Rowland Errington, Lord Cromer's son, and in February I returned home to England, with Violet, for the wedding. In Minto's journal, scantily kept during those years, he wrote:

Minto's Journal, 1908. "Mary and Vi left for home at the end of March for Ruby's marriage. It is the first time Vi and I have ever been separated, except when I went home from Canada for the Coronation. Except for the Staff I am now absolutely alone".

Minto to his wife. Feb. 27. Calcutta. I am terribly lonely; it is too dismal, and I long for the time when you will be coming back. . . . Give my best love to everyone you think worthy of it, also to those that *I* think worthy of it, and I am an excellent judge!

Morley's letters to me are most friendly, but he is very touchy and easily takes offence. He has now closed the Baker[1] controversy on the lines that we all here took the matter far too seriously. . . .

[1]A controversy had occurred between the Viceroy and the Secretary of State as to the right of the latter to correspond direct with high officials in India, without the correspondence going through the Viceroy. Minto asserted that such procedure was out of order and would create an impossible situation.

Lady Minto to her husband. Mar. 13. (*London.*) We are most comfortably established in Maudie Warrender's delightful house, 23 Gt. Cumberland Place.

There is so much to tell you, but I will begin with the most important thing, which is my interview with Morley. He came yesterday and we talked for nearly two hours. He was quite charming, and as he left I said to him: "I can anyhow feel that you are satisfied with the way things are going in India". He answered: "Everything is going excellently, in fact I am swimming on a popular tide through virtues which are not my own." Isn't that delightful! We spoke of the social side of the life; I told him that 5000 people had enjoyed hospitality at Government House in three months. He held up his hands in horror. I explained that we had stopped endless extravagances and that the establishment is now being run on more satisfactory lines.

With regard to the future Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, he seems not to approve of Baker. I said I feared there was no one else suitable. He replied that this appointment was the only question on which you and he had seriously differed: that he had never worked with anyone with greater pleasure than with you, as you are so temperate, so sensible and so far-seeing. . . . He told me he thought O'Dwyer was the coming man, and said: "I have got my eye on him."

He is chuckling with joy over the Zakka Khel Expedition having terminated so successfully: "The cheapest expedition that has ever taken place! K. behaved splendidly," he said, "and followed instructions to the letter".

We touched on the subject of the Kabul river railway, which I am afraid he intends to stop. We did not discuss the Native Member question; but he was in a wonderful mood and evidently delighted with himself. Sir Arthur Godley says that he (Morley) exclaimed the other day: "I am daily appearing in a new light: to-day I am a great War Minister, and to-morrow I have to make a Bishop!" (the news of the death of the Bishop of Bombay having just arrived). . . .

Minto to his wife. Mar. 19. (*Barrackpore.*) I see an absurd story about stone-throwing has got into the papers.[1] We did all we could to stop it, and I did not mention it to you for fear you might be frightened. Stones were thrown at the car several times; once when some of the

[1]Minto deliberately made light of these episodes in order to avoid alarming me.

Aides were in it, and twice when I was in it. The last time was when we were returning from the races; a stone smashed the window and whizzed past my nose. We stopped the car but of course could catch no one. Since then the streets have been plastered with mounted police, galloping and signalling whenever I appear, and the crowd is kept back everywhere. But the whole thing has been ridiculously exaggerated by the papers. One poor little boy of twelve was caught, and no doubt he was one of the culprits. There were a lot of loose stones lying about and he could not resist the temptation. He got fined Rs. 15, but he amused himself by throwing stones at other cars besides ours. It was simply a piece of boyish mischief. What the newspapers say is absolute bosh. . . .

Both my speeches to the Hindu Deputation and at Convocation appear to have given satisfaction. Hensman of the *Pioneer* told Dunlop that my answer to the Hindus was quite as good as to the Mahommedans. I am sending you an extract of my letter to Morley of this mail.

In my speech at Convocation I took very much the same line as I did in my reply to the Hindus, viz.: the opportunity offered by hostels for the development of the residential system, and the possibilities of denominational hostels in connection with religious instruction. Of course in this direction the Government of India can do nothing. From the nature of things in India we are pledged to an entirely secular educational administration. At the same time it is quite clear that if nothing but intellectual teaching is instilled into boys who have had no moral training whatever, in their homes or in their schools, we run the risk of creating a class peculiarly devoid of that strength of moral character which should constitute the foundation upon which every nation should rely. . . . In the old days education and religion went hand in hand, but a complete change has come with our administration, and, as far as we are concerned, there is, in the education we supply, no moral control over Indian youth. Thoughtful Natives are beginning clearly to see this. The schools and colleges of Eastern Bengal becoming, as they have in many cases, the centres of political agitation, have given plenty of examples of the mischief that may be done, and I hope there is a general growing wish in Native society to correct the evil.

Last Tuesday I presided at a meeting at the Town Hall to start a Famine Fund, very badly attended on the part of the Europeans, which was pretty bad form as there was a very large requisition on their part for me to preside. It is not quite such a severe famine as in 1897 or in 1900, but still very severe. I have given Rs. 2000.

Minto to his wife. Mar. 19. Morley has fired off an incomprehensible telegram about reduction in military expenses, just before Baker makes his financial statement for the Budget to-morrow! K. is much upset about it; but we have only got the telegram, and what he means will not be clear until we get the despatch. In the meantime it has put a stop to all sorts of important work. It won't save him a penny this year, as the work in hand must go on . . . and it won't ever save anything unless he means to stop the whole of K.'s reorganization, in which case everything will have to be left incomplete and in a state of chaos, and buckets-full of money will have been spent for nothing, and very likely I should think K. will chuck the whole thing and go home. Of course Morley is no doubt tremendously pressed by the House of Commons to reduce expenditure, and possibly when the despatch comes things may be better than they now appear, but really the obstruction over military expenditure has been inconceivable!

However, Morley, notwithstanding his extraordinary peculiarities, is delightful in many ways. In one of his last letters he tells me he is not a vain man. Oh Himmel!

Lady Minto to her husband. Mar. 28. (*London.*) I lunched a few days ago with the Prince and Princess of Wales and remained on, talking about Indian affairs. They both sent you lots of messages.

I hear that in a recent speech in the House of Lords on India, Curzon talked like a schoolmaster and said he wished he could show their Lordships what he wanted to convey on a map as he knew that otherwise they would not be able to follow him. Their Lordships resented being told they were so ignorant.

Yesterday Sir Arthur Godley came to see me, and it was most satisfactory to hear that everyone at the India Office thinks you have done splendidly. He spoke of the press not giving you sufficient credit and suggested that Dunlop should give Reuter's agent more information. Morley also mentioned this to me. He thinks it should be easy to control the press and that it certainly ought to be done, and that far from putting the Viceroy under an obligation, it is just the other way round: the correspondent, by obtaining reliable information, becomes an important personage and owes his prestige to the Viceroy's kind consideration.

Mr. Ritchie, who came to see me this evening, took the same view. He said: "Look how cleverly K. manages the press; he gets

just the right thing said." Then he added: "It is such a pity that people in England do not know the whole truth." He told me that when Morley was appointed the officials at the India Office all wondered how you would get on with him. Now they know that nothing will upset you and that you have taken the only wise and possible course and have gained Morley's complete trust and confidence. Morley, he said, had spoken in glowing terms of the management of the Zakka Khel Expedition, and also the Legislative Council business, adding: "I have the very highest opinion of Lord Minto's statesmanship. We have not another man in England who would have done it half so well. In spite of not having had any political training, there he is, carrying everything through with tact and judgment as if he had been doing it all his life".

I told Mr. Ritchie I thought people in England did not realize the weight of your responsibilities. He answered: "I don't agree. If you were to take ten people out of the crowd at your daughter's wedding and ask them who was governing India, nine of the ten would answer 'Lord Minto', and five of them", he added, with a twinkle, "would know that Lord Minto is keeping Mr. Morley out of mischief!"

Mr. Hirtzel[1] tells me that Morley is going to the Lords and that it will be announced after Easter. He also said that it is a great relief being such a happy family at the India Office.

Minto to his wife. Apr. 3. (*Gwalior.*) We left Calcutta on Saturday, arriving here on Monday morning. The heat has been intense: 103 in the shade, and generally a fiery wind blowing. This house is arranged to catch all the heat it can, and the dinners are of the hottest description! Mulligatawny soup, rich French sauces, etc.

On Tuesday I got a good tiger, 9 ft. 6 in. I made a long galloping shot at him with my 375 and hit him again with my paradox. We found him dead in the nullah. On Wednesday also we had a very good shoot. In this country one shoots entirely from towers, they seem to be built all over the place. It is much better sport than I expected; one sees everything capitally, though I would rather be in a *machan* by myself.

Minto to his wife. Apr. 9. (*Sipri.*) While at Gwalior I had one most amusing evening. I had asked to pay my respects to the Maharani, so after dinner we journeyed to the Ladies' quarters and I sat and

[1]Permanent Secretary at the India Office.

talked to Scindia and the Maharani, who was of course behind the purdah. I then asked her to sing. She loves Scotch songs and sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye". I could not see her properly, though she sometimes almost put her head through the curtain. She has a very nice little voice and sang "Juanita" and "The Swanee River", and I helped her with the chorus. It was too funny. The piano and myself on one side of the purdah and the Maharani on the other. But I really think it is an excellent plan for girls!

It is really most curious that old Sir Thomas Hislop, my grandfather, finally broke up the Mahratta power under Holkar in 1817 at the battle of Mahidpore, not far from here, and that now I should be singing songs with Scindia's wife, Scindia of course being the representative of the Mahrattas of the present day!

I have been so excited in reading the accounts by Reuter of Ruby's wedding. It seems to have gone off splendidly, but I long to hear how Larry gave the bride away, and what the "going-away" dress was like. Those dresses last some time if put away and brought out again! I think I have got mine still!

Your political news, your accounts of your talks with Morley and all the rest, interest me more than I can say. With all his many good points I sometimes marvel that I have got on with Morley as well as I have, considering how ultra-sensitive he is. I have written every letter lately to humour him with the turn of a phrase; always insisting on what I think right, and I shall always do so, but the trouble of framing every sentence, in telegrams as well as letters, so as not to wound his feelings and yet to get what one wants is untold.

As to my being run by K. we both know quite well that the aim and object of some people has been to make us fall out. All I can say is that I have found him the most level-headed, cautious man I know, and he has over and over again offered to accept my opinion without any question as to his own. I believe that unless some great matter of principle were involved he would always give in readily to me against his own opinions, but, as a matter of fact, on important matters, I always find myself in agreement with him. Army machinery I understand, I suppose, better than any recent Viceroy, and K. and I entirely agree about such things. . . . If people choose to think he runs me I must put up with it, as I have had to do many other things, but I shall always go my own way, whatever people think. Few people ever succeeded to such a difficult position as I had to deal with when I took over the reins. George Curzon as a pre-

decessor, Morley as Secretary of State, with everyone assuming that K. was impossible to manage! Bosh! I shall go on as I have always done. I never expect to get much in the way of thanks or acknowledgment, but somehow people always seem very glad to employ me if there is a chance, and I will be hanged if I ever black anyone's boots with a view to public acknowledgment.

Lady Minto to her husband. Apr. 9. (*London.*) Ruby's wedding went off beautifully, the only sadness was your absence. Larry did his part admirably. It was a high trial for him standing just in front of the Queen. I felt so sad when it came to: "Who giveth this woman away?" The Queen turned round and gave me a look with one of her charming smiles to show she understood how much I was missing you. The Queen and the Dowager-Empress of Russia and Princess Victoria came into the vestry and signed the register and left immediately by the side door. It seems the police are always nervous about the Empress. . . .

Minto to his wife. Apr. 15. (*Gwalior.*) Yesterday we shot our twentieth tiger, and I tried to fix the scene in my memory. I sitting under a shelter of leaves with three tigers lying at my feet and a beautiful old tree in the foreground. On the left a group of Lancers with their pennons fluttering; on the right some infantry with piled arms, and standing round me my own Staff and Scindia and his Staff. A very curious sight, if one thinks of it. The great Mahratta chief, and his best officers and my own A.D.C.'s, every one of whom has served in active warfare. It was a very striking picture of the stuff of which the Empire is made.

Later. Just in, having shot the biggest tiger of the whole shoot, 9 ft. 8½ in. I am really conceited, as I killed him dead as he was going up a hill at between two and three hundred yards. I had had two very long shots at him before I hit him, but he was then under a ledge of rock and we had great difficulty in getting him out. . . .

I do hope you are having a rest, and mind, if you think it too hot to come out in May, I must make the best of it, but I am longing to have you back.

Lady Minto to her husband. Apr. 24. (*Minto.*) Lord Roberts came to luncheon before I left London and sent you many messages. He says the ignorance of people at home is deplorable; it is folly not trying some conciliatory policy on the North-West Frontier, such as has

proved so satisfactory in the Swat Valley. He said: "I shall have to wait till Minto comes home; it is useless my talking to anyone here; they all belong to the old-fashioned school".

We discussed the Kabul River route, and he told me how pleased he was to think you had managed to convert Lord Kitchener.

The time at Minto seemed all too short. I took Esmond to Eton for the first time. It was desperate saying goodbye, and seeing his lonely little figure in his Eton clothes and top hat, waving as my train steamed out of Windsor station. It was a comfort next morning to get a farewell letter from him in which he said: "Nothing was more horrible than saying goodbye" but adding bravely that he would not be selfish, remembering how lonely and sad his father must be all by himself. He ended: "I will work my hardest and best to get on here".

Lady Minto to her husband. (*London.*) *Apr.* 28. Morley came to luncheon yesterday and talked for two solid hours. "If the Viceroy and I agree," he said, "as I have every intention we shall, I believe we could carry any point we liked".

While he was sitting with me your cypher cable was brought me. I said: "I am afraid this may mean that I shall have to beg for another interview."

"Don't hesitate," he replied: "if it is anything of importance".

Minto's telegram to me read:

Telegraphed some days ago to the Secretary of State strongly recommending Baker to succeed Fraser [as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal]. Have also urged it by letter. He has not replied. If you see him you can say that this appointment is absolutely necessary in the light of political unrest, and there is no one else suitable for the post, and that, in the present difficult situation, I must be supported in my choice for such appointments. Affairs are most critical on the frontier, and may react on unrest in India."

After deciphering this cable I wrote to ask for another appointment with the Secretary of State, but when I called at the India Office I found Morley in no conciliatory mood. He adhered to his argument that the appointment of Lieutenant-

Governors rested with the Secretary of State and that he would not "have his hand forced", nor would he appoint the "Viceroy's pigmy friend[1]". I was as persuasive as possible and begged him to realize Minto's position in having to deal with the present serious crisis, and pointed out that everything depended upon his having the support of officials on whom he could rely. He began to relent, and, as I was leaving, he said: "I am in a bad temper to-day; I am unhappy at having to leave the House of Commons which has been the scene of all my parliamentary tussles, and I have no wish to go to the Lords". As he held my hand, saying good-bye, he added kindly: "Don't be uneasy. I will do as you wish".

I was touched next morning at receiving the following letter:

INDIA OFFICE,
WHITEHALL.
May 4, 1908.

DEAR LADY MINTO,

I hope I was not too intolerably bearish. If I was you will forgive a much pressed man on a day when he is horribly depressed at being transmuted from a plain man into a peer. (Yes, no affectation, I assure you.)

I may perhaps swallow Baker, but nothing can persuade me that —— is fit to be —— Minister. There I must, on my official conscience, be inexorable, and there at any rate my responsibility is undivided.

Please be sure that both on Saturday and to-day your kindness has done a real public service.

With many thanks to you, and all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MORLEY.

Minto to his wife. May 19. (*Simla.*) I must send a few lines to greet you at Bombay. You will have seen all the frontier news in the papers. It has been a very ticklish business; everyone of course jumped to the conclusion that we were at war with Afghanistan. . . .

Things are now returning to their normal state. Morley has been comparatively quiet all through the frontier business—I think he felt that for once the situation was too dangerous, and that he had better leave the whole responsibility on us, or rather upon me. I have held two Councils lately for the sake of telling Members the state of

[1]Sir Edward Baker was exceptionally short.

affairs, otherwise it is waste of time, as no one but K. and I really understand the geography of the frontier. . . .

Your garden will, I hope, be looking lovely when you arrive. I am so longing to walk round it with you. I hope you won't leave me again, I have had an awful time. I am dreading the journey across the Plains for you. I shall look out for your landau rounding the corner at Solon where I shall meet you.

Journal, May. (*S.S. Persia.*) The day before I left London for India the King and Queen kindly invited me to luncheon with them to say goodbye: there was no party. I had some talk with the King about the frontier troubles and the horrible bomb outrages. His Majesty was exceedingly kind and sent many messages to Minto, begging me to tell him that he sympathized with him in all his troubles. Towards the end of luncheon the Prince of Wales' children came in. They all first kissed the King's hand, and the tiny boy then clambered on to his knee and amused himself by unwrapping chocolates and crowning the King with the silver paper. They all seemed devoted to the Queen, and are evidently not in the least afraid of their grandparents. It was such a happy party of children.

While I was in England Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died and Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister. I met the latter at dinner at the Arthur Sassoons' just before this happened.

May 30. I reached Bombay on the 22nd May, meeting Colonel Dunlop, who was on his way home on leave. Our party on the special train which left Bombay that evening consisted of myself, Captain Jelf, our new A.D.C., and Sir Louis Dane.

My carriage was fitted up with kaskas tatties (matting blinds) through which water trickles, making a cool draught as the train moves. There were six large baths filled with ice in my two rooms, and electric fans in full play. The first night was fairly cool, going through the Ghats, but the next morning it began to warm up. Every window and shutter was closed to exclude the hot outer air. I sat in darkness, reading by the light of an electric lamp. By and by I began to feel as if I was in an oven. I opened the door for a second, but was almost knocked down by the rush of scorching air that beat against my face. I tried going into the dining-saloon for luncheon, but could not face it, and the opening of the door for a moment by the *khitmatgar* who brought in a tray of food, made

the carriage almost unbearable. The fiery heat seemed to swallow up the pyramids of ice, which were frequently replenished throughout the day. It got hotter and hotter. I began to think I must be in the infernal regions. I lay on my bed in the thinnest garments; the sheets seemed to scorch my skin; I could not put my head on the pillow for the same reason. The sides of the railway carriage seemed made of matchwood: my eyes were like coals of fire, making reading impossible. The thermometer in my carriage was 119°.

At 4 o'clock we arrived at Gwalior. The Maharajah came to my carriage: I received him in semi-darkness. When he proposed that I should come and have tea in a *shamiana* at the station, I hesitated. How could I face getting out into that burning fiery furnace! He said the Maharani had come on purpose to see me, so I had to put on my sun-hat and get out of the train. I hurried through the thirty yards of fierce heat that separated my carriage from the *shamiana*, but instead of entering a furnace, as I had anticipated, I found myself in a cool bower of flowers. These *shamianas* are made of matting, and are kept at a perfect temperature by an army of coolies who continuously pour water over them. The Maharajah introduced me to the Maharani, Chinkoo, a tiny little lady, pretty and attractive. Her embroidered dress was cut low, and her neck was entirely covered by rows of enormous diamonds, while her arms were encased in bangles of precious stones. Scindia was charming: delighted at the success of his shooting expedition for the Viceroy. He is terribly upset at the bomb development and spoke most strongly of the importance of not losing a moment in enforcing the most stringent penalties.

At Delhi that evening the Resident came to the station to pay his respects and to make sure that we were still alive. We had struck the hottest day of the year to cross the Scinde desert.

This experience has made me understand the grave risk of attempting to travel in an ordinary railway carriage before the monsoon breaks, and I realized what the twenty-five poor soldiers who had died of heat-stroke at Karachi on entering a sun-baked train must have suffered. The heat continued throughout the night, but early the next morning we arrived at Kalka and started on our sixty-mile drive. The mountain air was like heaven after what we had endured. Minto met me at Solon, and our thirty-mile drive to Simla passed like a flash.

A hill Rajah lives near Solon, and I was rather embarrassed when,

on arrival, he came forward and presented me with a panther that had been caught alive. It was crouching, growling angrily, in a cage and occasionally flying against the bars, which did not look oversecure. I was obliged to accept the gift, and the panther, which could hardly be described as a domestic animal, was brought on a trolley to Simla, the coolies naturally not enjoying its proximity. I cannot imagine what the Rajah thought I should do with his present. The panther became so savage that no one dared approach the cage. To our relief, Sir Pertab Singh, who is staying with us, volunteered to shoot him, but insisted that he should be enlarged. The cage was removed one morning at an early hour to Annandale, and a contrivance arranged for opening the door with a cord. The whole Staff attended, armed with rifles, as we were terrified the panther might escape, and devour the children and ayahs who make a playground of Annandale. Luckily, Sir Pertab shot him straight through the head as he sprang from the cage.

There has lately been a scare caused by a panther at Mashobra. The head *mali* (gardener) heard a rustling in the bushes and thought it was caused by monkeys. He went for his gun to scare them away and, returning to the spot, found himself face to face with a panther. He emptied his single-barrel gun at its head and fortunately killed it. I had been told that panthers roam the Mashobra woods, and am sorry to find it is true.

I am thankful I did not know the extent of the bomb activities while I was away. In January the police became aware that bombs were being manufactured in Calcutta, but they were unable to trace the factory until a few weeks ago. Every time Minto drove through the crowded part of the city on his way to Barrackpore, the Staff told me, they were in agonies. Five times stones were thrown at the car, and on one occasion a huge brick splintered the window, missing Minto's head by an inch, and yet they didn't dare pause for fear a bomb might be placed in front of the car while they were waiting. The headquarters of these anarchists has been discovered, and Minto is sending home a strong telegram saying he will be forced to make use of the same Law as was introduced by the Liberal Government in 1883, viz.: that anyone discovered possessing explosives will be liable to imprisonment for a term of years. Also the newspapers which are preaching murder and sedition are to be liable to prosecution and suppression. All the culprits who have been

caught so far have confessed that it is the press which has goaded them on to attempt these outrages. . . .

Minto is the last person to worry about personal precautions, so I have begged Victor Brooke to conceal nothing from me to enable me to co-operate with him. Minto dislikes police protection; it is irksome to him to know that a detective is shadowing him, and he enjoys, when out walking at Simla, giving his protector the slip by doubling back by an unexpected mountain pathway, or walking down a precipitous khud. In despair the poor harassed detective returns to Viceregal Lodge to confess that he has lost the Viceroy.

June. (*Simla.*) We have received interesting letters from Dunlop Smith, who is home on leave. He has seen Morley several times and has discussed the critical state of affairs with him and tells me Morley said: "In Lord Minto we have at present our greatest asset in India."

CHAPTER XIX

THE QUESTION OF AN INDIAN MEMBER OF COUNCIL

MINTO's Reform Scheme was being drawn up as a Parliamentary Bill as fast as circumstances would allow. He was anxious that the fanatical outbreaks should not delay it, for he was convinced that when thinking Indians once realized that Government was honestly attempting to meet their reasonable claims, it would do much to strengthen their loyalty.

Morley to Minto. May 7. I trust and fully believe that you will not judge me to be callous, sitting comfortably in an armchair at Whitehall, while bombs are scattering violent death in India, . . . while all sorts and conditions of men and women in India are enveloped in possibilities of hideous horrors like those of fifty years ago. This is all as much to me as it can be to you or to anybody else. All I can say is that we have to take every precaution that law and administration can supply us with, and then, and meanwhile, to face what comes in the same spirit of energy and stoicism combined, in which great generals face a dangerous, prolonged and hazardous campaign. . . . But I am determined that we must persevere with liberal and substantial reforms. Perhaps wider than those in your original sketch.

Minto to Morley. July 1. As to Reforms, I don't want to pledge myself to opinions till I have had more time to consider them. But notwithstanding the opposition we should meet with I believe that nothing would tend more to prove the genuineness of our attempts at reform than the appointment of a Native Member to the Viceroy's Council. . . . I am afraid that, in our Advisory Councils and enlarged Legislative Councils, there must be a want of reality in respect to the greater popular powers we may claim to be conferring. The appointment of a Native Member would amount to the acceptance of entirely new principles in respect to the government of India.

I am inclined to think that an Indian barrister might be appointed to the Legislative Department. No legislation would be required in that case though it might be advisable to legalize the appointment of Vakils. Natives have shown a peculiar aptitude for the profession of Law, and I think it is in this direction that we might find it best to advance. Sinha, the present Advocate-General, and Mukerji, I have mentioned to you before as possible selections. . . .

I should like to take the Legal business, now in the hands of the Home Department, away from it and hand it over to a Department of Justice, with the Legal Member at its head. A Department of Justice with a Native Member of Council at its head would be an answer to many criticisms.

The other reform which, I believe, would do an immense deal of good, would be the creation of a Department of Education, as you suggested, to take the place of the Military Supply Department. But I feel I am writing to you before I have got my thoughts into shape.

A few weeks later he wrote:

July 21. I have been pondering a great deal over our Council Reforms and the matter of the Native Member. . . . My inclinations have wavered between Mukerji and Sinha. I have a sincere admiration for Mukerji, and have thought that perhaps his Hindu orthodoxy might be a valuable qualification in the eyes of his fellow countrymen. On the other hand Sinha[1] is a Congressman, although a "Moderate", and religious orthodoxy, as Risley recently pointed out to me, plays no part in the tenets of Indian reformers. Also Sinha bears a high reputation professionally and is socially well qualified. As Advocate-General he is now our Legal Adviser, and, putting the racial question aside, it would be natural enough to take him into the inner circle of Government.

His appointment would differ entirely from that of the Native Member of Council considered by the Arundel Committee. The question they dealt with was whether we should legally bind ourselves to appoint such a member, but in appointing Sinha we should be quite within our rights, and no legislation would be required, there is no law against the appointment of a Native, whilst we should at the same time be admitting the great principle in which so much is involved, that a Native gentleman will not be excluded

[1]Later Lord Sinha, K.C.S.I.

from a share in the Supreme Government if his qualifications meet the requirements of the Appointment.

Moreover it is in the legal profession that the Native has as yet excelled, whilst his success as the head of any administrative department might be doubtful.

By August the Draft was almost ready, and Minto wrote setting the scheme out briefly and harping again on his favourite theme of the Native Member.

Minto to Morley. Aug. 12. The time is getting on, and we must arrange a plan of campaign as to our reforms, not only as to the nature of the reforms themselves but as to how and when we are to launch them. . . .

The frame-work I would attempt to build upon would be:

(*a*) *A Council of Chiefs*, small in number to begin with, to deal with questions affecting Native States and their relations with British India, for the express purpose of recognizing the loyalty of Ruling Chiefs and enlisting their interest in Imperial affairs.

(*b*) *The enlargement of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils* on a more representative basis, and greater opportunities for debate in those Councils.

(*c*) *Increased popular representation on District Councils* and greater powers to be given to them.

(*d*) *The appointment of a Native Member to the Viceroy's Council*, probably to the Legislative Department.

(*e*) *The creation of a Department of Education in the place of the Supply Department.*

(*f*) *Also probably the addition of a Member to the Executive Councils of the two Presidencies*, and I should hope that such Member would be a Native, and

(*g*) *The establishment of an Executive Council of Four for Bengal and the United Provinces*, one of each such Councillors also, I hope, being a Native.

I have not really as yet thought out these two last points and there may possibly be strong reasons against them. I should not be inclined to make the appointment of a Native to the Executive Councils obligatory, but my intention would be that it should be held by a Native.

(*h*) I would cancel the suggestion for Advisory Councils altogether.

From what I hear the appointment of a Native to the Viceroy's Council would not be disapproved of by several of my colleagues, the only strong opposition would be from K. There would no doubt be some bitter criticism in a portion of the Anglo-Indian press, but, on the other hand, I know that we should receive strong and influential support from another portion of it, and also from the best opinions in the official world. And there is no need for legislation, or even discussion on my Council. We can ourselves decide.

As to the date for the announcement of the Reforms, one would have liked the anniversary of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, namely November 2, but the necessary legislation cannot be passed by then, and it will be a question whether we should wait for a later date, or make some pronouncement in advance of legislation. There would be no great difficulty in summoning the Council of Chiefs at any time, but it should meet, I think, not later than November for climatic and other reasons. . . .

Aug. 18. As to the form the announcement should take, I think myself it should be a proclamation by the King to be read in public by the Viceroy, say at the Calcutta Proclamation Parade. . . .

While Minto was confidently looking forward to the moment when the Reform Scheme would be launched, Morley, far from the scene of action, did not seem to enter into his eager anticipation, dwelling on various minor points of possible difficulty, and wrote:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 10. What makes me uneasy is how we are to make the project, when it is at last completed, a single piece of work, without awkward joints, and still more awkward cracks and fissures. It will never do for people in India to say: "This is one Lord M.'s and this is the other Lord M.'s". The superstructure that must come out of our labours here must be of the same order of architecture as your designs from Simla. Therefore I would venture to suggest that in your final despatch you should wind up with some sentence inviting whatever expansion may be thought worthy of consideration by His Majesty's Government, and promising your earnest and faithful co-operation. To nobody in the world would this sort of language and this attitude come easier than to you; for nobody known to me is better endowed with unselfish public spirit, and honest magnanimity.

As for me, I approach the task with no other feelings than those of a man on whom a heavy load has been placed, wholly against his will, and if I could escape it with decent honour and credit, I would not lose a single post in calling for a successor. The operation that we have to face is far too big for small self-love. Only of course we cannot afford—either of us—to associate ourselves with a mass of jerry-building.

Then to return to the point of "time". . . . I had a shock this mail when Risley sent me the report of your Committee dated July 18, winding up with some story about "further reference to the Foreign Department for their observations"!! And after that the thing has still to be discussed in your Council!! So it will reach me a day or two before the Day of Judgment! At this pace Lord Grey's Reform Bill of 1832 would have become Law in 1850 or 1860, and Nottingham and Bristol blazing all the time. The other day I was reading how Napoleon, having performed some highhanded exploits about making or moving Bishops in Italy, the Pope protested pretty sharply that Emperors had no business to settle such high things without consulting the Holy See, to which Napoleon replied: "What's the use of consulting you? You and your Cardinals can never decide anything under between three or four years! What's the use? Italy can't wait!" Don't betray me to Cardinal Risley whatever you do, but it flashed upon me that the procedure of the Vatican and the Sacred College is not confined to Rome! *And India can't wait!* I am bent on being in a position to make some sort of announcement in December.

Sept. 3. As for the Indian Member on your Council, undoubtedly in case of a vacancy, the Secretary of State can recommend an Indian to His Majesty when he likes, and you know how entirely I go with you on the question.

I have been thinking a good deal of what you say about making an Indian Legal Member. One advantage would plainly be that such an appointment would not be taking the bread out of the mouths of the Civil Service. On the other hand there are disadvantages. If I were an Indian patriot or Congressman, for example, I should be disposed to say that my representative on the Executive Council should not be limited to law, but should be equally eligible for Finance, or Commerce, or Home. However, to begin with, the limitation to law might be well enough.

Morley to Minto. Sept. 10. Thank you for sending me ——'s letter[1]. But what a balloon these men live in! . . . And what does he mean by his talk of the expediency of the Government saying "once for all" that India is not going to be made a self-governing colony? As if I, as the responsible spokesman of the Government, had not said it a score of times. As for his words about the Government not knowing its own mind, I don't know whether he was thinking of You or Me. In either case it is very foolish and a trifle impertinent. Our task is double: to keep order on the one hand, and to try to get at those roots of disorder on the other, whose vitality is due exactly to that system of government of which the bureaucrat is the rather arrogant oracle. Because one day we labour at one task and the next at the other task, is this to say that we don't know our own minds?

It puzzles me how a man, so able in administration as everyone tells me —— is, should be capable of holding these narrow views of true imperial policy; views that, whatever they may have done once, now no longer fit the facts.

And here let me say, if you will, how much I admire your insight, tenacity and fortitude in seeing clearly from the first that for a totally new state of facts, we must boldly seek new and large views and not content ourselves with shouting about "stamping out sedition". That is a process much more easily said than done, as —— will find out. Your tenacity is the more admirable considering the sort of atmosphere in which you have to live.

Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 2. My letters of the 12th and 18th August will, I hope, have helped to show how things stand, and I was very pleased to see from yours of 10th August how much we agree. . . . From the very commencement of our deliberations I have always said that whilst recognizing that the peoples of India are not as yet nearly ripe for anything approaching our ideas of Parliamentary representation, we must be prepared to give to individuals of known loyalty and ability a greater share in the government of their country, and in this all Indians whose opinion is of any value, with whom I have spoken, agree with me. It is in this direction that we can meet honest aspirations.

My recent letters have, I hope, given you an outline of the action

[1]A certain high official.

I would propose, and, as I have told you, by the 1st October, our despatch to you should be ready for issue. It is quite possible I may have to add to it a minute of my own.

Then, as to the completion of our project, I heartily agree with you that it should be one piece of work, and not a disjointed production. It is all-important that you and I should not only work together, which I am sure we shall do, but should appear to do so. We cannot over-estimate the value of the work we have undertaken, and so long as we can obtain for India some of the boons we seek to confer upon her, it will be no concern of mine as to what architect the public may ascribe the details of the building. But I am rather puzzled as to your exact meaning when you advise that our despatch should wind up with some sentences "inviting whatever expansion may be thought worthy of consideration by His Majesty's Government, and promising your earnest and faithful co-operation".

I have always laid great stress on the immense political importance, from an Indian point of view, of the initiation of our reforms emanating from the Government of India, and though I feel that it is more than probable that our final despatch may fall short in its recommendations, I cannot think it would be right for the Government of India to give a blank cheque, so to speak, to be filled in for us at home. It goes without saying that you will get their "earnest and faithful co-operation" in respect to the adoption of any proposals you may advocate in which they can conscientiously bring themselves to agree. And might not such a conclusion to our public despatch be not only an admission but an invitation to a certain class of extremist political critic to prescribe for us in respect to matters with which we have not dared to deal?

Speaking for myself, I shall be very ready, you may be sure, to assist you in the furtherance of proposals which may have been lost sight of in our despatch, but I think the Government of India cannot disregard the possibility of their being called upon to object to exaggerated ideas, which may be strongly advocated in the House of Commons, and that they cannot place themselves in the position of appearing to invite suggestions from possibly the same sources. Again, speaking for myself, I am sure you know that you may rely upon me to do my level best to work with you, but your conception of the position of the Government of India, as affected by the wording of a public document, appears to me to differ from my own.

Morley replied:

Morley to Minto. Sept. 24. Of Reforms I will only say that, since the Amir has for the moment become less of a black cloud, I toil night and day over the subject. . . .When the time comes for me to send our final decisions, I believe I see my way to framing my despatch in such language as will satisfy your most natural and politic desire about the proposals "emanating from India". And I cannot but thank you for the particularly kind words about our co-operation in your last letter. I feel also all the force of what you say against my suggestion of a sort of invitation to us (including the terrible House of Commons) to expand your proposals. It will come out all right, and as you wish.

Minto to Morley. Sept. 24. To turn to our Reforms, and especially to the Native Member. . . . I would not advise that the announcement of the appointment of a Native Member should form part of any proclamation, but that it should simply be made as a matter of course, and published in the newspapers simultaneously with any pronouncement we may think fit to make. The papers and the public would not lose sight of its meaning. I think that, if it was made part of a proclamation, it might possibly be assumed that our intention was that a seat on the Viceroy's Council should invariably be held by a Native, my contention being that it should only be given to a Native on his merits.

My reason for suggesting an Indian as Legal Member is largely because he would not be at the head of a great administrative department in which he might meet with many difficulties, and might suffer from a want of knowledge of administrative control.

I have no doubt at all in my own mind that, as years go on, there will be a greater demand for Indian representation on the Viceroy's Council and that we shall have to agree to it. It is perfectly certain to come.

On the other hand, no one recognizes more strongly than I do the necessity of maintaining, under present conditions, and under future conditions too, if India is to be preserved from chaos, the strength of British Executive Authority, and probably, with the growth of Indian representation on the Executive Council, the Viceroy's powers might have to be strengthened. But this need not concern you and me. What we have to deal with now, in these comparatively early days of Indian reform, is the admission of the principle to which

I have referred, and if we can succeed in securing it we shall have done a very great thing—far greater, in my opinion, than any other reforms we are likely to be able to inaugurate.

Sept. 29. Your telegram as to the announcement to be made on November 1 reached me a few days ago. I now quite see your arguments in favour of that date. In fact my advocacy of the 1st January was chiefly because I thought it would be more convenient to you that our reforms should be discussed in the House of Commons before a public divulgence of them here. On the other hand Parliamentary discussion would, as you say, take the edge off any speech from the King, and a general announcement by him on November 1 would certainly be in accordance with expectations in India. It is of course impossible now to organize a great Durbar, but I don't think that much matters. I believe there was little ceremony connected with the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, and I think the best plan will be to publish the King's speech in a special Gazette.

As it happens, I am to be at Jodhpur on the 1st for an official reception by the Maharajah. It will, I believe, be on a grand scale, and the old fort lends itself to ceremony and is full of historical associations. I could therefore proclaim the King's Speech there personally in magnificent surroundings, whilst it would be simultaneously published throughout India.

Morley to Minto. Oct. 1. I have just read in *The Times*, the news from Simla this morning that the despatch upon Reforms is to be sent forth on its journey to-day. And what a journey it will be! I only wish the reply despatch were ready to cross it on the road, as we have all of us many a time in life said with Brutus:

> "O that a man might know
> The end of this day's business, ere it come !
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end is known."

Does this queer admixture of Shakespeare with Budget Amendments and Advisory Councils make you smile? Well, it only means that I am waiting in red-hot expectation first for your summary telegram and then for the full despatch.

As you say, the telegraph between us will be very busy for a long time to come, but I rejoice to sympathize with you in washing your hands of the coil for a fortnight or more. And you, I hope, will

condole with me in finding myself up to the elbows in constitutional soap-suds.

Journal, October. (*Simla.*) A voluminous document on the great question of Reforms has been sent home to the Secretary of State by this mail. It is a great load off Minto's mind. Sir Herbert Risley has had to boil down the opinions obtained from thousands of papers from every Province in India on the subject, and Minto wrote to congratulate him on having accomplished his gigantic task so satisfactorily. He received the following reply:

DEAR LORD MINTO,

I cannot thank Your Excellency sufficiently for your generous recognition of my share in the working out of your idea of constitutional reform, the importance of which it is impossible to overrate.

I am glad to have an opportunity of saying what I have felt all along, that the whole scheme is due to Your Excellency's timely insight into the general political situation in Asia. But for that, the Government of India would now be sitting still, and wondering what to do next, or moving hastily, under pressure from all sides, in the wake of Turkey; an undignified and impotent position which would have reflected credit on no one.

If the scheme succeeds, as I hope and believe it will, in introducing a new spirit and new principles into our dealings with the people of India, and thus transforming latent hostility into cordial fellow-service, the achievement will rank as the greatest that any ruler of India has ever had to look back upon.

At any rate, those who have had the privilege of working with Your Excellency will not forget the source from which the inspiration came.

Yours sincerely,

H. H. RISLEY.

After a week spent in different camps amidst glorious scenery in the heart of the mountains Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 14. (*Viceroy's Camp. Deha.*) We marched in here yesterday evening, a beautiful little grass plateau surrounded by forests in an amphitheatre of mountains, and strike camp this afternoon on our way back to Simla. I am afraid a long letter is impossible in the midst of the jingling bells of the baggage mules, and the constant noise of coolies loading up their packs, but you will understand this.

Files and papers have been delivered with wonderful punctuality every day by means of runners, but still I have had a little time to

collect my wits in quiet and to look at the way all that has so deeply interested us has been moving, and how it is all likely to evolve.

I hope you will be pleased with the general lines of our Reforms despatch. As I have told you, I have never liked Advisory Councils, but swallowed them in the shape we have submitted them to you for the sake of showing a united front here, which I considered very important. Native representation in Executive Councils, and the formation of such Councils, when possible, go much nearer to the heart of things. . . .

In November the great Scheme was passed by Morley's Council and he wrote:

Morley to Minto. Nov. 27. It was with uncommon relief yesterday that I wound up the Reforms proceedings in Council. . . . The Cabinet took the thing on trust, having rather urgent business of much domestic moment on their hands. . . .

CHAPTER XX

JODHPUR AND LUCKNOW

Our Autumn Tour: 1908

Journal. August 16. (*Simla.*) Colonel Dunlop has arrived from England and all his news is deeply interesting. He tells us he found it difficult to manœuvre his interviews with people like Sir Edward Grey, as Morley evidently disliked him to discuss Indian affairs with anyone but himself, even with members of his own Council, an attitude which Dunlop found embarrassing, as some of the members of Morley's Council are among his oldest friends.

September 14. Dr. Sven Hedin is paying us his second visit after his journey through the unexplored regions of Tibet. Since he left us two and a half years ago he has never slept in a bed, nor indulged in a blanket, but has only used a fur-lined bag. He has endured his privations well, and, except for frost-bitten feet, has not had a day's illness. He tells me that he kept the little stamp photographs of the family, which I gave him, in his cigarette-case during his entire journey, and that they prevented him from feeling lonely.

He brought six of his Ladakhi servants to Simla with him and presented each of them with Rs. 60 with which to buy clothes. It was most amusing to see them on the lawn as they appeared next day, in old discarded garments belonging to officials of the Great Western Railway, the brass buttons on the coats having attracted them. Their appearance was grotesque. Long hair, old hats decorated with feathers, enormous boots, guiltless of laces, old brown, tattered, wrinkled trousers, and a blue Guard's coat with "Ticket Collector" or "Assistant Inspector" embroidered on the collar. Their parting with Sven Hedin was pathetic; all six men burst into floods of tears and flung themselves on the ground, kissing his feet.

October 2. Last night the "Black Hearts"[1] gave a Fancy Ball, and we persuaded Dr. Sven Hedin to come with us, inappropriately got

[1]The Bachelors Club of Simla.

up in a hunting coat. He had never before been to a fancy dress ball, and succumbed to the charms of a certain lady. He told me her eyes were so beautiful, and added: "A traveller like myself can only allow himself these brief 'amours': anything more serious would not do, but these I like, they are so comfortable".

October 6. This year we decided to make the ascent of the Chor, a mountain 12,000 ft. high. The days spent in camps and bungalows on mountain trips from Simla have been our happiest moments. The stillness and grandeur of the rugged heights towering above us, dividing earth from heaven, seem in that transparent atmosphere illusively near, and fill one with exhilaration and wonder. We left our ponies on a high plateau and scrambled up over rocks and boulders for the last thousand feet. The panorama of snow mountains from the top is magnificent: we could see Viceregal Lodge distinctly with the help of glasses and watched the military heliograph from the heights beyond Jutogh.

October 9. On our return journey, while we were dining in a dak bungalow, we heard an uproar among the coolies. The cry was *lakkhabugha,* meaning "panther". We rushed out onto the verandah. All round us were camp fires, the *syces,* who were struggling with the mules and horses, declared that a panther had crept in among the mules and had tried to carry one off. We felt sceptical, and couldn't believe that a panther would attack with hundreds of people about. A few minutes later we again heard shouts. This time I distinctly saw, by the light of a fire, two ponies stampeding not twenty yards away. The coolies were terrified, so two poor little goats were tied up as tempting morsels for the panther, and the Staff went to bed with loaded rifles beside them, but the night passed peacefully.

October 10. By breakfast time, in the glare of daylight, we felt quite confident that the coolies had had a scare and that there had been no panther, but an hour later we discovered our mistake. The manager of the estate arrived to say that the panther had killed and half-eaten a poor man not three miles away, and that this was the seventh native killed in the district during the last six months. We are offering a reward to anyone who will shoot the panther, and are making enquiries as to the family of the last poor victim. . . .

This year we have reorganized our camp equipment. Hitherto the Viceroy's camps have been supplied with heavy furniture sent from

the godowns at Viceregal Lodge; huge beds, dressing-tables and wardrobes. Portable camp furniture has now been bought, the lighter marching equipment saving £300 in coolies' wages alone, although the men only get three annas a day. This has reduced the average of camp-followers by fifty per cent. In the Viceregal establishment there is an unwritten law that everything must continue on the lines initiated years ago. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to discard these antiquated methods and introduce a modern system.

November 1. On October 31 we left for Delhi on our way to Jodhpur, where we were received by the Maharajah and his ten-year-old son. The route to the Palace was lined by retainers, wearing the armour of their ancestors, mounted on elephants, camels and horses. Some of the horsemen were covered from head to foot in the coats-of-mail used in the time of the early Moghul Emperors; their horses were flanked by mirrors suspended from the saddles; these were used to dazzle and disconcert the enemy in bygone days, and sparkled and flashed in the sunlight as the horses galloped here and there. It was a pageant that might have been enacted 500 years ago.

To the left of us the grand old Fort stood out in bold relief, built on an isolated rock hundreds of feet above the sandy plain. This huge pile with its exquisite gateways, arches and carvings, is surpassingly beautiful. Men with dandy chairs waited to carry us up the steep ascent, through the cruel gates, armoured with long iron spikes to guard against the attacks of elephants, up to the dwelling apartments of the Fort where the two Maharanis live.

At the principal gateway, under which we passed, a pathetic row of little hands, carved on the wall and painted red, remain in memory of the widows who committed suttee on the death of their husbands. The placing of the hand on the wall is the last act they perform before giving up the life that no longer holds any attraction for them. I shall never forget the impression this vast structure made upon me, towering darkly towards the heavens, so silent, and full of mystery; a monument of innumerable intrigues. The women buried within these walls lead the same secluded lives as for centuries past.

Alighting from our dandies at the entrance to the Palace we mounted flight after flight of tortuous steps till we reached a platform on the roof. The city lay beneath us in a golden haze, the shadows, melting into the mysterious darkness of the desert, vanished in an opal sea in the fading light.

Journal. November 2. In this romantic setting, on the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's Proclamation, the Viceroy delivered the message of goodwill from the King-Emperor.[1] The great Durbar *Shamiana* was filled with Thakurs[2] and their followers; the Viceroy, in General's uniform, arrived with his Staff and was heralded with a flourish of trumpets. The Maharajah was first invested with the K.C.S.I., and after a few introductory remarks Minto read the following proclamation:

"It is now fifty years since Queen Victoria, my beloved mother and august predecessor on the throne of these realms, for divers weighty reasons, with the advice and consent of Parliament, took upon herself the government of the territories theretofore administered by the East India Company. I deem this a fitting anniversary on which to greet the Princes and peoples of India in commemoration of the exalted task then solemnly undertaken. Half a century is but a brief span in your long annals. Yet this half-century that ends to-day will stand amidst the floods of your historic time a mighty landmark. . . . For a longer period than was ever known in your land before, you have escaped the miseries of war within your borders. Internal peace has been unbroken.

In the great Charter of 1858 Queen Victoria gave you noble assurances of her earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industries of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the government for the benefit of all resident therein. The schemes that have been diligently framed and executed for promoting your material convenience and advance—schemes unsurpassed in their magnitude and their boldness—bear witness before the world to the zeal with which that benign promise has been fulfilled. The rights and privileges of the Feudatory Princes and Ruling Chiefs have been respected, preserved and guarded; and the loyalty of their allegiance has been unswerving. No man amongst my subjects has been favoured, molested, or disquieted by reason of his religious belief or worship. All men have enjoyed protection of the law. The law itself has been administered without disrespect to creed or caste or to usages and ideas rooted in your civilization; it has been simplified in form and its ancient communities slowly accepted a machinery adjusted to the needs of a new world.

Steps have been continuously taken towards obliterating distinction of race as the test for access to the posts of public authority and power. In this path I confidently expect the progress henceforward to be steadfast and rapid, as education spreads, experience ripens, and the lessons of responsibility are well learnt.

From the first, the principles of representative institutions began to be gradually introduced and the time has come, when in the judgment of my

[1]November 1 being Sunday, the Durbar was held on the 2nd.

[2]Rajput nobles.

Viceroy and Governor-General and others of my counsellors, that principle may be prudently extended. Important classes among you . . . claim equality of citizenship and a greater share in legislation and government. The politic satisfaction of such a claim will strengthen, not impair, existing authority and power. . . .

For the military guardianship of my Indian Dominion I recognize the valour and fidelity of my Indian troops, and at the New Year I have ordered that opportunity should be taken to show in substantial form this, my high appreciation of their martial instincts, their splendid discipline, and their faithful readiness of service. The charge confided to my Government concerns the destinies of countless multitudes of men now and for ages to come; and it is a paramount duty to repress with a stern arm guilty conspiracies that have no just cause and no serious aim. These conspiracies are abhorrent to the loyalty and faithful character of the great host of my Indian subjects, and I will not suffer them to turn me aside from my task of building up the fabric of civilized security and order. . . ."

At the banquet at the Palace this evening the Maharajah, in his speech, expressed his abhorrence of all anarchical manifestations and applauded the recent enactments for the enforcement of law and order. The Viceroy, referring to King Edward's message, said that the time had come for enlarging and extending the Charter of 1858, and the reforms which he felt to be necessary and just were to be offered to the Princes and Peoples of India:

"I have had the honour to-day of delivering a message from the King-Emperor to the Princes and people of India, a message which I trust will sink deep into the hearts of its vast population, a speech which asserts that the British Raj can be proud of its rule, that its aim has been and will continue to be the administration of justice tempered with firmness, and the furtherance of the prosperity and happiness of the people committed to its charge. And speaking for *myself* and for the Government of India, I can honestly say that recognizing as we do that the spread of education, and an increasing contact with the outer world, has encouraged in India hopes and ambitions which it would be folly to disregard, we have laboured incessantly to submit to His Majesty's Government such proposals as have seemed to us best suited to the conditions with which we have had to deal. Those proposals are now before Lord Morley, and whatever the future may bring forth the people of India may at any rate feel sure of his warm sympathy and support."

Journal, November 20. After leaving Jodhpur we spent a week of wonderful sport at Bikanir—a real holiday—and we reached Lucknow on November 19, where we had a public reception.

Sir John and Lady Hewett entertained us at Government House with the lavish hospitality for which they are renowned. A very full programme had been arranged. We visited the Dufferin and Kinnaird Hospitals, the Isabella Thorburn College for Native Students, and the La Martinière School for Native girls, and I held a meeting of the Minto Nursing Association. Minto reviewed the troops, and, in the afternoon, we saw a polo match between the Royals and the 9th Hodson's Horse, with a very exciting finish.

Eileen and Larry arrived from England just in time to take part in the Elephant Procession, a wonderful Eastern pageant. Minto and I, on a magnificent elephant with gorgeous trappings, sat in a gold and silver howdah, with two scarlet-coated men seated behind, holding an embroidered umbrella over us. Following us came the Maharajah of Balrampur with his retinue, then seven Rajahs, all resplendent in brocaded coats and jewelled headdresses. We passed slowly through the main streets, and took up our position at the saluting point and watched the two hundred bedizened elephants, with ponderous stately tread, move majestically past us.

The next event was an evening Fête given by the Talukdars of Oudh in the Kaisar-Bagh. From the illuminated quadrangle, we entered the great Hall where about eleven hundred people were assembled. On our arrival garlands were hung round our necks, so heavy with emblems embroidered with pearls and gold thread that I found it difficult to support the weight throughout the evening. Many of the officials and guests were also garlanded, including the two sentries from the Royals, who stood solemnly to attention on each side of our chairs with this unusual decoration over their uniform.

Minto had chosen this occasion to make an important pronouncement on the subject of the unrest and political crimes, pointing out that it lay with the people of India themselves to hasten or delay the promised reforms. On reaching the dais an Address was presented to the Viceroy, and in the course of his reply he said:

"I recently, on the anniversary of Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, delivered a message from the King-Emperor to the Princes and Peoples of India, renewing the promises of that Proclamation, and foreshadowing the grant of such reforms as the advance of education and the consequent growth of political ambitions would appear to justify.

And yet, since the delivery of that gracious message, the law-abiding subjects of His Majesty have been horror-stricken by the commission of crimes which may well have raised doubts in many minds as to whether

the present moment is opportune for the introduction of broader political principles into the administration of the Indian Empire. I say at once that I do not share in these doubts. I refuse to admit that the murderous deeds of misguided fanatics should be allowed to blacken the reputation of a whole people, or to dissipate their rising hopes. But, at the same time, I refuse to minimize in the slightest degree the dangers which confront us. We are face to face with a conspiracy which, so long as it exists, is a menace not only to personal safety, but to public security, and which must inevitably cripple the industrial progress so all-important for the future of this country. A poisonous seed has been sown in India, hitherto foreign to its soil. It has grown into a noxious weed; we must dig it up and cast it out. . . . And I would ask the loyal subjects of the King-Emperor to join hands in our united effort to eradicate the evil which is undermining the welfare of their country. With such an effort I know the Talukdars of Oudh will be in full sympathy."

Two disagreeable incidents have occurred. Another attempt has been made on Sir Andrew Fraser's life, and the Native policeman who was instrumental in arresting one of the bomb-throwers has been murdered. Owing to these outrages, and the serious situation in Bengal, Minto has had to leave for Calcutta, where he has called a Council to deal with new Legislation.

Journal, November 24. (*Agra.*) We have spent four peaceful days at Agra. I have seen the Taj at sunrise; in the glare of the mid-day sun; at sunset, in the evening glow, and by moonlight. Its unutterable beauty holds one spellbound, compelling the lowering of voices to whispered speech. More than a hundred years ago it had been allowed to fall into a state of neglect, and had actually been put up to auction. Fortunately the price offered was not considered sufficient, and it did not pass into private ownership. The first Lord Minto commenced its preservation and restoration, and put a stop to the vandalism of tourists who used to chip off pieces of the marble panels to carry away as souvenirs. Now, thanks to Lord Curzon's interest and personal supervision, the Taj stands in its perfection, the most arresting memorial in the world.

We had the privilege of seeing Fatehpur Sikri, Secundra and Itmud-ud-Daulah's tomb under the guidance of Mr. Marshall, Head of the Archæological Society, who worked for seven years as Lord Curzon's expert adviser. The result of their combined effort is a triumph, and Lord Curzon's name will always be honoured for what he did to preserve India's monuments and beautify their surroundings.

CHAPTER XXI

OUTRAGES

Legislation to deal with Sedition

In the autumn of 1907 the moderate and extremist groups in Congress had definitely split, and the extremists had openly allied themselves with the political agitators in their campaign of violence. Two outrages occurred during December; first an attempt to murder Mr. Allen, an official of the Government of Eastern Bengal, and secondly an attempt to derail the special train in which Sir Andrew Fraser was travelling. Both failed, but Mr. Allen was seriously wounded.

Minto to Morley. Jan. 2, 1908. Hare tells me that there is an inner circle amongst the agitators as to whose doings it has been impossible as yet to obtain any clue. He thinks the attempt to shoot Mr. Allen was engineered from Calcutta. Sir Andrew Fraser has the same suspicion as to the attempt to derail his special train. There would appear to be student organizations pledged to commit any atrocity, whose deeds are winked at, if not initiated, by political leaders. There is undoubtedly a very strong feeling in Native society against the perpetrators of these outrages, a feeling not unmixed with personal fear . . . but if, as Hare and Sir Andrew seem to think, there may be some attempt at organized murder, the matter is very serious. . . . Revolutionary proceedings in Russia and elsewhere have inclined people to jump to the conclusion that we may have the same dangers to cope with here. I hope I am right in thinking otherwise.

The apprehensions of Sir Lancelot Hare and Sir Andrew Fraser proved sound. Early in May another outrage deeply stirred the feelings of both Indians and Europeans. A bomb, intended to kill Mr. Kingsford, District Judge of Calcutta, was

thrown at the carriage in which he was leaving the Club at Muzzeffarpur. It missed Mr. Kingsford's carriage, but killed two ladies, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, who were driving behind him. The criminals were caught: one shot himself before the police could interfere: the other confessed, saying that the writings in the vernacular press and public speeches made by agitators had incited him to make the attempt. Following upon the information given by this prisoner the police made various arrests, and in Calcutta searches led to the discovery of fire-arms, bombs, large quantities of picric acid, and machinery for manufacturing weapons, together with plans and papers.

Minto to Morley. May 6. The murder of the two poor ladies at Muzzeffarpur has led to terrible discoveries. A conspiracy has been disclosed aiming at the furtherance of murderous methods hitherto unknown in India which have been imported from the West, and which the imitative Bengali has childishly accepted together with extravagant ideas for which so-called "politicians" at home are largely answerable. I wish we could put people like —— in the dock together with the wretched creatures we have arrested!

And in a telegram he says:

May 6. *Telegram.* The leader of the gang is Barindro Ghose, brother of Arabindo Ghose, of the *Bande Mataram* newspaper. . . . He admits he was the leader of a band for revolutionary propaganda, with its headquarters in Calcutta, and that the organization is connected with the disaffected districts in Bengal and elsewhere. . . . His object, he says, was to free the country of British Rule by violence and outrage. . . .

Morley to Minto. May 13. *Telegram.* You may be considering whether a Law on the lines of the Explosive Substances Act of 1883 is required for India in connection with the bomb outrages. Could you now send me any opinions you may by this time have formed as to the magnitude, extent and systematic organization of these plots? . . .

Minto to Morley. May 13. I had already considered the matter, and the Home Department is to have certain proposals ready for Council to-morrow. I believe the Explosives Act at Home passed through all its stages in the House of Commons in a single day, and immediate action is very necessary here. I had hoped the manufacture of bombs was confined to Calcutta, but the more information

we get the more reason there is to suspect that this devilish conspiracy is wide-spread. . . . So far it is impossible to say how far anyone of influence may be connected, or have had an inkling of what was going on, but I was personally told by a native gentleman at Calcutta that an inner ring existed, backed by well-known people, and that the recent attempt to murder Mr. Allen was in accordance with instructions from some headquarters. I did not think much of this at the time, but the information we have now certainly points to the execution of orders from a central authority, and I am afraid its influence is far-reaching.

It is impossible to ignore the dangers which exist. Not so much to my mind a danger to individuals, though of course one is aware of that, but the far greater danger of the effects of a murderous conspiracy in the event of our becoming involved in a serious war, or if there should be anything in the nature of a rising, strengthened by military disaffection such as we had warning of last year.

The conspiracy as far as we know at present aims at the overthrow of the British Raj, but ruling Chiefs and Indian gentlemen will soon become anxious as to their own safety, if they are not so already. The former are in some ways better able to deal summarily with suspicious cases than we are, and they certainly will not hesitate to act! But I am more and more convinced that we must control the source from which all this poison is spread throughout India. The prisoners at Calcutta keep repeating in their confessions that their action was due to the teachings of the —— newspaper, and yet that paper is now instigating a further campaign of violence in language the meaning of which is unmistakable. There is nothing to be gained in prosecuting a succession of dummy Editors. We must have power to seize the presses. It appears to me sheer madness to allow the continuance of public instigation to murder. The people we have to deal with here are absolutely different from Western populations. The conditions that surround us bear no resemblance to those of the West.

Two days later another outrage startled Calcutta, and further arrests were made, and Minto telegraphed:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *May* 16. There is little definite information as to the extent of the organization, but members of the captured gang were in communication with Eastern Bengal, Madras, the Central Provinces, Bombay, Baroda, Benares and Umballa. . . .

Morley was sympathetic and wrote:

Morley to Minto. May 21. I am much with you, or rather you are much with me in these pretty anxious days. The Amir, the Tribes and the Bombs! any one of the three would have been troublesome enough by itself, but to have them all three together is really too bad —only nothing is too bad for political affairs! I daresay, however, that you are of the temperament of Thiers: "In public things, take everything seriously, nothing tragically". When I began life I was rather the other way, scenting tragedy before there was any need: time and experience have brought me round. Whether I should keep as cool if bombs were flying I don't know. Evidently we and our successors have a completely new sort of danger to face; not merely the bomb in Calcutta, Poona, etc., but the little nests of devilry in Paris, New York and other centres! This was the way the Russian revolutionists began years ago, and the Italian revolutionists before them. . . . I don't suppose your Explosives Act will work any miracle. . . . But such legislation may frighten the more timid evil-doers; it will certainly give comfort to decent people, and it will procure credit to Government for " vigour ", which is always something.

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *May* 26. In the movement there are two factors: (1) the actual making and using of bombs; (2) the attempts by extremist papers, such as the ——, to excite the public to rebellion, murder and acts of violence. As regards (1) legislation on the lines of the English Explosive Substances Act is necessary; as regards (2) prosecution has been tried and it has signally failed. The —— [newspaper] has been prosecuted three times and a fourth prosecution is pending. It has registered a fresh publisher and printer after each conviction and has continued to incite to rebellion and outrage with greater violence than before. . . . The —— [newspaper] has been prosecuted three times, the —— [newspaper] twice. . . . Barindro Ghose, the ringleader of the band of anarchists, has declared that the —— [newspaper] was started by him with the object of inflaming the minds of the people and preparing secret and revolutionary societies The existing law is defied by these papers and there is every indication that they will continue their career as an active and dangerous school of anarchy and outrage. In order to create martyrs and obtain sympathy they court prosecution, and the proprietor of the —— [newspaper] press recently boasted that prosecutions had sent up the circulation by 20,000. We are convinced that nothing will stop them short of closing the papers and confiscating the press by executive action. . . . There are already indications of panic in Calcutta, and if more bomb

explosions occur and the panic increases, we shall be unable to justify to the public any action which is confined merely to the provisions of the English Explosive Substances Act, and refrains from touching the fountain-head and putting a stop to public incitement to outrage....

May 27 (*Telegram*). Translations of articles issued on the 9th May in the —— have now been received. These consist of the most virulent incitements to rebellion and assassination, and impassioned defence of those connected with the Muzzeffarpur outrage and a callous justification of the murder of Mrs. and Miss Kennedy. The people are urged to sacrifice their lives freely and are told that they will enjoy heaven if they die, and they will enjoy the earth if victorious. They are bidden to *come to the path of death*, and to obey the call of religion. The Sovereign is declared to be not a King, but a robber, a barbarian and an enemy of India. The —— of the 21st May says that this issue of the —— had a sale of 50,000 copies, that it has exerted an enormous influence, and has overwhelmed with despair the advocates of peaceful revolution. The people have read it as they read their sacred lore and copies are preserved as sacred relics.

The Lieutenant-Governor agrees that the influence was enormous, and that a most pernicious effect has been produced upon thousands of young and impressionable persons, creating sympathizers with those concerned in outrages and doing incalculable harm, with the result that the moderate advocates of reform will be silenced....

Minto to Morley. May 28. The Calcutta disclosures are still uppermost in everyone's mind... and I feel sure you will feel no difficulty in agreeing to an Explosives Act for India.

Our proposal submitting an Act giving Local Governments power to deal with newspapers instigating to murder and outrage will no doubt require your grave consideration; but I am bound to say that the powers we propose are, in my opinion, absolutely necessary for the safety of the British population in this country, and for the peace of India. It is impossible to treat the present position too seriously.

We are face to face with imminent danger from a conspiracy which in any country might bring about pitiable results, but which in India is a hundredfold more dangerous than elsewhere because of its association with the bitterest racial antipathies which, if they become unrestrained, may lead to some horrible catastrophe.

You know I am no believer in the level-headedness of Calcutta at critical times, and the clamour for strong measures is already loud there, but besides Calcutta, there are European elements in this country capable of self-restraint up to a certain point only, and if there are further outrages we shall have a European outcry creating a position far worse to deal with than the present attempts at anarchy.

We cannot guarantee the safety of the British population here, or hope to safeguard law and order, without the extra powers which we have asked you to approve. I earnestly hope you will approve them. And I feel sure that I represent the views of the Government of India in saying that, whilst they recognize the enormous weight of responsibility that rests on their shoulders, they consider it their due that their opinion of the present state of affairs in India and the powers they deem necessary to deal with it should be placed fully before the British public.

We cannot wait developments, as you can at home. People in England are not surrounded by questions of racial hatred. . . . At home people can afford to smile at sedition, possibly even at the explosion of a few bombs. Here it is utterly different—the bomb explodes in the middle of a huge powder magazine.

No one is more anxious for reforms than I am, and as I have often said, there is a new spirit in the Indian political atmosphere. But at the same time, government by the strong hand is what appeals to the majority of the different populations of this country. Moreover, the anarchy which the Calcutta conspirators have aimed at, has nothing to do with the spirit of honest reform, but is the result of impressions produced on the Bengali mind by the influences of anarchists far removed from India, whilst the emotions of the same Bengali race are worked upon by people like —— and certain Members of the British House of Commons. I am quite ready to join in admiration of British Parliamentary history, but the modern House of Commons is absolutely incapable of understanding Indian humanity, and the influences of many creeds and traditions, and is to my mind perhaps the greatest danger to the continuance of our rule in this country.

Still we must accept existing conditions and do our best, and if we move forward carefully now, recognizing what is honest and genuine in the demand for reforms, we may do much good. I differ from you in thinking that we shall not satisfy the educated classes; I believe we can do a great deal to satisfy the best of them, who know how hopeless it would be to advance too far. We shall certainly not satisfy the extremists, and they, unfortunately, have the loudest voices and are taken in England to represent the people of India, which is the wildest of all the absurd ideas that are accepted by the British public.

You say that reforms may not "save the Raj"; they certainly will not, though if they are thoughtfully introduced they may help to

render its administration happy. But when you say that "if reforms do not save the Raj nothing else will" I am afraid I must utterly disagree. The Raj will not disappear in India as long as the British race remains what it is, because we shall fight for the Raj as hard as we have ever fought, if it comes to fighting, and we shall win as we have always won. My great object is that it shall not come to that. But it may do so, and if it does it will not be our fault here, it will be because the conditions of India and the characteristics of its population are not understood at home.

You have always asked me to speak quite openly and I have done so. I should be very wrong if I did not. I see the danger ahead clearly enough. The crisis may come any day, or it may not come for months, or it may not come till after the period of my service here is over, but it is perfectly certain to come sooner or later if the Government of India is not given a free hand to rule the country they understand, and if Members of Parliament and those who are supposed to represent the feelings of the British public continue to disseminate amongst the people of India doctrines which are totally unsuited to their surroundings.

As to the bombs, I look upon them as the product of an anarchical conspiracy originating in the Western World, a conspiracy aiming at the destruction of any ruling power, and the public at home will make a fatal mistake if they ascribe outrages such as that at Muzzefarpur to the effects of a people struggling to relieve themselves from an oppressor! And yet the political extremists will be tempted to encourage that idea, and I see from Reuter that Gokhale and Dutt have already done so in England; if their views meet with sympathy they will increase the difficulty here a hundredfold.

To turn to the question of appointments [Lieutenant-Governors]. . . . I think, if I may say so, that our difference of opinion as to these appointments, if we do differ, is somewhat of a quibble. Of course I fully recognize the ultimate power of the Secretary of State in respect to the advice he may give to the King. But, on the other hand, the recommendation of a Lieutenant-Governor to the King rests with the Viceroy. The reasons for its doing so, as sanctioned by Act of Parliament, appear to me plain enough, viz.: that the Lieutenant-Governors are the officers by whom the Viceroy administers the Government of India on the spot, and that therefore he should have the nomination of those officers upon whom he personally relies. He therefore submits the names of those he wishes to appoint to the

King, *through the Secretary of State*, and the Secretary of State, in accordance with the accepted principles of a constitutionally-governed country, and as the King's adviser, advises the King to accept or refuse the nominations as he thinks fit. So that I agree with you that the ultimate power rests with the Secretary of State unless the King chooses to make use of his prerogative, and when I come to that I feel that I am getting into deep water and would rather sit upon the bank. But the interpretation I give to the position is that the Viceroy recommends to the King, and the Secretary of State submits his recommendation, advising as he thinks fit.

Morley to Minto. June 4. I need not say how keenly I look forward to the proceedings about your bomb legislation. The redoubtable Dr. Rutherford put down on the paper an embarrassing question to Asquith—whether we were going to allow you to pass a Press Act without giving Parliament an opportunity of discussing it. I asked him to come and see me: I dealt with him in tones of fraternal good-nature; told him pretty fully what sort of a law we meant to have; urged him to remember that we must show our intention to keep order as a condition of reform; and he was melted almost to tears as he left me, after promising to take off his awkward question and not to put it on again without at least consulting me. You see I have an invincible faith in what Matthew Arnold called "sweet reasonableness".

On the other hand men like my neighbour at Wimbledon, Sir Charles Elliott, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, are strangely perverse and intractable. It is years since he left India, yet he lays down the law as to what we ought to do as if he were at Simla today; and what we ought to do is to persist in the same line of pure repression that has helped to bring us into our present difficulties. He "abhors" the idea of holding any communion with Gokhale until he has openly and formally denounced the extremist press. As if it were of no importance or advantage to us to be on terms with men like Gokhale!

For intractable blindness to all the signs of the times, give me a certain sort of high Indian civilian! . . .

We had our first taste of the quality of our two Indians on the Council this week. . . . On the Explosives Law, Bilgrami, who was on the Committee considering it, was loud and strong for stiff and summary work.

On the 8th June the Explosives and Newspaper Bills were passed. Minto was quite prepared to face the risk of being accused of "hole and corner" legislation: he considered that the position should be regarded as exceptional and took a strong line. He gave no opportunity for public discussion of the proposed measures beforehand, and knowing the aptitude of some of the Members of his Council for long-winded speeches, he forestalled this possibility by asking them for a simple "Yes" or "No" on the question as to whether the situation was to be considered as one of emergency.

"I practically carried the Council with me before I left the room", he wrote.

Away from the atmosphere of tension, Morley was able to allow his thoughts, and pen, to run into argument and histrionics, and though Minto sometimes found him pedantic he delighted in his letters, and in answering such criticisms as the following:

Morley to Minto. June 8. Sir Charles Elliott, my neighbour here, a strong Tory and marked bureaucrat, regrets, as he told me on Saturday, that you are passing an Act[1] of this sort at Simla, instead of coming to Calcutta for the purpose, and he named some Viceroy who had descended from his hill fastnesses for some legislative purpose or another which he or his advisers thought could only properly be done at Calcutta. No doubt this point may be taken up by the enemy here and in India, but equally without doubt you have an answer.

Minto to Morley. July 1. What you told me of Sir Charles Elliott's regrets that we did not go to Calcutta to pass the Explosives and Newspaper Acts amused me. He must have forgotten Indian conditions of life. It is an accepted rule that important legislation should be dealt with at Calcutta, but we had to face an emergency and could not postpone action till the Calcutta session. I don't suppose our debate lasted two hours, and I tremble to think of the results of an attempt to move the Government of India, in June, to Calcutta for a few hours' visit. A railway journey of four days and four nights

[1]Explosive Substances Act and Newspaper Acts.

across the plains in an unusually hot summer with the thermometer somewhere about 120° in the shade would certainly have assisted promotion. But how could one have justified the huge expense of escorts, guards and police arrangements, and the movement of enormous establishments, which are a necessity in this country?

It is amusing that the Secretary of State should allude to the possibility of a journey across India in the summer. Expenditure of public money he considered a sin against the Holy Ghost, so he evidently did not realize that a Viceroy's travelling expenses to Calcutta and back would be well over £1000. This would not include the charges paid by Local Governments for Police stationed every fifty yards along the line, or the expense of the labour of putting the house in order. The moving of Government officials would also run into vast sums. Morley talked as if the Viceroy could go to Calcutta with a handbag for the day, in the same way that he would go up to Edinburgh. He realized, however, the physical ordeal of such a journey:

Morley to Minto. June 17. Your last letter (May 28) touches a host of interesting and inviting topics, but somehow what haunts me most is the notion of Lady Minto faring across the plains in the train with the thermometer at 119°. How terrific! One half-day of such a Tophet would destroy me. It recalls an observation of Sir Henry Maine's—perhaps the most capacious mind (with all respect to Sir Louis Dane) that England ever sent to India:

"British rule in India", he said whimsically, "would be better if it were not so hot: there is a physical pressure on the nerves." I have always heard from Anglo-Indian friends that this is really so and accounts for Anglo-Indian sensitiveness to attack, and addiction to polemics. Nobody would feel this pressure on the nerves so much as I should, and I am certain that if the Fates had made me a Member of your Council, before six months of the hot season were over, you would be telegraphing to the King, or the Secretary of State, or whoever the right authority might be, to recall the most insufferable personage you had ever known in your life!

After this it would be stupid of me to plunge into polemics with you about the British Constitution and the statutory duties of an Indian Secretary. There is no reason why I should, for we have got

through half your term together, and perhaps much more than half of mine, without any real difficulties whatever, in spite of difference in political opinion. You are entirely right in saying that I like you to express any views you hold upon our common affairs in the most open way: so, without being polemical, I'll be open likewise! And I will begin by saying that your tone about the House of Commons produces in me a jar, such as would be produced in you by disrespectful language about the King. I have sat for five-and-twenty years in the House of Commons, and for more than two-thirds of that period it was a Tory assembly. From personal experience therefore I have no reason to worship the wisdom and virtue of the House of Commons. Nobody is more familiar than I am—for I've been a pretty close observer of the creature—with its weaknesses. They are only superficial, believe me; and so far as they affect political opinion and action, those weaknesses only reflect those of the country at large, sometimes in a Tory mood, sometimes in a Liberal.

Apart from general reflections, what does rather puzzle me is why you, of all the agents of His Majesty's Government, should complain of the House of Commons. In what respect has it thwarted *you*? Half-a-dozen members have put tiresome questions to the Indian Minister on points of no really deep significance; the members themselves count for absolutely nothing in the House of Commons, and the House itself has stood steady and unbroken by the Secretary of State. If ever there was a time when a ruling assembly deserved credit for its confidence in a minister and the local agents for whom he is answerable, it is this present House, Radical though it be.

I forget if I told you how the German Emperor, in a talk with me at Windsor, expressed his ardent admiration for the good sense of our Radical and Labour members about Indian things, and how sharply he deplored the absence of the same sort of good sense in his own Democrats. So when you say that the modern House of Commons is "perhaps the greatest danger to the continuance of our rule in India" I cannot for the life of me discover any evidence so far for any proposition of that formidable kind—quite the contrary.

You say quite truly that the Raj won't disappear in India because, so long as the British race remains what it is, we shall fight. Yes—but what fight can there be unless the House of Commons finds money, and approves the ministers who settle your fighting policy and choose its instruments? In all this you are really kicking against the pricks.

Take the case of the bombs. If I remember rightly I said to you in

my very first letter afterwards: "You will tell me what you want in the way of legislation". Very wisely, I am sure, you were in no hurry. Then I telegraphed a hint to you about the English Explosives Act. By and by you submitted your proposals. I got them on a Wednesday night; I secured Cabinet assent the next day, and on the Friday I telegraphed instructions in a form to which you found it unnecessary to take objection. Where's the sign of "nervousness", "timidity", "slackness", etc., in all this?

You say that a crisis will come one of these days if the "Government of India is not given a free hand to rule the country they understand". Let me note in passing that this is what Fuller argues about Eastern Bengal. "I was on the spot; I understood the conditions; I knew India. What did Lord Minto or Mr. Morley, then fresh to power, know or understand?" It is also what Curzon proclaimed in all sorts of ways and places, and it is what his own party Cabinet would never allow, and even let him resign rather than accept.

This notion of "the free hand" is really against both letter and spirit of law and constitution. It cannot be, and let me assure you on my word of honour as a student of our political history, that nobody would have been more opposed to it than that excellent ancestor and official predecessor of yours, Gilbert Elliot, the friend and disciple of Burke, and one of the leaders against the greatest of all Governors-General. I have not time to verify by looking into his speeches, but I am pretty sure that, if the latest Lord Minto ever comes to be impeached for carrying the doctrine of the "Free Hand" too far, his assailants will find the best powder and shot possible in the arguments of Minto the First.

At this point I have amused myself by turning to Burke's correspondence, and in a letter to Gilbert Elliot I find this:

> "No politician can make a situation. His skill consists in his well playing the game dealt to him by fortune, and following the indications given him by nature, times and circumstances." (Including House of Commons and the British democrats.)

This sage reflection of one of the greatest of men needs not to be quoted to you, for it is exactly in the vein of your own political temper, and of mine too.

Oh, but I must hold up my hands at your hint of "prerogative"! What a shock to all the Greys, Elliots, Russells and other grand Whig shades discussing over and over, in the Elysian Fields, the

foundations of the happy and glorious constitution of Great Britain! But then you say that on this "I feel that I am getting into deep water and would rather sit upon the bank". My temperature had been slowly rising, but on this good-natured doubt, it instantly fell to normal, and I thought how, if you and I had been conducting the controversy with face answering to face, you as Tory, I as the good orthodox Whig, we should have pushed our chairs back and gone forth laughing for a saunter in the garden. But just one parting shot before I go to my Tusculan greenery. The Viceroy can no more "submit" anything to the King than Godley can. Any Whig ghost, or living lawyer will convince you of this.

And as for the Government of India being the best judges of the right way of meeting difficulties in India: Is it quite clear that Grey, Asquith, Loreburn, and even the Secretary of State are less competent hands than such paragons as ——, ——, —— [officials in the Government of India] ? Is it certain that we are so ignorant of racial hatred and all the other conditions of oriental communities ? And after all, have these good men been so successful in knowing and understanding all about Indian life and character that we must take their word for gospel? It is not you or I who are responsible for the unrest, but the over-confident and over-worked Tchinovniks who have had India in their hands for fifty years past. Heaven knows, I don't want to be censorious or presumptuous in judging; I know the huge difficulties; I recognize the devotion to duty; on the other hand I demur, in the uplifted spirit of the Trodden Worm, to the view said to be current at Simla that the Home Government is always a d——d fool.

In answer Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. July 8. Your criticisms anent my "wicked" remarks about the House of Commons left me with the feeling that I had had a talk with you; a very pleasant feeling too, that we could argue over things so full of interest with, speaking for myself, real pleasure on my part. Yes, I think we should have parted laughing, though, in the last scene, your having decided that I should play the part of Tory might have led to words! All the same I don't think we should have differed much. My assertion that the House of Commons is a danger to India was not an attack on Parliamentary institutions. I only meant to express a doubt as to the competency of the British Parliament, as at present composed, to deal with the political requirements of populations upon whose everyday life centuries of auto-

cratic rule, religious beliefs, and superstitions have set so marked a character. You have more than once expressed such doubts to me yourself! In a recent letter of yours you said, in talking of Keir Hardie's visit: "It brings into sudden and full view the great riddle of how a Parliamentary democracy is to govern India!" and you go on to say: "The fear is, as you may anticipate me in conceiving, that the puny group which he (Keir Hardie) may possibly succeed in bringing into action in the House of Commons, will be mistaken by your Congress people, both moderates and extremists, for the representatives of a strong force of British opinion, though in effect it will be nothing of the kind."

I agree with all you say in that paragraph. I readily admit, too, that the members of the House who have pestered you with tiresome questions are "a puny band" who count for nothing at home. But I am sorry to say that, curious as it may seem, their influence here is plain enough. Not the influence of the individuals, but the influence of the belief, which is encouraged far and wide throughout India, that the seditious agitation in this country has powerful support at home. . . . Please never think that I don't appreciate your support. We all feel here how much we owe to you and how manfully you have stood up for us—but is it wrong to imagine that in other hands things might be very different; that some great Indian question might become a matter of party politics? I hope that will never be so, but, putting such a contingency aside, is it impossible that a House of Commons, moved by some generous but mistaken impulse, might sympathize with political movements in India which all who are acquainted at all with the country know could result only in its ruin?

Your quotation from Burke's letter to Gilbert Elliot is so very true: "No politician can make a situation"... I know very well that we must accept things as they are. I believe that to be ready to do so is the secret of good judgment. There is no such mistake to my mind as to be perpetually cavilling at things as we find them. We must make the best of them. I believe it to be impossible to stop great forward political movements; one can but direct them. But, admitting all this, we must not disregard the dangers of the changes in the times. The era of Burke and Gilbert Elliot had little resemblance to our own. The composition of their House of Commons was very different. There were no railways, no telegraph wires, no rapid interchanges of thought between the centre of Government

and the outposts of the Empire, and none of the travelling M.P.'s and sensational newspaper headlines of which you wrote the other day. Great ideas, great principles may have remained the same, but if so they exist now under totally different conditions, and there is danger, to my mind, in not recognizing those conditions. . . .

Does history teach us that British Governments have always been appreciative of the ideas, the lines of thought, the conditions of life of the people of our possessions beyond the seas? I think not! And it is that want of appreciation, that inability on the part of the people at home to understand the conditions of life of their fellow-countrymen abroad that so often rankles in the hearts of the latter. I have always had a great admiration for Gilbert Elliot, but even he was a little mutinous at times! If I recollect aright, he ran exactly counter to the instructions of the Board of Directors in his dealings with Ranjit Singh about the Sikh Phulkian States! But if I begin to look up history I shall squander the afternoon!

Morley to Minto. June 24. Next week I am to have my long-deferred tournament in the House of Lords with Curzon. He tells me he proposes to open with a speech of forty minutes, which I daresay will expand to sixty. I shall be glad when it is over, for he has a vast and sure sort of knowledge of India which I can have no pretensions to rival. And he has, as you know, a grand imperial manner. Still, I shall survive in some shape or another, and even if I don't, still the sun will rise as usual on the next day.

July 2. The day before yesterday we got over our grand Curzonian tournament, and I'll fill half a sheet with my impressions thereof, leaving weightier things of State for another day.

The House was full and Curzon spoke for nearly an hour and a quarter. He is a fine speaker; excellent voice, well managed, and pleasant to listen to; good diction; firm sentences; well-ordered arguments and sets of proposition; abundant and accurate knowledge of his subject. But have you ever heard of this account of a political speech and its contents? Success depends upon three things: who says it; what he says; and how he says it; and of these three things what he says is the least important. In Curzon's case a great deal of what he had to say on the conduct of modern administration was as true as gospel, and nobody now in Parliament could have said it better: it was the man who said it that made the difference, and he did not carry the House for five minutes.

I had prepared an elaborate discourse with a vast deal of trouble to myself and to other people; a mighty magnificent thing, I can assure you; weighty, not to say ponderous, highly philosophical, yet intensely practical; dealing airily with Indian finance, learnedly with Indian history, severely with bombs and murder clubs, profoundly with frontier policy, sympathetically with everybody's aspirations. Whether it was more like Demosthenes, or Cicero, Pitt or Fox, I am not sure and you will never know, for it was never delivered. For, as I listened to Curzon and realized the situation, I felt that my wonderful masterpiece was not to the point of the moment. So I put it away, and launched on a vigorous sort of assault in as rough and ragged a speech as ever even I made in my life. You remember in Molière's play how M. Jourdain learned fencing, and tried to electrify the kitchen wench by his skill in quart, tierce and the rest of the art of self-defence, and how the honest wench dashed at him, her besom in her hand, made short work of the quart and tierce and sent his rapier flying to the furthest end of the kitchen. This was my performance in response to my accomplished and magniloquent friend—a good rough onslaught with a besom, and the House, though judging my oratory indifferent, was not ill-pleased at finding a thoroughly untimely, ill-judged, mischievous speech, made for purely personal reasons, pretty plainly rebuked. The Lord Chancellor told me that many of the Opposition Peers had told him that from Lansdowne downwards they all condemned Curzon, both for making his motion at all and for the terms in which he had moved it. Nobody said a single word for him, and St. John took the opportunity of giving him ten minutes of sound towelling, Ampthill following in the same vein. So at 8 o'clock the thing died out and Curzon has done himself no good at all, and conquered no new strength of position or right to speak on Indian matters.

The House keenly relished one or two small things I said about *you*, as you may be sure they would. There is a strong feeling that you are pursuing the right line with coolness and courage.

Enforcement of the new legislation had a salutary influence and the excitement seemed to subside. All sorts of rumours reached Minto daily, and he was always alert and keen to sift the information that came to him from varied sources:

Minto to Morley. July 14. I enclose you a copy of an interesting letter from Miss Cornelia Sorabji to Lady Minto, you very likely

know her. She is a very charming lady, and is much behind the scenes as to all that is going on. There is undoubtedly a nervousness among the Native population as to whether we are prepared to take the strong measures they think necessary for the safety of themselves and their country. For this reason a great many of them are sitting on the fence and are afraid to declare their loyalty owing to their uncertainty as to the future. The very justice of our rule precludes the summariness of action which has for generations appealed to the Native mind. They don't understand our delay in the face of evident dangers. A Native Ruler, if he suspects the presence of a political agitator, turns him out of his State neck and crop without hesitation, and the recent Press Act in Mysore sanctions the most autocratic powers for dealing with seditious publications. The Native sees this, and wonders why in the world we don't do the same. Please don't misunderstand me, I am sure you know my views well enough, and how fully I recognize the advance of political thought in India, and the necessity for meeting it with an open mind. And though what Miss Sorabji says of the people she meets is very true, one would be blind not to see the change that is coming over the ideas of classes of the population in no sympathy whatever with the extremists.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji to Lady Minto. "*July* 12. . . . They [Indians] are a little surprised that there is no graphic revenge for anarchism. . . . And the sum of it all in their minds seems the question, 'Is the Government to rule the country in order to justify the aspirations of the few who represent the educated political reformers, or even to justify its own standards of political liberty, or for the protection of a people whose ideal has never been political liberty or exercise of political authority?' . . . It is no question of *intellectual* ability at all. We Indians have got to establish a tradition of ability to rule, of moral fitness, before we can with safety claim *as a people*, or even *as a class*, greater powers and rights. It is the toll we must pay for our own past history." . . .

Morley to Minto. July 16. My breakfast has a dose of bitter in it on this and other days in the shape of the telegrams about Tilak's[1] trial in the morning paper. . . . I suppose the sentence will be heavy enough to produce a good deal of exasperation in the Mahratta

[1]A newspaper proprietor, prosecuted in June 1908 on a charge of publication of seditious newspaper articles. Three years previously Mr. Tilak had been convicted of a similar offence and had been released from imprisonment six months before the expiration of his sentence on an undertaking not to repeat the offence. On this second conviction, therefore, his sentence was severe.

mind, and to make the moderate game harder to play. I have read the two articles; bad enough to warrant a prosecution if you wanted one on general grounds,but not at all so bad as to make a prosecution inevitable if, on general political grounds, you would rather have done without one. . . .

Minto to Morley. July 23. I heard late last night of Tilak's conviction, and hope that the sentence of six years' imprisonment will have an excellent effect. . . .

July 29. I am sure you have anxiously watched the trial, and also the Bombay riots. So far we have only had newspaper accounts of the latter and have had great trouble in getting Bombay to tell us what has been going on. Bombay is touchy to a degree and I am always trying to smooth them down! Though I am quite against losing all control over a Local Government.

And later he wrote:

Minto to Morley. Aug. 5. As to the trial [Tilak] you have heard as much as I have and probably a great deal more . . . we could not possibly have afforded not to prosecute and I believe the effect of the sentence will be excellent. There is no doubt whatever as to the part Tilak has played. He is recognized throughout India as the arch-leader of sedition. There is ample evidence to prove it. His story is a very different one from that of Lajpat Rai, and we must remember that the loyal Indian population has been as anxious as Europeans for a resort to a strong enforcement of the law. I have never advocated exaggerated measures if we can do without them, but it is the plain truth that people here are afraid for their lives, not only Europeans but Natives too, and in certain districts the risk is a very real one. Our greatest chance of safety for the future lies in our determination to utilize without hesitation the powers we possess, and any disapproval at home of severe sentences, or any evidence of sympathy with political criminals, will most certainly prolong the crisis we are passing through and foster the continuance of the evil we are hoping to destroy.

There are, I think, signs that things are getting better. There is a growing inclination on the part of associations throughout the country openly to express their loyalty and their disgust at anarchical outrages. . . . Still, though I hope the future looks a little more reas-

suring, one cannot but feel that the atmosphere of everyday life is electrically charged and that racial antipathies have been dangerously inflamed. There has been an attack on a Mission House by a mob at a place near Poona. . . . And if some outrage upon a European is perpetrated in the Planters' districts, for instance, I should not be at all surprised at lynching, and some mad action may easily set things in a blaze.

Aug. 18. Though I have never told you, I was more than once under fire at Calcutta, a missile having one night only just missed my head, cutting through the window of my motor-car on my way down to Barrackpore. I felt the whizz of it as it passed my face, and you very nearly had an empty Viceregal *gadi* to deal with!

The feeling of personal danger throughout India is quite a justifiable one, and the haunting apprehension of what may happen to women and children is, I am certain, not understood at home. We are very far from being out of the wood yet, and with the Eastern populations we have to deal with, utterly unlike those of the West, we cannot at present afford to be otherwise than severe.

Morley's next letter has more than a tinge of acerbity:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 26. You warn me against "disapproval at home of severe sentences", and you draw me a vivid picture of the electric atmosphere of the daily life around you, and of the dangerous inflammation of racial antipathies, vivid, but I am sure, not a shade too vivid for the plain facts. The fundamental question for you and me to-day is whether the —— and the angry Planter is to be the arbiter of our policy. . . . But if you push me into a position of this sort—and I don't deny that it is a perfectly tenable position if you like—then I drop Reforms; I won't talk any more about "*the New Spirit of the Time*", and I'll tell Asquith that I'm not the man for the work, and that what it needs is a good sound old-fashioned Tory Secretary of State. Pray remember that there is to be a return of these sentences laid before Parliament. They will be discussed and somebody will have to defend them. That Somebody won't be Me. Meanwhile things will move, or may move, and we shall see where we stand when the time comes. . . .

Anyhow it is silly to be in such a hurry to root out the tares as to pluck up half your wheat at the same time. If we have any claim to be men of large views it is our duty not to yield without resistance to

the passions and violences of a public that is apt to take narrow views. Clemency Canning was a great man, after all!

Minto defended his policy, and endeavoured by a soft answer to modify the adverse criticisms of the Secretary of State.

Minto to Morley. Sept. 14. As for *political* agitation, things at the present moment certainly show signs of improvement, an improvement, I believe, entirely due to the enforcement of the law and the sentences passed. I am sure you know I am not inclined to support hysterical apprehensions. Canning was splendid; no one despises more than I do the revengeful timidity of his detractors, and we should no doubt, if things grow worse, be similarly hampered by the outcries of present-day Calcutta. All the same, if I remember right, Canning's clemency came into existence when we had won the battle. We have not done that yet now by any manner of means. If we continue firm we shall do so, but I say as strongly as I can that if, when Parliament meets, criticism of recent sentences is allowed to pass without the severest rebuke, or is allowed to convey the idea to India that the people of England are in any way prepared to palliate instigation to revolution, the dangers here will be enormously increased, and we may be driven, in self-defence, to resort to the very methods which Canning so much lamented.

People at home should understand that it is not only the European population, but the Natives of India who are nervous as to the future. From the former I have had no public expression of opinion on the state of affairs; they are quiet, but their anxiety is strained to the uttermost; they are perfectly ready for any emergency, and there is not a little danger that, on the occurrence of some further tragedy, they might get out of hand. But as to the Native population, the bulk of them realize plainly enough that if things go wrong their personal safety and worldly welfare will be at stake, and from all over India I am receiving public pronouncements of loyalty and unmistakable indications that the determination of the Government of India to assert its powers is restoring a much-wanted confidence.

I don't see that the exercise of the strong hand need, in any way, affect our reforms, quite the contrary. They will, I hope, help to rally round us many loyal subjects of the Indian Empire to whom the strength of the Raj means peace and prosperity. I feel sure that you will fight our battle for us. It is a battle that must be fought unless we are prepared, out of too much inherited respect for the doctrines

of the Western World quite unsuited to the East, to risk the safety of the populations entrusted to our charge. The danger here is a very real one. It is a personal danger such as British men and women do not talk of, but they know it, and I repeat that I hope the danger will not be increased for them by their kinsmen at home.

Morley to Minto. Oct. 7. I fully enter into all you say about the tension of feeling among Europeans and Indians alike. It is thoroughly intelligible, natural and justifiable under the circumstances.

As to the feeling in this country, I declare I don't see what there is to complain of. You cannot expect people here to give a blank cheque to all the officials and magistrates in India. It is they—people here—who are responsible. It is to them, and not merely the Government of India, to whom the destinies of India have been entrusted. They cannot delegate their imperial duty to their agents wholesale. The British public never have abdicated, and I fervently trust they never will. You speak of our having "too much respect for the doctrines of the Western World, quite unsuited to the East". Well, if I were in my famous suite of rooms at Government House, I would make bold to ask you what doctrines? And what are we in India for? Surely to implant slowly, prudently, judiciously those ideas of justice, law, humanity, which are the foundations of our own civilization?

It makes me sick when I am told that the Nizam or the Amir would make short work of seditious writers and spouters. I can imagine Habibullah answering me, if I were to hint that boiling offenders in oil, cutting their throats like a goat or blowing them from a gun for peculation, were rather dubious proceedings—that I was a bewildered sentimentalist with a brain filled with a pack of nonsense quite unsuited to Afghanistan and the East.

CHAPTER XXII

REPRESSIVE MEASURES

Parliament and the Reforms

ALTHOUGH swift action had been taken under the new Legislation and a number of the more dangerous agitators suddenly found themselves cooling their heels in the provincial jails, more summary measures were needed for dealing with the leaders of sedition.

Minto, while away on tour, kept closely in touch with every development, and when the moment came to act, wrote to Morley.

Minto to Morley. Nov. 12. (*Viceroy's Camp, Bikanir.*) It is evident that there is some plot for assassination as to which we are in the dark. What I am always afraid of is, as I have written to you in former letters, that the European population may be panic-stricken and make an attempt to take the law into its own hands. There is already a hint of this in *The Englishman* suggesting "organization for self-defence". . . . Our weak point is an utterly inadequate criminal procedure—perpetual appeals . . . trials drag on for ever. . . . I am afraid that European public confidence may become dangerously shaken unless we adopt some new machinery. . . . I am inclined to think the appointment of a special Court to try certain cases may be our best course. . . .

And again he wrote:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 19. You know the story of the recent outrages and there is no necessity to repeat it.[1] Before I got your telegram warning me as to feeling at home, I had telegraphed to Erle

[1]A second attempt made on Sir Andrew Fraser's life with a revolver on November 7 at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., in Calcutta. The shots misfired, and no damage was done. Also the murder of an Indian Police Inspector.

Richards, Adamson, and Harold Stuart to meet me at Bikanir, which they did the day before yesterday, and I have summoned my Council for Thursday next at Calcutta. The fact of my going there will, I hope, do something to strengthen public confidence, and after a couple of days there I shall return North to fulfil certain public engagements and go into residence at Calcutta on December 5.

The position as I read it is as follows: Politically matters are generally better than last year—I mean that there is a lull in political agitation, and the state of the Indian Army is satisfactory, whilst the outrages which have occurred have certainly had the effect of evoking protestations of loyalty all over India which otherwise would never have been heard. . . . The murder of the Police Inspector has created a very angry feeling amongst his comrades and his own countrymen. There is no fear whatever of revolution, though possibly in the Bengals we may have disagreeable riots and may have to employ troops. . . .

I had a distinct recollection, before you reminded me, of your telegram of last year hinting at the possible future necessity of appointing some special tribunal, and that is what I propose to submit to my Council on the 26th. . . . The alternative to a special tribunal would be to make the Punjab Act of 1867 (against murderous outrages) applicable to the whole of India, but the special tribunal is, I think, decidedly preferable. Also we might proceed by "Ordinance" at once, and so gain time for the consideration of more detailed legislation, but I am opposed to departing from recognized procedure more than is necessary, and it will be more satisfactory to consider the Bill in my Executive Council and then, after obtaining your approval, to pass it through the Legislative Council in the usual way. If another outrage was unfortunately to occur before that time, it would always be open to us to proceed at once by Ordinance. At the same time we can hardly hope that any measures we may frame will be instantaneously successful. The idea of political assassination is without doubt accepted amongst the emotional Bengali student class and we shall need, not only the enforcement of strong legislation, but the active disgust of their own fellow-countrymen, to stamp it out.

There has been much that has been slipshod in the doings of the Government of Bengal—jail management, or rather mismanagement, too lax for words. But I cannot tell you of the aversion some of my colleagues have to interfering with a Local Government. . . . Every-

one is seemingly over-impressed with the importance of everyone else! When I said that I should tell the Chief Justice he must choose strong men for the proposed tribunal, the idea of my doing so was received with a sort of holy horror, as a want of respect for that great man! I shall tell him all the same.

A week later found the Viceroy in Calcutta:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 26. I arrived here yesterday from Lucknow with the intention of going North again to-morrow and continuing my tour to Benares, where I had important engagements, but after seeing the state of affairs here I have decided that it is wiser to stick to the ship, and I have cancelled the remainder of my tour. I had to balance the possible effect of throwing over public engagements against the advisability of remaining here, and it seems to me the latter quite outweighs the former. The fact of my being at headquarters will undoubtedly have a good impression on the Calcutta public, also my Council needs a good deal of steering just now. . . . Everyone admits the necessity for the appointment of a special tribunal, but there has been a good deal of difference of opinion as to how the members should be nominated. . . . The Legal professional opinion would be in favour of nomination by the Chief Justice, but I am very strongly of the belief that the Viceroy should appoint, my reasons being that it is all important at the present moment that the Executive should show its strength, and that appointments by me would have a far greater moral effect on the public mind than if they rested with the Chief Justice, whilst my action would in no way take the trial of the class of offenders with which we wish to deal out of the hands of the highest Court. I am firmly convinced of the soundness of my opinion. . . .

Morley to Minto. Nov. 27. I grieve to think of your broken tour for it would be both pleasant and useful and a relief from the mill. And the task that takes the place of the tour is about the most hateful that any minister can have. . . . Anyhow you will take the nauseous draft with a cool and steady mind and make the best of a bad business. We have no choice.

In the special machinery itself I have very little faith as a cure for bombs and bullets. The worst thing about anarchist conspiracy is that it is out of sight and out of reach, like a malady that neither knife nor physic can get at. You see, we can never make our measures

strong enough, because public opinion insists that they shall be clothed in the buckram of law; and law, and especially lawyers, make efficient red-handed repression awkward and impossible. On the other hand we cannot take conspiracy lying down, and are bound to do something.

Minto agreed:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 30. . . . Of this I feel quite certain, that we must not assume for an instant that any legislation can for the present guarantee us against further outrages. It may be successful or it may not; it is impossible to say: but if it is not, and we have further murders, I hope the English newspapers will not jump to the conclusion that India is on the eve of revolution. That is sheer nonsense as long as the Indian Army is sound, and from all I hear there is no cause for anxiety in that direction. At home people seem to be becoming more and more sensational. I used to think we were a phlegmatic race, till the Mafeking madness taught us otherwise!

I had long interviews yesterday with Sinha and Mukerji. . . . They both said practically the same thing, namely that this (seditious) organization is confined to the student class and to those who have passed through the Universities; but that behind them there is an instigating power which supplies funds, and that there is much intimidation of well-disposed people. They did not seem to think there was a general sympathy with the perpetrators of recent crimes except amongst the very lowest classes, and that what had been taken for manifestations of sympathy might, to a great extent, have been due to fear. Mukerji thinks very seriously of the situation. He is a fine fellow with no fear of responsibility; his life has more than once been threatened. He is, as you know, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. He tells me that the national schools and private colleges are hot-beds of sedition, and that until we deal with them we can have no permanent peace. That, of course, affects one of the biggest questions of policy we have before us—the biggest, I should say, in respect to the future, and the results of a satisfactory solution could only appear in the course of years. No doubt the rising generation is getting off the rails altogether, and the future must depend much on their sounder training.

All the same it is perfectly evident that the vast majority of the native population is deeply impressed with the anxieties of the situation. I hear that even Moti Lal Ghose, the editor of the *Amrita Bazar*

Patrika, reminds us that we have powers of deportation, and Dunlop Smith who has seen a great many natives in the last few days tells me that one and all suggest deportation. . . .

There is a great deal of nervousness everywhere; even ladies are buying revolvers! I don't know that this will add much to the safety of the community! . . . The Police have taken immense precautions, too much *en évidence* in my opinion, which I have pointed out. . .

As to repressive legislation: it is all-important that it should precede your announcement of Reforms in Parliament. I am most anxious that we should get our disagreeable work over before your announcement is made. We must give the medicine first and then do all we can to take the taste away. If we were to follow up your announcement with stiff legislation and deportation we should make a fatal mistake. The taste of the last dose would remain in the patient's mouth. I want your announcement to be received with a flourish of trumpets, and we must run no risk of marring its effects. Rashbehari-Ghose is very friendly and can do much to ensure it a good reception. . . .

I believe our proposals go further than Indian political opinion has hoped for. Of course nothing will satisfy the extremists, and it remains to be seen whether they will gain or lose strength. Personally I expect them to lose largely. But though I am repeating myself, I must say again that if for a time there are no more outrages, we must not jump to the conclusion that all is well. My information points to further trouble. Arms are still being obtained, pistols chiefly, not many rifles as far as I hear, and I have just been told of something like an intended attack on Burdwan. . . .

About Reforms, I cannot tell you how sincerely pleased I am that you have decided upon a Native Member for my Council. You know my views and I have long made up my mind that the appointment would be right. . . . I have been ruminating a great deal over the Council of Chiefs and much appreciate your recognition of my arguments. But, after all, I am inclined to think you are right. Such a Council would do good if we could be quite sure of the lines we could run it on, but as yet we can't be quite sure. . . . It would, at any rate, want more organization than I could find time for in the midst of all that is going on, and whilst not absolutely dismissing the idea, we can, I think, wisely let it stand over for the present.

I hope I am not overweening in my feeling that we are about to share in the triumph of a great work. There may be no visible triumph at first, and there will be any amount of criticism, but I

believe that thinking India will recognize that much has been gained. Notwithstanding all my warnings as to possible further troubles, perhaps I am more sanguine than you are. Instinct seems to tell me that we are nearing the turn of the tide. Political agitation we shall have with us always, and it will grow in strength as years go on, but recent struggles culminating in our Reforms, will, I believe, have done much to educate Indian political life. European and Native will, I hope, look more broadly and generously upon great questions, and no genuine grievance exists for the use of irreconcilables; "Partition" is no longer good enough for them, and new interests are springing up which would oppose its revival, though I hear that Cotton and Wedderburn are writing to the enemy to do all they can to keep it alive.

The special Legislation took the form of a Bill entitled the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which provided "for the more speedy trial of certain offences, and for the prohibition of associations dangerous to the public peace". It was introduced in the Legislative Assembly on December 11th, and the day before Minto wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Dec. 10. I am writing these few lines before breakfast with a heavy day before me. Rashbehari-Ghose is coming to see me at 10.30 and my head is full of to-morrow's Council. So far I hear there will be no opposition from Native Members, except from him, and he will object to the passing of the Bill in a single day. I have insisted on this on the grounds that the position is critical, and that if another murder should occur before we have proved our determination to take immediate action we should be most justly blamed. There has been ample expression of public opinion as to the necessity of special legislation, but I have not had an easy task with my Council. There has been an inability to understand the responsibility of the Government of India and to rely far too much on the executive authority of Local Governments, also a strange unwillingness to recognize the urgency of things, notwithstanding the nervousness that is in the air.

I was very pleased when I got your telegram objecting to the powers vested in Local Governments. I had already pounced on the point in last Friday's Council. The first draft of the Bill omitted any reference to the Government of India and left all action to Local

Governments, and concurrent powers were only given to the Governor-General-in-Council in deference to my strong opinion. The chief argument in favour of Local Governments was speed, and there is something in that, but I could not get my colleagues to see that we must accept the responsibility. It is all-important now that power should centre in the Viceroy and the Government of India. The want of initiative I have had to deal with is too depressing for words, but I have carried my points. In fact as regards immediate legislation, I have simply insisted on it.

This meeting of the Legislative Council was memorable, and my Journal, written two or three days afterwards, gives an account of the proceedings:

Journal, December 14. The Council met in the Throne Room at Government House to which access was only given on presentation of a special Pass issued for the occasion.

The members of Council were all present with the conspicuous exceptions of Mr. Gokhale and Lord Kitchener. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, the new Finance Member, sat next to Dr. Rashbehari-Ghose, and the new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Mr. Baker, occupied the high Chair.

After a little preliminary business, the Viceroy called upon Sir Harvey Adamson,[1] who moved for leave to introduce his Bill, and subsequently proposed that the "Standing Orders" should be suspended to allow of its being passed at a single sitting. The Home Member read his speech in his wonted emphatic manner. He was followed by the Parsee representative, a Mahommedan Member, the Maharajah of Darbhanga, and the Burmese representative. The Nawab of Dacca succeeded in making it clear that *he* had predicted anarchist outrages two years ago.

The support the Bill received was practically unanimous from Natives as well as Europeans. Dr. Rashbehari-Ghose was the only Member who was anxious to introduce amendments, and even he appeared to be dissenting more from party reasons than from conviction. He is a very eloquent speaker and though an extremist is on friendly terms with Minto.

Two days after passing the new law terror was struck into the hearts of the Bengalis by the deportation without trial of ten men.

[1]Home Member, Viceroy's Council.

We hear that this has made a profound sensation. No one knows who may be the next to be arrested. Arms and ammunition have been thrown into the river, and in outlying villages the head zemindars, instead of assuming an insulting attitude, have offered their services to assist in restoring law and order.

It is wonderful how Minto has kept his head through all this time of tension. He has had to fight the apathy of a certain class of official, and also to avoid being carried away by the hysterical nervousness of another section of the community, and no doubt his calmness as to his own personal safety has inspired confidence in others. Mr. Halliday, the head of the Police, told me that everyone knows the Viceroy never even asks what precautions are being taken for his safety, and this makes them all the keener to look after him.

On the discovery of the bomb factory in Calcutta, General Cowans[1], in command at the Fort, felt it was necessary to take very special precautions. A rumour got about that there would be an attempt to rush the Viceroy in his office. Rifles were brought from the arsenal to Government House and hidden under tables and in every available place in the A.D.C.s' Wing, and the Staff were given their orders and told exactly what to do in the event of a rising. During this scare the Indian sentries of the Bodyguard stood day and night outside the Viceroy's door.

Decisive action was rewarded and before many weeks had passed Minto was able to write to Morley.

Minto to Morley. Dec. 17. As to our deportations, I am sure you know how intensely disagreeable they have been to me, but there was nothing else for it, and as far as I can judge at present the effect is excellent. I have already heard of the breaking up of several Samitis. I went into every case myself, and though of course there is not sufficient evidence for a Court of Law, there is ample in every one of them to justify our procedure. The conspiracy is far better organized than I had ever imagined, and though the idea of any attempt at revolution seems fantastical, there might, if we had not made the discoveries, have been something in the nature of simultaneous assassination of Europeans, followed by tremendous punishment by us. The dangers which I hope we have avoided are terrible to think of. In looking back on the past we must remember that up

[1]Quartermaster-General, Great War 1914-1918.

to the murders at Muzzeffarpur, we thought we were dealing merely with sedition as represented by treasonable speeches and writings, but the Manicktollah Gardens discoveries[1] shed an entirely new light on the dangers we had to face, and made it clear to us that we were confronted with the practical results of the doctrines which had been spread throughout India.

The Bengali is so impressionable that it is impossible to foretell the effect of our action. . . . We must not be surprised at further attempts at outrage, and we must not expect to get immediately at the source of much of the existing discontent. At the same time I believe that if we continue firm—and everything depends upon that continuance—the state of affairs, helped by the announcement of our reforms, may become normal sooner than I had hoped. But we must be very carefully on our guard.

The repeated attempts on the life of Sir Andrew Fraser have puzzled me a good deal. I cannot understand the persistency of them, and cannot but think there has been some cause personal rather than political. On talking this over the other day with Bayley he said that the only way he could account for it was that the desire to kill Sir Andrew Fraser had become "fashionable"! And upon my word, with these strange people there may be something in it!

I am told that no one's life is as safe as that of Halliday, the Chief of the Calcutta Police. He is a manly, straightforward fellow and the Natives all like him notwithstanding that it falls to him to effect arrests and deportations! The other day, when he carried out the latter, his prisoners, although surrounded by their own belongings, refused to entrust them with the carrying out of their final directions as to their affairs, but put them all into the hands of Halliday, saying they could not rely upon their own people but they knew they could trust him!

On December 18 Morley introduced the Indian Reform Bill into the House of Lords. It was favourably received both in England and in India, and the completion of this great work lifted a heavy load from Minto's shoulders.

On Xmas Eve he wrote to Morley.

Minto to Morley. Dec. 24. After all I have not been too sanguine as to the reception our reforms would meet with! The welcome they

[1]Bomb factories.

have received is far better than anything we were at all entitled to expect.

As regards the Native member of my Council, at which I should not have been surprised to hear a few sneers, I have not read or heard a single criticism of it; in fact all I have read in the newspapers about it has been in the shape of hearty acceptance. . . .

I had to break off this letter to receive a deputation presenting a congratulatory Address on the Reforms! It is the most remarkable event of my time here. All classes were represented, and all shades of political opinion. Practically all the Native Members of the Legislative Councils of the two Bengals were present, also great Landowners such as Darbhanga, Burdwan, Tagore[1], the Nawab of Dacca, etc., etc., and above all the editors of the two extremist papers, Surendra Nath Banerjee of the *Bengali* and Moti Lal Ghose of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika,* between whom there is a deadly feud, but who had buried the hatchet for to-day, and were sitting peaceably side by side.

The pith of the Address is acceptance of the responsibility to support the Government of India and to direct public opinion, whilst welcoming the Reforms as an earnest attempt to ameliorate administration. If its maxims are acted up to we have indeed made a new departure. The most ultra-loyalists were present with the extremists, for whom the Address spoke in common!

Dec. 31. I hope there have been some accounts in the English papers of this Deputation. I shall always look upon it as the most important and impressive event of my time here. It is an extraordinary assurance of good intentions from people, great and small, and of all lines of political thought. . . .

This is the last day of the Old Year; rather a sad day always, but I feel the tide has turned in our favour, and though there are plenty of reefs ahead, I hope our course through them is clearer than it was.

Journal, December 31. The last day of a terribly full year. During the last three weeks a wonderful change has taken place in Bengal: the feeling of tension in the atmosphere has diminished.

The Reforms have been received in India with a chorus of approval. They are far more liberal than anyone anticipated.

[1]The poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

Lord Morley made the statement in the House of Lords, and alluded to Minto in the nicest possible manner. The suggestions of the Government of India have been accepted with only one or two exceptions.

The toil has been tremendous. At the Legislative Council, the day after the announcement of the Reforms, Minto made the following speech:

"I would like to say a few words before we adjourn. Honourable Members are aware that the Secretary of State yesterday laid before Parliament the papers connected with Administrative Reforms in India. Amongst them are two very memorable documents: the Despatch from the Government of India to the Secretary of State of the 1st October last, and the Secretary of State's reply of the 27th November, which we have just received.

"The recommendations we submitted to him had for two years been before us, and I cannot sufficiently express to my colleagues my appreciation of the ability and constant thought they devoted to the great questions with which they had to deal. The Secretary of State has considered our suggestions with the generous statesmanship upon which we well knew we could rely, and it is gratifying to us to recognize that he is in almost entire accord with the proposals emanating from India.

"There is no occasion to-day to enter upon any consideration of the details of the correspondence I have referred to; they will undoubtedly be amply discussed, not only officially but by the public in India, and whatever verdict that public may pass upon them, I hope we may assume that we are about to enter upon a new administrative era, based upon a recognition of the advance of political thought and the justness of many political ambitions.... It is to the leaders of Indian political aims, and to the people of India, whose aspirations they direct, that we must look for the support which can alone secure the success of the Reforms we are about to inaugurate."

CHAPTER XXIII

MILITARY CAREERS FOR THE RISING GENERATION
1908

THE provision of a military career for Native officers was a subject to which Minto gave a great deal of thought while in India. Soldiering was a blind alley to an ambitious Indian. The Cadet Corps did not provide a satisfactory ladder to permanent attainment, and Minto saw that this must be a great disappointment, likely to lead to bitterness of spirit. A keen young Cadet knew that, whatever his abilities in his profession, and whatever the standard to which he attained, on reaching the threshold of actual responsibility, the door to promotion was inevitably and uncompromisingly closed to him on account of his race.

Out of this difficult situation Minto determined to find a way, and in 1908 he opened the subject with Morley, having already had several discussions with Lord Kitchener and with other military experts.

Minto to Morley. July 14. Before I received your last letter (June 24) I had had a long talk with K. about the Cadet Corps and kindred subjects.

I have mentioned to you my idea of a Native regiment in which direct commissions should be given to Cadets or selected Indian gentlemen who had passed the necessary qualification, and I have asked Dunlop Smith to speak to you about it. Such a regiment would require to be raised on the lines of a British cavalry regiment without the Native officer class who rise generally from the ranks and who might clash with the prejudices of the Indian gentlemen I should aim at obtaining as officers.

The frame-work of the Corps would have, in the first place, to consist of British officers, *i.e.* Commanding Officer, Adjutant, etc., but the young Indians joining it as subalterns would work their way

up in accordance with regimental promotion. In a few years probably one of them might be found good enough to be appointed Adjutant, the British officers would gradually retire, and in the course of twenty years or so the regiment might be commanded by an Indian. The British officers required to start the Corps would be specially selected on the understanding that it was intended eventually to become purely Indian in its composition.

My object in suggesting such a creation is of course to throw open a military career to the rising generation sprung from good families which declares that it has no opportunity of serving the Empire, a class which will naturally increase in numbers and I am afraid will become more discontented as years go on if we can find no way of gratifying its ambition. My idea would be to make the regiment a *corps d'élite*, something like the Household Cavalry, offering it every opportunity of active service, and making it a distinction to belong to it. I have often talked over my proposal here, and though many thinking soldiers would support it I have never expected it to find favour with K. I put my ideas before him in a recent conversation, and though he admitted the desirability of supplying the military employment in question, he was strongly opposed to my way of doing it. I cannot think his objections very sound. . . .

I have had a long talk this morning with General Drummond, Inspector-General of Imperial Service Troops, about all this. He has many more opportunities of being in touch with Native military opinion than K. has, and he looks upon my suggestion as the solution of a difficult problem. If I had had the good fortune to carry the Commander-in-Chief with me I should have had no doubt at all of the success of my scheme, and I am convinced its effect would be excellent. A hint to British officers to extend good-fellowship to those of the new regiment would go a long way to put it on a sound footing. But under present conditions a bucket of military cold water would undoubtedly damp the early days of its existence. All the same, if, after full consideration, you approve, I should be quite ready to face the difficulties.

We should have to begin gradually, probably with the formation of a squadron. For political reasons it would have to be under the Foreign Department, *i.e.* the Viceroy, as regards first appointments, etc., and I should say under the Inspector-General of Imperial Service Troops (who is directly under me) as regards inspection and general efficiency. Of course, on mobilization, or any assemblage of troops, brigading, etc., it would be under the Commander-in-Chief.

General Drummond goes home on leave almost at once, and you will then have in England the three best authorities you can consult on all I have said, viz.: Drummond, Donald Cameron, Commandant, Imperial Cadet Corps, and Colonel Watson (Central India Horse) his predecessor. If you could get them together and pick their brains, they could tell you in detail what is possible or impossible. Lord Roberts, too, to whom I wrote on these matters some weeks ago, will, I know, always give friendly help. But ideas are moving forward at such a pace in India that the young men are the best judges of the requirements of the present day, and Cameron and Watson are both very able....

General Drummond told me to-day that a year ago he had to deal with a mutiny of the troops of a Native State, when an old officer, a Mutiny veteran, met him at the station in despair, telling him that the men were entirely out of hand. They were just about to commence their musketry course and each of them had ten rounds of ammunition. Drummond went up to them, told them to parade at once, and ordered his horse to be brought on to the ground, and they fell in as if nothing had happened, and on asking the Native officer how he accounted for this sudden return to discipline, he said: "Sahib, on the day that you forget that you have a white face, you will lose India". I believe it is perfectly true that the best Native officer to-day would, in a dangerous emergency, still turn to a British subaltern to help him out of the difficulty.

To turn for a moment to the Cadet Corps, you say that you hear it has never been much in favour with Lord K., and this is no doubt true. I don't quite know why; partly, I fancy, that it was Curzon's creation in the midst of much friction, partly because it is not under the Commander-in-Chief, and partly because he thinks it does not fulfil necessary military educational demands. He would like to see something more in the nature of a College through which all candidates for commissions in the Indian Army should pass, both the present Native officer class and the Chiefs and relatives of Chiefs who now join the Cadet Corps. He would like something in the nature of an Indian Sandhurst[1]. There is a great deal to be said for this, but it is possible that the abolition of the select characteristics of the Cadet Corps might bring about its collapse.

[1]On December 10, 1932, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Commander-in-Chief in India, inaugurated the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, in which Indian Cadets receive the same facilities as are given to young British officers at Woolwich and Sandhurst. All arms, services and departments are now open to Indians, and a King's Commissioned Indian Officer has passed into the Staff College.

There is much that is attractive in the idea of the Cadet Corps, but it has not taken root so thoroughly as one would have wished, though I have done all in my power to keep up its strength. Its want of complete success is, I think, chiefly due to a sense of disappointment owing to the non-bestowal of military qualifications which it was supposed to offer. It was generally assumed, whether justifiably or not, that a course in the Cadet Corps would qualify for a direct commission in the Indian Army. That is to say that a Cadet, on being gazetted, would be placed on an equal footing in every sense with a British officer of an Indian regiment. This, however, has not been so, and the Cadets who have received commissions have been given them, not in the Indian Army, but in the Native Indian Land Forces, and by the terms of their commissions they are entitled to command Native troops only, which places them, no matter what their rank, under the youngest British Subaltern of any regiment to which they may belong. This is one of the difficulties to obviate which I have suggested that they should receive exactly the same commissions as British officers of the Indian Army. . . .

What we have to do is to keep the main point before us, the necessity of recognizing the demands of an increasing class of young Indians to render military service to the Empire on the same terms in respect to command over their own countrymen as that occupied by British officers. It is incumbent upon us to recognize their just demand, the importance of which will become more and more emphasized with the advance of those new ambitions of which I have so often written to you.

All the same, even if we succeed, I believe the white face will still retain its prestige amongst Indian troops. It is curious how the old warlike races, the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, always looked for white leaders, and they found them in De Boigne, Gardiner, Skinner, and many others. The vast majority of the people know that they cannot lead themselves, or rule themselves. Old Nabha said to a friend of mine the other day, talking of the restless state of the country, that he had written to several friends of his in Bombay telling them that he did not understand the course they were pursuing, that they owed everything to British administration and British commerce, but that of course if they wanted to get rid of the Raj they had better do so, and that he should at once come down and loot them "if he could only get there in time". Very much the same thing has been said directly to myself by a frontier Chief, and I believe that all

over India there are many who are thinking of the possibility of a weakening of British authority and the opportunities it would offer for wholesale plunder.

Morley answered:

Morley to Minto. Aug. 10. On your military proposal I don't find it at all simple to have an opinion. As it happens I have not yet been able to see the three men you name, but I will certainly arrange to do so by the time you get this letter.

I am not sure if I ought to understand you as meaning your proposal for a settlement of the general question of raising the position of Native officers in the Indian Army? Surely you will have to do a vast deal more than this? In any case I should be wholly disposed to support you in your *corps d'élite* if it were shown to be consistent with further moves. Everybody with whom I talk here of the military species—I don't mean in the India Office merely—seems to think a further move both desirable and inevitable. . . .

I am immensely refreshed to-day by reading the telegrams praising the plenteous rains, and promising good harvests. Such a prospect will lighten your heart, and that of itself rejoices me.

Minto to Morley. July 29. Captain Taylor, who is now commanding at the Cadet Corps in Donald Cameron's absence, has just been to see me, and I have been talking over the possible regiment with him. The chief difficulties he foresees are social ones, that young Indian gentlemen will never forget their social standing amongst themselves, and that they would not put up with a regimental discipline which recognizes military rank alone. He also doubts if we should find more than a very few who would be prepared to undertake, with sufficient determination, the necessary drudgery of military life. Its brilliancy attracts them, but he doubts if many would see much beyond that. He speaks highly of their ability, and I look over their examination reports, which are excellent. They pass a somewhat higher examination for commissions than the final examination at Sandhurst.

As regards those commissions, I told you in my letter of the 14th of the doubt which has existed as to the actual military standing they were intended to confer. I have repeatedly enquired as to this, and no one has ever told me distinctly what Curzon's original intention was, or whether the commissions now given in the Native Indian Land

Forces fulfilled the promises which the Cadets believed he held out to them. I have now at last got to the bottom of it. In "Rules for the Imperial Cadet Corps," paragraph 1, the following are the opening words: "The Imperial Cadet Corps has been organized by His Excellency the Viceroy with the main object of providing a military training for selected members of the aristocracy of India and of giving them such a general education that, whilst in course of time they may be able to take their places in the Imperial Army as British officers, they may never lose their character and bearing as Indian gentlemen". There it is in black and white, and no wonder that the Cadets, with this always before them, hardly consider a commission in the Native Indian Land Forces equivalent to the rule. I fully recognize the difficulties of a regiment, but they appear to me far from insurmountable. We shall be obliged to face them whether we like it or not eventually, and I hope you will agree with me in my proposed attempt to overcome them.

Some months elapsed before Minto again wrote on this favourite subject, and during that time he discussed it frequently with military men and others whose opinion on such matters he thought valuable. In September he took it up once more in correspondence with Morley:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 2. As to military matters, O'Moore Creagh's[1] memorandum is excellent. But he dealt entirely with Native officers. The object of my *corps d'élite* was rather to fulfil the supposed promises made to the Cadet Corps in respect of Commissions; and to avoid friction with the Native officer class, I proposed to have the machinery of a British regiment in which that class would not exist, the commissions being given only to young Indian gentlemen who had passed their Cadet Corps course. At the same time I heartily admit the necessity for doing something for Native officers, and I have talked much about this with K., his own proposals not going further, however, than finding civil employment for them after their military careers are over. At the same time, by dint of persuasion I have got him to acknowledge that the time has come when we must do something to satisfy the military ambition of Indian officers whether they come from the Cadet Corps or elsewhere, and I think

[1]Military Secretary, India Office. Commander-in-Chief, India, 1909-14.

it may be possible to work in the grant of Commissions to Native officers with those given to Cadets.

Native officers are professional soldiers who have rendered us much brilliant service. The Cadets on the other hand would probably, after a few years in the Army, with some exceptions, retire to their estates or find some occupation in private life. So that selected Native officers might constitute a backbone to a newly-formed regiment. I have not seen K. lately, but I hear he is strongly opposed to the formation of any regiment, and if we cannot bring him to terms we shall have to go on without him. There is much that is too technical to go into now, and the afternoon is wearing away, but I must say this, that whatever is done, we must accept the principle that no restriction is to be placed on the promotion of an officer to any rank because he is an Indian.

Returning to the subject in his next letter, he said:

Sept. 9. What we have to face now is the just demand of Indian gentlemen for the recognition of their claims to receive commissions in the Indian Army equivalent to those of British officers of that Army. We are asked to acknowledge the principle that difference in race shall not debar them from the same military promotion as British officers. The question is full of difficulty, but we can no longer put the answer aside. We are in fact called upon to fulfil the promise made in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858: "And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity, to discharge". We cannot now afford to haggle over the "so far as may be". The promise has already been fulfilled for Indians who choose to accept the conditions of any public service in India, except the Army. There is no law that I know of to prevent an Indian, if he is a member of the I.C.S., from being the Lieutenant-Governor of a Province, he is not legally prohibited from becoming Governor of Madras or Bombay, he can hold, and has held, the highest position on the Bench, and all I say is that his military disabilities must also be removed.

I agree with the Commander-in-Chief that we should find very few Indian gentlemen amongst the sons and relations of Ruling Chiefs who would devote themselves to a soldier's profession, with all the drudgery and hard work military life now entails. They would

very often, as K. says, be "butterflies" attracted by the glitter of arms merely for the moment. All the same we cannot disregard them. They would much resemble the sons of many good families at home who join the Household troops with no intention of remaining permanently in them, and who, after a time, retire to the management of their estates. The "Native officer" is a different man. He has served us magnificently in many wars. He often is sprung from good stock, too. I have the warmest admiration for him and have done all I can to bring him forward on every opportunity, and I thoroughly agree with O'Moore Creagh and the Commander-in-Chief that we must improve his position. I put his claims in a military sense far above those of the Cadets. He deserves recognition for tried loyalty and professional service, the claims of Cadets are based more on political requirements.

Sept. 24. An Education Department, the Native Member and the creation of a regiment such as I have suggested, are matters to which I attach the greatest importance. As to the regiment, the more I hear—and I hear a great deal—the more convinced I am of the possibility of my scheme, and the pressing necessity for it.

Oct. 5. I am very glad you are favourably impressed by General Drummond and Colonel Watson. The former will be here soon, and after seeing him I hope I may be able to submit some scheme for the formation of a regiment to you officially. Lord K. is, as I have told you, strongly opposed to it, though his reasons do not, in my opinion, at all hold water. I believe many soldiers, even on his own headquarters Staff, agree with me, and the Native opinion, of which I have heard much lately, as to the urgent necessity of a juster treatment of Indian military claims is even stronger than I thought it was. I should not apprehend any difficulty in appointing Native officers to a regiment, together with Cadets of good families. Many of the former, though professional soldiers who have risen from the ranks, are also of high descent, and they would, of course, be selected.

Oct. 19. Your letter of October 1 reached me yesterday. I am, of course, sorry the free rations are not to be.[1] Here I believe the best Indian Army opinion was entirely for them, and it was to that that I attached so much weight.

[1]Free rations, as advocated above, were granted in 1917.

After General Drummond's arrival on his return from England, Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 4. Whilst on reforms I will only just touch upon "the regiment". I have set Drummond to work on a detailed scheme to submit to you. We shall, I think, make a very strong case in favour of *bona fide* commissions. One point is that if we admit the principle of these commissions, and commence with the appointment of Native gentlemen as 2nd Lieutenants, according to the present rate of promotion it would take any one of them twenty-seven years to attain to the command of the regiment, and about fifteen years to the command of a squadron, and if ideas on the military employment of Natives are not much broader in that lapse of time, I should be much surprised.[1]

As was quite natural, Morley in purely military matters could not keep pace with Minto's enthusiasm. He wrote:

Morley to Minto. Nov. 5. I am disgracing myself by leaving a mass of military papers in their dusty basket; but it shall not be for long.

And a fortnight later, he continued:

I feel guilty, very guilty in not applying my mind to the Army question, and I am quite ready to follow your judgment that the matter is of great political importance. But this afternoon my heart faints within me at the thought of tackling the subject.

During Minto's régime no definite scheme was actually put into operation, but to-day Indian Officers hold the King's Commission as he foresaw should happen.

[1]The decision that eight units (2 Cavalry and 6 Infantry) of the Indian Army should be completely Indianized was announced by Lord Rawlinson (Commander-in-Chief) to the Legislative Assembly in February 1923. Following on the deliberations of the Round Table Conference of 1930-31, a more extensive scheme of Indianization was announced in 1931.

CHAPTER XXIV

A CALCUTTA WEDDING AND A SHOOTING TRIP
1909

Journal, January 1909. We have had hectic days owing to the enthusiasm shown not only in Calcutta, but by the whole of India, over Violet's engagement to Charlie Fitzmaurice. The fact that the Viceroy's daughter is to marry the son of a former Viceroy[1] is considered an unique occasion for rejoicing. The Indian Princes were anxious to send presents, but, owing to official custom, this could not be sanctioned. Even the Afghan traders begged for permission to present embroidered posteens (jackets) "which, by the grace of the Great Allah, we entreat you will receive to prove our loyalty to the invincible British Raj, and thy great family".

January 20. I have never seen a more composed bride than Violet on her wedding day. I was kept busy all the morning with countless trifles, and just when I thought I should have time to dress leisurely, the wedding bouquet was brought for my approval. Our own *malis* (gardeners) had been anxious to be entrusted with this important item. I was horrified when an absurdly small, conical-shaped posy was produced. There was nothing for it but to re-make it myself. Wire and more flowers were procured; agitated *malis* handed me sprays, and in ten minutes a bouquet with long trails of fern and orange blossom was ready for the occasion. The day was exceptionally hot, and it was a desperate rush to arrange Violet's wedding veil and be ready myself to drive Maud Lansdowne to the Cathedral.

Accompanied by her father, Violet drove from Government House in the State carriage with four horses, escorted by the Bodyguard. The streets were lined with troops, and, owing to the unrest and the knowledge that bombs were being manufactured in Calcutta, Sir Frederick Halliday, Chief of Police, was taking all precautions. For many days beforehand police had encircled the Cathedral, and on the day itself a detective in plain clothes occupied every pew. In

[1]The Marquess of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India 1888-93.

spite of this a bomb was discovered in a flower-pot. The fact that the Viceroy, many Indian Princes, and all the chief officials were to be assembled in the Cathedral offered a golden opportunity to the anarchists; but their plans were fortunately frustrated.

The Cathedral was beautifully decorated with lilies and tuberoses; three tiny bridesmaids in pale blue each held a bunch of violets; the service was choral and the organ accompanied the Viceroy's band. While the register was being signed, Miss Katharine Jones, in her lovely contralto voice, sang "The Song of Thanksgiving".

The wedding breakfast was held in the grounds of Government House, and the wedding cake, over six feet high, was placed in a huge *shamiana*: it was cut by the bride with Lord Kitchener's sword. In spite of his objection to making a speech he proposed the health of the newly married couple:

"Lady Violet has won many hearts, and I feel sure there are none present who do not deeply and sincerely regret her departure from among us. For this we hold Lord Charles responsible, but considering his temptation I think we must forgive him."

Describing the scene to Morley, Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. January 21. Everything went off splendidly; it was really an impressive sight. . . . Scindia, Sir Pertab Singh and Cooch Behar were all in the church, the ecclesiastics not being in the least shocked by their presence. I am glad it is all over, but I do not at all like losing my daughter, who has been my constant companion.

Journal. Maud Lansdowne, who came out from England for the wedding, remembered many of the old servants. She was amused to find her old pony-carriage with the same ponies still alive and able to drag us round the park at Barrackpore: they must be over twenty years of age and we have christened them "Creepy" and "Crawly". At the races Maud was glad to recognize an old jockey, famous in her day, and to have the opportunity of congratulating him on still being able to ride a winner and on holding his own with the younger generation.

We recently spent a day at Gidhaur for the opening ceremony of a clock tower which the Maharajah has built in memory of our last year's visit. In his opening speech he said:

"We have been passing through an unprecedented crisis. Crimes utterly abhorrent in their nature, cursed by God and men alike, and utterly

foreign to the deep and glorious traditions of our country, have been perpetrated. It is true these are the doings of hare-brained, unsteady and immature youths who stand isolated in the community. I cannot help saying that at no stage in its history has the British Government shown greater calmness and strength of character than under our present Viceroy. Lord Minto seems to have been ordained by divine dispensation to have been in India at this juncture."

January 29. To-night we gave a Fancy Dress Ball in memory of the great-grandfather who lived for seven years in this house a hundred years ago, and whom Minto impersonated. Larry[1] and the Staff wore the exact uniform of that period.

February 11. We have had three thrilling days in the jungle at Lahapara in Assam, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar kindly undertaking to make all arrangements.

The first day we went after tiger. I cannot describe the tensity of anticipation and silence as the beat gradually creeps nearer and nearer: every blade of grass and scrub is keenly watched: every sense is painfully alert. At last a flash of yellow appeared. I fired, and saw the tiger's white chest as he raised himself and, with a bound, dashed past our elephant into the jungle beyond. I thought I had missed him but the *shikari* declared he was hit, and with great rapidity the line of elephants was reformed surrounding the patch of jungle where Cooch Behar thought he was lying. As the circle narrowed, the tiger bounded out of a clump of thick grass, and made for Captain Jelf's elephant, smiting at his trunk with his mighty paw in passing. Then, with a desperate spring, he landed on the head of Eileen's elephant, which remained staunch, and the tiger was killed by her companion, Colonel Hammond, who hurriedly shot it over her head.

The next day we went after rhino. This is a dangerous sport, as, though elephants will stand the charge of a tiger, they will rarely face rhino or pig without wavering, as these animals frequently gore the most vulnerable parts of their huge bodies. It had been sternly impressed upon everyone that, as the kill of rhino in this district is restricted, no one except the Viceroy was to fire. The trumpeting of the elephants led us to expect some sport, and several elephants stampeded in spite of the desperate efforts of the *mahouts* to keep them in line. Suddenly a cow rhino dashed out of the jungle and charged straight for the elephant on which Eileen and the Maharajah were riding. In cases of self-defence the law is of course relaxed, and the

[1] Viscount Melgund, our eldest son.

Maharajah shouted to Eileen: "Fire! By God, fire!" but Eileen was obdurate until the rhino closed with the elephant: then both she and the Maharajah fired, with their rifles almost touching the rhino's back. Wounded, the rhino dashed back to the jungle, pursued by their galloping elephant. The Maharajah, grasping the howdah with one hand and holding his rifle with the other as if it were a pistol, emptied the magazine at the disappearing rhino, which was eventually secured, Minto having hurried to their assistance.

After a brief lull, Francis Scott and I, who were together on an elephant and had been spectators of this drama, saw a huge bull rhino slowly appearing from a different direction. He stood stationary for some time about eighty yards away, giving us a broadside view of his enormous body, a target almost impossible to miss. The self-restraint required to keep from firing was considerable, but we remained true to orders. Our loyalty, alas, was not rewarded, as Minto never had an opportunity of getting a shot at him, but we were praised for our honourable conduct.

The same day Victor Brooke had a different and very dangerous adventure. He was always casual as to personal safety, and when he saw a cow rhino and her calf emerge from the jungle he did not shoot but hurriedly grasped his kodak, being anxious to obtain a picture. On sighting the elephant the rhino charged, and these huge beasts met with a tremendous concussion, like two battleships ramming each other; the shock was terrific. Victor was hurled against the iron bar of the howdah, his rifle was flung to the ground, and his right arm severely damaged. Meanwhile the young rhino attacked the elephant from the rear. With his left hand Victor managed to cock his small Winchester rifle and fired three shots. After much trampling round and round, the rhino eventually made off with her calf. Francis, who had seen the encounter from the next howdah, attempted to come to Victor's rescue, but his elephant turned and careered away into the open.

On the third day I was the lucky one of the party, being fortunate in securing both a buffalo and a bison, a compensation for having sacrificed the wonderful opportunity of adding a rhino to my trophies, which, with my tiger, bison and buffalo, would surely have made a record for a three days' shoot.

Early next morning we left camp and returned to Calcutta. The Viceregal party, with the Maharajah and camp-followers, numbered in all 1006.

Journal, March 12. (*Calcutta.*) Minto was greatly amused this morning at receiving a telegram from Lord Morley asking for information about the status of women in harems in Native States. To this peculiar request Minto answered:

"I will do my best! I think I told you that Scindia's Maharani sang 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' to me from behind the purdah, but as yet I have not looked into the zenana."

I am afraid the Secretary of State's curiosity will not be gratified, as even the Viceroy would not be allowed to penetrate into these mysterious abodes.

One of Minto's letters this morning was addressed:

LORD MINTO,
Late Governor-General of Canada, & King of Cuba,
c/o Her Majesty Queen Alexandra,
Balmoral Castle.

"Try India Office" was written across the envelope in red ink!

Minto has quite a collection of strange petitions. A native clerk writes, "If this great boon is granted me I shall pray to God, whom Your Excellency greatly resembles, for your welfare". Another letter pathetically declares, "I have no one in this Archaeological Department save God and Your Honour."

March 14. We gave a farewell dinner to Sir Francis Maclean this evening. He has been Chief Justice here for eleven years. Minto, in proposing his health, said that their friendship had started as far back as their undergraduate days at Cambridge, and at the A.D.C. Club he, as a mere super, had often admired the histrionic genius of Sir Francis, who was an accomplished actor. Sir Francis, in his reply, admitted that it was true that the Viceroy had never risen higher than a super at the A.D.C.—in fact he was so unruly a performer that he would have broken the heart of any stage manager. Fortunately his failure was confined to this "stage", as all his friends must be proud of the part he had played with so much success in every other rôle he had been given in after-life.

CHAPTER XXV

APPOINTMENT OF AN INDIAN TO THE VICEROY'S EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Minto to Morley. Jan. 6. The London papers arrived on Sunday with the full text of your Reforms announcement in the House of Lords, and I cannot resist telling you how heartily I join in the chorus of congratulation with which it has been received, and how refreshing your kind words about myself are. . . . I must not go on singing everlasting paeans over our Reforms; far too risky to do so. But still the evidences of change to fine weather are increasing. . . . What has surprised me more than anything in the reception our Reforms have met with is the absence of criticism in the Anglo-Indian press, and Calcutta society, of a Native Member for the Viceroy's Council. . . .

From what Lansdowne said in the House of Lords I think he and others misunderstand the object we have in view. They assume that we want to have a Native Member, solely qua Native. That is not the case at all. . . . We say that if a man is fully qualified in ability and otherwise to hold a certain post he shall not be debarred from holding it by his colour. That is quite a different thing from attempting to represent Mohammedans or Hindus on the Viceroy's Council or any Council, and it is a point which I should like to rub into our critics. We are simply endeavouring to fulfil the promise held out in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, which we have been told so often that we have forgotten.

He continued in his next letter:

Feb. 4. The appointment of an Indian to my Council will be the greatest step we have taken. It means so very much. Even if it is wrong, it would be impossible to retreat now, but it is very right indeed. The more I think of it the more convinced I am that for the Viceroy's Council we must stick to the qualifications of the individual for the appointment. We must refuse to admit "race disability" whilst refusing at the same time to consider "race representation".

Morley's letter of the same date admits:

Morley to Minto. Feb. 4. The gale of wind about the Native Member still blows and whistles and even screams in my ear. I bear it with much composure, and when the thing is done all the world will wonder what the fuss was about. I don't pretend for a moment that the step is not a serious change. It is, very serious, in all its indirect bearings. I know that. But then the state of India marks a serious change, and demands "tremendous innovations". . . .

Feb. 11. I see you are off for a change of scene. . . . Pray enjoy your short respite from the unceasing stream of daily files, consultations and decisions with a clear conscience, only occasionally turning a friendly thought to a Secretary of State engaged in steering the craft through Parliamentary rapids, spates, and all the rest of the chances and hazards of a Bill.

Peace and freedom from anxieties is not a Viceroy's lot, and Minto during the following weeks was under a continuous hail of telegrams and letters from the India Office regarding the action of the Government of India towards political miscreants whose activities had been the cause of so much unrest.

The Act of 1818, giving powers to place under personal restraint individuals against whom there might not be sufficient grounds for prosecution under the ordinary law, had been invoked. It was a course of action to be followed in a case of emergency "until we get some legislation better suited to the occasion". Such arbitrary methods never commend themselves to British minds except as a temporary expedient, and Minto had called the Government together to frame legislation to meet the situation. These measures had been passed, but could not, Minto affirmed, nullify previous action, and he refused to release immediately the prisoners who had been arrested under the emergency regulations. Nothing had been done in ill-considered haste. Indeed Minto had found it difficult to induce his Council to move fast enough even when outrage had succeeded outrage. "We must not legislate in a hurry", demurred the Home Secretary, Sir Harvey Adamson, cautiously hanging

back, on which Lord Kitchener, who steadily supported the Viceroy, retorted: "It's all very well for you to counsel delay. You're not 'on the list'!"

The Secretary of State seemed almost as cautious and hesitating:

Morley to Minto. Jan. 13. You may take my word for it, my dear Viceroy, that if we do not use this harsh weapon with the utmost care and scruple, always, where the material is dubious, giving the suspected man the benefit of the doubt, you may depend upon it, I say, that both you and I will be called to severe account, even by the people who are now applauding us, quite rightly, for vigour. It is just some momentary slip in vigilance that has often upset apple-carts, as Rhodes said, and damaged men's political reputations.

Minto was perfectly aware of what he might expect, and held himself prepared for all attacks:

Minto to Morley. Jan. 6. I suppose when Parliament re-assembles, we may expect volleys of questions about the deportations. If there are, I am a little apprehensive as to the effect they may have here. I hope it won't amount to much, because I believe the deportations have been generally welcome, but still accusations of unjustifiable repression brought against us in England may stir up the mud here, and revive a state of unrest which would put the consideration of the release of the prisoners out of the question. It is much too early in the day to talk of release, but if India is only given time to come to her senses, we may be able to think of leniency much sooner than seemed within the bounds of possibility a few weeks ago. . . . I hear that the prisoners are expressing satisfaction at the way they are being treated, and Aswini Kumar Dutt writes to his people that his "health has much benefited by the change from Barisal to Lucknow!" In the meantime, we must sit very tight and watch the trend of events.

Jan. 14. I recognize the necessity of avoiding, as far as one reasonably can, measures which may draw fire upon us from home, but it is often difficult to balance fairly the line of action we feel is demanded from us by circumstances here against the compliance with wrong-headed public opinion in England. The question is whether the Government of India would be justified, in deference to ignorance of Indian affairs and false criticism, in accepting risks which they

know must jeopardize the safety of the country under their immediate administration. The answer can only be in the negative. At the same time they must not neglect parliamentary opinion; it would be foolish to do so. But what amount of value is to be given to that opinion if it clashes with public interest here? . . . If we give in to the views of home critics we shall most decidedly lay ourselves open to violent attacks here, based on the accusation of unfairness in procedure, which we had only accepted in deference to mistaken ideas in England. . . . And how can I, a law-abiding Scot, brought up under the protection of the "Procurator Fiscal", admit that the time-honoured criminal procedure of my well-behaved country can be compared with the tyranny of Austria and Russia!

There has been no criticism whatever here of our "Criminal Law Amendment Act", and there is not the least likelihood of any unless it originates in England.

Jan. 21. The political outlook is wonderfully reassuring, but we must not for an instant forget the dangers we have recently passed through, and I have no hesitation in saying that if it should ever appear that the release of a prisoner was due to pressure brought to bear in the House of Commons, the risk of an immediate renewal of lawlessness in India would be imminent. It is not the time to consider the release of prisoners, nor the strict justice of action taken under a Regulation intended to meet exceptional circumstances. I have not the slightest doubt that the deportations have been welcomed by the whole loyal population of this country, and we cannot, with any safety, at the present moment afford to reconsider action which was taken here after the most careful consideration.

It was not easy, however, to convince the Secretary of State that this course was right, and every mail brought further expostulations. Patiently, Minto attempted to reply and soothe Morley's qualms and misgivings:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 4. It is easy enough for . . . [people at home] to assume that the police are corrupt and that here we are cruel dictators—views no doubt full of the milk of human kindness—but one cannot rule this country by namby-pamby sentimentalism. . . . No one dislikes *lettres de cachet* more than I do. The whole essence of them is the arrest of persons on evidence sufficient to satisfy the Government that such persons are guilty, though not

sufficient to convict them in a Court of Law. . . . The powers conferred by the Regulations of 1818 are not pleasant ones to wield, but their value has been incontestably proved under certain conditions in India. At the same time one must always bear in mind that such powers can never be safely used unless it is absolutely clear that the authority which puts them into force is completely trusted to do so judiciously, and is perfectly free from the risk of enquiry into its action, or from the necessity to justify it.

Less than a fortnight after Minto's defence of his policy, another political murder was committed, thus doubly justifying the wisdom of the course he was pursuing. Informing Morley of this fresh outrage, he said:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 16. I wrote to you the day I left Calcutta, and as I was getting into the carriage to drive down to the station, I was told of the murder of Ashutosh Biswas, the Bengal Public Prosecutor; very discouraging, just as one was looking forward to comparative relief from everyday anxiety.

Mar. 4. The general position in respect to further outrages is not, I am afraid, satisfactory, though in a big sense politically we are in an infinitely better position than we were, and have many reasons to be pleased. Moderates have declared absolutely in our favour and many extremists have come over to our side, whilst, if it had not been for the Reforms and the deportations combined, the extremist forces would no doubt have enormously increased and would have continued to grow. Any revolutionary agency on a large scale has, I am convinced, ceased to exist, and for the present we are out of the wood in that direction. At the same time anarchical plotting has without doubt taken root in India. My own belief is that it is on a par with the subterranean machinations which seem to exist in almost every European State, apparently with no object except the destruction of any constituted power by any means whatever.

There was a very unfortunate leader in *The Times* of February 12 on "Indian anarchism". It is quite unjustifiable to assume that Indian political leaders have power to stop the type of crime that confronts us, or to hint that they are unwilling to denounce it. Immediately after the murder of Ashutosh Biswas a meeting of Indians was held in the Town Hall to express detestation of what had happened, at which Surendra Nath Bannerji made an excellent speech, and the

assemblage was most representative. Also, the preaching about "vigorous action" makes me sick! We have plenty of vigour. I'm sure Baker bubbles over with it! I should like to know what is meant by vigorous action. I do not see that we can do more than try people summarily and hang them if convicted. The country is not in a state of insurrection; there is no justification for martial law.

For the time being Morley subsided; he ceased his querulous criticisms, and his letters were occupied with the story of the piloting of the Bill through the two Houses:

Morley to Minto. Feb. 18. We have now fairly raised the curtain, and our play has begun. The Councils Bill was read formally a first time in the House of Lords last night. I had hoped for, and fixed, the second reading on the 22nd, but Lansdowne came to tell me that Curzon does not reach England till the 20th; that he will certainly want to speak on the second reading of the Bill; that he will certainly grumble if he has only one day in which to study it: "Anything for a quiet life," said I, "we'll give him another day" . . . and so you see how a self-willed man, even if he be no longer seated on your august *gadi*, can hinder the progress of sensible people and of Parliamentary business. Well might Lansdowne say that Curzon is a "law unto himself". . . .

. . . In his opening speech he, Lansdowne, gave us some pleasant chaff about that monster Blue Book of yours, and then rather went out of his way to read me a short lecture on my duty to give the "Man on the spot a free hand", etc. This was much approved by his colleagues on the front bench . . . but it was very maladroit of him to raise the point, and I shall take the liberty of reminding him next week of the "dutiful" respect *they*[1] paid to *their* man on the spot, who threw up the reins in disgust and wrath, because in his own words they wanted to make "a puppet of him". The presence of "the puppet" by his side on the bench will enforce the little irony!

Minto to Morley. Feb. 25. It will be very interesting to watch how things go here when people have got over the first blush of excitement and have time to think over quietly what it all means. There will, of course, be much discussion, but I believe India will settle down into a generally happy realization that much has been done, and that we may look forward to an era of comparative

[1] The Conservative Party.

political quiet. But what will the next great change be, and when? Not in our time.

Week by week Morley reported the progress of the Bill:

Morley to Minto. Feb. 25. We have got over another stage of the great journey and the Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords last night at the sacred dinner hour, after two days of debate covering not more than seven or eight hours in all. A high-class performance.

On Tuesday I moved the second reading in a speech which was listened to by a rather brilliant, and very attentive, but not over-sympathetic audience. Then came Curzon. He is a first-rate parliamentary speaker and he strode over the ground in fine style. He took point after point and detail after detail without acrimony but with the air of a grand drill-sergeant at the blundering manœuvres of new recruits. His criticism was wholly of the destructive sort, and entirely unhelpful, but it was heartily relished in their quiet, muffled way by the gentry around him, to whom of course the very word "reform" is of evil savour. There was plenty of force in his argument if you only admitted that all we need to do was to sit still and let agitation take its course.

Mar. 5. We got through Committee on the Bill last night, but left a little of our fur in the trap in the shape of Clause 3[1], which is probably of no vast moment but still is worth something in view of the possible contingencies ahead of us. The rejection of it was moved by that wrong-headed fellow, MacDonnell. Whatever else happens, we shall have it back when the Bill reaches the House of Commons. Curzon is characteristically active. As I said last night, he hates the Bill and the whole policy of which the Bill is the instrument; but they did not dare take the responsibility of throwing it out, and so have to be content with attempts to nag and whittle it away. His arguments, however, all of them, rest on the view that the whole attempt is a blunder, and that we ought to have persisted in his policy of shutting eyes and ears to all "political concession" whatever.

Minto had gauged the direction in which the wind was likely to blow:

Minto to Morley. Mar. 4. The most doubtful point to my mind, is the adoption of unadulterated election in place of election

[1]Permitting the appointment of Executive Councils for Provincial Governments at any time, where the Government of India should deem such advisable.

confirmed by subsequent nomination.[1] I have told you in former letters that I don't think the point vital, and it would be a thousand pities to risk losing the Bill in a fight over it. But I much doubt if disqualification by the Regulations will enable us, in the present state of India, to provide against the introduction into Legislative Councils of a dangerous element, and I should have much preferred that the ultimate power to nominate should rest with the Viceroy and the heads of Local Governments. At the same time, I entirely see your difficulties in respect of retaining the present system in the face of strong opposition in the House of Commons, which would certainly meet with support from Indian politicians in this country. I think myself the right thing to have done would have been to retain existing powers for the present—at any rate till we see how our new machinery is going to work. . . . I am sorry the Electoral College Scheme[2] ever saw the light. It has started a great deal of controversy here which I am sure we should otherwise never have heard of. The Hindus have taken it up on the grounds of undue favour shown to the Mahommedans, and we shall have some troublesome speaking and writing in that direction.

Mar. 11. Your telegram of yesterday afternoon has this moment reached me. You don't know—or perhaps you do know—how refreshing are a few cheering words from across the sea. I am so glad you think all is going well. I came down here [Barrackpore] last night for a quiet mail day—my private correspondence has simply gone to perdition—and I return for a Legislative Council Meeting to-morrow morning.

My brain is rather in a whirl. The last few days have given much to Indian history. Things seem to have come toppling over each other, and it is difficult to bring back to one's mind the sequence of events, so I have been looking over our letters and telegrams, finding myself getting more and more interested in the story we have ourselves been writing, and finally coming to the conclusion that I mustn't waste time in reading up our "back numbers" but must go on with the work.

Minto to Morley. Mar. 17. The newspaper reports of the second reading of the Bill arrived by last mail, and you can imagine with what eagerness I have read them. . . . From what I hear privately,

[1]Clause 8, objected to in the House of Lords as being too arbitrary.

[2]Advocated by Lord MacDonnell.

there seems to be an idea in England that our Reforms are a surrender to agitation. There never was such nonsense. Our scheme was on the stocks long before we had any warning of immediate danger. To give way to agitation was out of the question, though it was evident enough that the small-minded people would accuse one of doing so if they got the chance. The temptation was rather the other way—to say that in the face of outrages our Reforms were impossible and that we must deal with the repression of sedition and nothing else, and many people would have been ready enough to say so. But such reasoning I repeatedly declared I never would accept, and it will be really somewhat hard on us if we are to be told now that we have merely surrendered in the face of menacing dangers which we steadfastly refused to allow to jeopardize the proposals we had at heart.

Morley was now serene. The Bill, almost unscathed, had passed the House of Lords.

Morley to Minto. Mar. 12. I sometimes wonder what you make of all our Parliamentary doings, as rendered by piecemeal scraps of Reuter. What queer shadows and ghosts the speakers must seem; how far off from the close real facts around you.

Well, we got our third reading yesterday afternoon and no great harm done after all. We shall restore Clause 3. in the House of Commons and the Lords won't resist. On the whole we have nothing particular to complain of. Of course the marked favour with which they received my first announcement last December slowly clouded over. I knew it would. I have so often seen a sulky political noon follow a capital sunrise. And our proposals no doubt expose plenty of surface. Nobody could possibly have produced a scheme that was open to no objections and criticisms, and that would please everybody. If we had satisfied the Lords at every turn, we should certainly have been laying up trouble for ourselves in the Commons. You will laugh at me as a horrible double-faced Janus for having in one House had to show how moderate we are, and how in the other we must pose as the most ultra-reformers that ever were known. Such are what we call "tactical exigencies"! All will come right in the end, and before any very long time we shall be out of the wood, and you will be able to take up the load, and a very heavy load too, of shaping Rules, Regulations and all the rest of it.

The Indian Member, too, will, I think, be taken pretty coolly as soon as it becomes a settled fact. . . . I thought it best to fortify myself

by a fresh Cabinet decision, so I brought it up on Wednesday. . . . I believe it will go on all right, and by the time you have this epistle in your hands the plunge will be over. I do not conceal from myself that on whatever line we may choose to argue it for the purpose of the moment, it is a far-reaching and a deep-reaching move. When I opened it to the Cabinet I said: "No more important topic has ever been brought before a Cabinet", and, speaking to Alfred Lyall afterwards, I told him what I had said: "Absolutely true," he answered, "about India. No more momentous Indian topic has ever been settled". He is staunch for it, and I at any rate do not know of any more competent judgment. My own mind is as clear as yours. Without it Reforms would have been savourless and would have missed fire. It is, as you say, the keystone. The future indirect effects will be immense in a thousand ways.

Minto had always been sanguine as to the ultimate acceptance of the Reforms and of the principle of the right of Indians to serve on the Executive Council, and he had been quietly observing certain Indians whose standing and position qualified them for the appointment, so that he might be prepared with the right candidate when the opportunity came. The two outstanding men were Dr. Mukerji and Mr. Sinha, and when it became certain that the appointment would have to be made, Minto weighed their claims and decided that Sinha would be the better of the two. He therefore approached him to discover his inclinations, and wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. March 11. As to Sinha . . . he told me he was ready to accept the appointment if offered. He was very modest in all he said to me and has a quiet, attractive manner. I believe he will be a great success. He is making a very large fortune at the Bar. . . . I hear his earnings estimated at Rs. 20,000 per month, equal to nearly £16,000 per annum, so he will be making a great sacrifice of income, but he thoroughly sees the far-reaching meaning of the appointment, and has looked at things in the high-minded way one likes to meet. . . . How can anyone with any knowledge of the times say that we should be justified in excluding such a man from a share in the government of his own country *because of his race!*

How I wish, when the Bill has become law, that we could be

allowed a comparative rest and could watch India settling down and could look calmly round us and see how things are going. I expect I shall end my time here as I began it, in the midst of a constant strain, and constant watchfulness.

It makes me sad to think how little time there has been to read, or study the many mysteries of India. It has been a life of everyday action—certainly learning much as one goes along—but realizing all the more how terribly ignorant one is of many things.

A few days later he was able to cable to Morley that his dearest object was attained, and it was with lively satisfaction that he wrote:

Minto to Morley. March 24. So we have at last taken the great step and Sinha is appointed. . . . The announcement was in this morning's papers without any comments; I shall be curious to see what they say to-morrow. We are right; as to that I have no shadow of a doubt, *pace* Lord MacDonnell and all the rest of them! It is a very great move, the acceptance of a new principle in our rule in India. It was bound to come sooner or later, but the opportunity was open to us, and I should have been bitterly sorry if we had let it pass for someone else to seize. The moment, too, was particularly opportune. . . . I don't think there will be much of a howl here. The *Pioneer* and the *Englishman* will of course be nasty, but they are bound to be hampered in their attack by Sinha's admitted ability and popularity.

To the cable informing him of the accomplished fact, Morley replied:

Morley to Minto. March 25. So far, that is to say, twenty-four hours after the event, the launch of the Indian Member has produced no shock. *The Times*, which in Indian matters is almost the only journal that really counts, shakes its head a little solemnly but without scare. They shed tears over the fact that Sinha has not some score of the rarest political virtues in the world, courage, patience, tact, foresight, penetration, breadth of view, habit of authority, and heaven knows what else, just as if all these noble qualities were inherent in any third-rate lawyer that I could have fished out of Lincoln's Inn, or even as if they were to be found in all the members of the Executive Council as it stands to-day. Delicacy forbids me to name one or two of your rather dubious paragons! The article, however, breaks no bones. . . .

All that you say about *The Times*' article of the 12th February[1] strikes me as sound, and I took the liberty of telling the writer, or inspirer thereof, some of what you said, and some of what I thought, of the mischief that such writing does. Unluckily, it is a peculiarity of journalists, who have necessarily to live from hour to hour, and perhaps from hand to mouth in a political sense, that they never repent of their sins. But, as you have found out before now, patience is the statesman's golden rule, not that I, for one, by any means always obey the rule. I really believe *you* do.

And, replying to Minto's letter, he wrote:

Morley to Minto. April 2. Your last letter (March 11) which, in its friendly tone even more than usual gave me particular pleasure, struck me as just touched with a breath of fatigue, and that is no surprise. You evidently feel that we are hardly more than overcoming the fringe of our difficulties. I feel the same, though perhaps a trifle less acutely, because I am further off from the actual scene of the various players. We can at any rate take comfort in the fact that we have made a good and sure start. I am more and more confident that our policy has been right. It may be that the notion of co-operation between foreigners and alien subjects is a dream. Very likely. Then the alternative is pure "repression" and the "naked sword" . . . The only chance, be it a good chance or a bad, is to do our best to make English rulers friends with Indian leaders, and at the same time do our best to train them in habits of political responsibility.

The week after the momentous appointment had been made, Minto wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. April 1. Sinha's appointment has been splendidly received. I hear Mahommedans and Hindus are getting up a congratulatory reception to him before he leaves Calcutta, and the Anglo-Indian papers have generally entirely approved, whilst those which have not, have admitted that no better man could be found. . . . He came to see me on Tuesday and impressed me very much by the good sense of all that he said. . . .

I am writing very hurriedly . . . there is such a rush of business this week in view of the Budget debate, and the move of the Government to Simla, that I find it difficult to collect my own wits, to say nothing of other people's!

[1] *Vide* p. 280.

The frontier news is unsettled . . . we hear of the probability of a raid on a large scale in the Waziristan-Kurrum direction and we are strengthening certain posts. It looks much as if my coming tour up the Kurrum Valley might be prevented. Some fatality seems so often to spoil my tours. But a Viceroy in a motor-car would be a tempting little piece of loot which the tribesmen might not be able to resist, and I have no inclination for retirement in an Afghan tower, particularly as I don't know what amount of ransom you might consider justifiable!

It is very hot and the work particularly heavy just now. I shall be glad to get away. We leave on Tuesday; pay an official visit to Lahore, then Kurrum, if the tribes permit, then Dehra Dun for, I hope, a little comparative quiet.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HONOURABLE MR. SINHA AS LEGAL MEMBER

Journal, March 29, 1909. The Budget Debate took place to-day. I went to hear several of the speeches. All the Indians made complimentary allusions to the part Minto has played in starting the Reforms. Gokhale's speech was quite enthusiastic, and he told me he meant every word of it. I give the final paragraphs, the whole is too long to quote:

"It is idle to expect that with the introduction of the Reforms, all existing misunderstandings between the Government and the people will vanish; and it will be even more idle to imagine that, as time rolls on, no new occasions for friction will arise, or no fresh misunderstandings crop up. But there is no doubt that when the proposed reforms are completed, the administrative arrangements of the country will have been brought into reasonable harmony with the present requirements of the people. And as regards the future, we must be content to let it take care of itself. I think it is safe to say that when, in future times, the eyes of our countrymen turn back to these days, they will see two figures standing apart from the rest. One will be Your Excellency, and the other Lord Morley.

My Lord, I am at a disadvantage in speaking of Your Lordship in your presence, but the occasion is exceptional, and I trust the Council will forgive me for any apparent breach of propriety. The country owes a deep debt of gratitude to Your Lordship, both personally, and as the head of the Government of India for these Reforms. You had not been many months in the land before you recognized frankly and publicly that new aspirations were stirring in the hearts of the people; that they were part of a larger movement common to the whole East, and that it was necessary to satisfy them to a reasonable extent by giving the people a larger share in the administration of affairs. And throughout, your purpose in this matter has never wavered. Your Lordship started the first deliberations in your Council on the subject. The tentative proposals published in 1907 were revised and re-cast under your own direction, and nine-tenths of the scheme in its final form is that of the Government of India. But this is not all.

The throwing open of your Executive Council to Indians, which, in some respects, is the most notable part of the Reforms, is principally Your Lordship's work. Serene, clear-sighted, supremely modest, Your

Lordship has gone on with the work of reform with notable courage amidst extraordinary difficulties. . . .

My Lord, among the many great men who have held office as Governor-General in this country there are three names which the people cherish above all others—the names of Bentinck, Canning and Ripon. I venture to predict, both as a student of Indian history, and as one who has taken some part, however humble, in the public life of the country for the last twenty years, that it is in the company of these Viceroys that Your Lordship's name will go down to posterity in India.

Of Lord Morley I will say this: it would have been a sad thing for humanity if his tenure of office as Secretary of State for India had produced nothing more than deportations and press laws. One who has taught so highly, and to whose name such honour attaches, even in distant lands, cannot afford to be "as other men are—a slave of routine and a victim of circumstances". However, his great liberalism has been amply and strikingly vindicated. . . . That passage in his speech in the House of Lords foreshadowing Mr. Sinha's appointment with the phrase "one of the King's equal subjects" . . . will live in the history of this country, it will remain engraved on the hearts of the people.

My Lord, I sincerely believe that Your Lordship and Lord Morley have between you saved India from drifting towards what cannot be described by any other name than chaos. For, however strong a Government may be, repression can never put down the aspirations of a people, and never will."

From Minto's speech I will quote the part about the Reforms:

" This is the last Budget Debate, the last meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council, which will take place in this hall in accordance with the procedure which has been in existence since the Councils Act of 1892 came into force.

At the close of the Budget Debate last year I expressed the hope that when this Council next assembled measures would have been adopted by His Majesty's Government which would go far to meet the aspirations of those who have the welfare of the Indian people at heart. Those measures have been fully discussed by the public in India and in England and are now passing through the last stages of Parliamentary criticism. The fulfilment of my hopes for their success must depend largely on the spirit in which they are received by the people of India, and upon the honest endeavours of Indian political leaders to further the object for which they have been framed. . . .

It was in August 1906 that I drew the attention of my Council, in a confidential Minute, to the change which was so rapidly affecting the political atmosphere of India, bringing with it questions which we could not afford to ignore, and which we must attempt to answer, pointing out that it was all important that the initiative should emanate from us, that the Government of India should not be put in the position of appearing to

have its hands forced by agitation in this country or by pressure from Home, that we should be the first to recognize surrounding conditions, and to place before His Majesty's Government the opinions which personal experience and a close touch with the everyday life of India entitled us to hold.

That Minute was the first seed of our Reforms, sown more than a year before the first anarchist outrage had sent a thrill of shocked surprise throughout India by the attempt to wreck Sir Andrew Fraser's train in December 1907.

The policy of the Government of India in respect to reforms has emanated from a mature consideration of political and social conditions, whilst the administrative changes they have advocated, far from being concessions wrung from them, have been over and over again endangered by the commission of outrages which could not but encourage doubts as to the opportuneness for the introduction of political changes, but which I have steadfastly refused to allow to injure the political welfare of the loyal masses of the population of India."

Journal, April 28. There has been a remarkable demonstration in favour of Mr. Sinha throughout India, and his appointment to the Viceroy's Council is a turning point in Indian history. I give a few extracts from the speech he made at a banquet given in his honour at Calcutta. It may be interesting to look back to in after years when we have the means of knowing if the majority of Anglo-Indians now in India are right in being sanguine as to the result of the Reforms, or if they have been attended with disaster, as the Home press and the British public predict. They take their tone from the man in the street, without any real knowledge.

" Gentlemen, consider only the demonstrations held over the surface of our great and beloved country in honour of my appointment. Does anyone imagine that these demonstrations in which officials and non-officials, Hindus and Mahommedans, Parsis and Sikhs, and all other classes have taken part are due to my personal merit? I should dearly like to think so, but my intelligence refuses to believe it! Why, in the distant Punjab, and in far-off Madras, where people who, until a few days ago, were not aware of my name, nay, not even of my existence, have passed enthusiastic resolutions to keep the 24th March henceforth as a day of national rejoicing because it was the day on which the Government announced the first appointment of an Indian to the Viceroy's Executive Council. Is it possible to misunderstand the reason? . . . Plainly and obviously the reason is that the people feel proud of the trust and confidence reposed in one of themselves by the great Government under whose beneficent rule it is their privilege to live. A trust and confidence they are eager and anxious to deserve and obtain. . . .

It has been said that the people of India will never believe that any one of themselves can have that absolute impartiality between the different races, creeds and classes, which has hitherto been the attribute of every member of that august body of which I shall soon be a member. Does this meeting to-night bear out the justice or the truth of that remark? . . . I am not for one moment arrogating to myself that I possess that impartiality. I do not think it is a quality which can be inherited. I believe that it is a virtue which has to be acquired, like many other virtues, by persistent effort, strenuous endeavour and constant exercise, and, so far as I am concerned, I freely admit that I have had hardly any occasion for the exercise of this particular quality. . . . All I assert is that my countrymen of diverse classes and creeds do not consider it impossible that I may acquire it, though I am only one of them, and that they rejoice because I have been given the opportunity to acquire it. . . .

With a Viceroy to whose personal initiative I owe this appointment, with colleagues of whose cordial support I am assured, with generous promises of advice and assistance from several of my predecessors in office, with the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all classes in India, Europeans, Hindus, Mahommedans, Parsis and all others, including, as I know, the Ruling Chiefs and the great territorial magnates of the country, and above all with God's blessing, I have every hope that this great experiment—for such it must be called—may not altogether fail. It will be wholly my fault if it does, and I pray the Government to believe that it will not be the fault, but the misfortune, of my country that I was chosen. If, on the other hand, when I lay down the reins of my office, you are able to say that my appointment brought our rulers and ourselves nearer together, even by a hair's breadth, I shall be amply recompensed for the personal sacrifice I have made, and I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

Journal, April. On April 1, we left Calcutta for our Spring Tour. The first pause was made at Amritsar. It is the Holy City of the Sikhs, and any religious or social ceremony performed at the Durbar Sahib, as the temple is called, is particularly solemn and binding. A marble-paved border outlines the surrounding water and a causeway of marble leads up to the temple itself. The Bhunga (Palace) of the Akalis, or famous fanatic soldier priests, stands at the head of the quadrangle facing the gateway. This is where the would-be Sikh takes the Pahul, or ceremony of initiation, for a Sikh is appointed —not born. The Granth Sahib, or Holy Book, is kept here at night, but during the day it lies in the Durbar Sahib proper.

We alighted at the marble steps at the entrance to the tank[1] in the centre of which the Golden Temple stands. In an alcove with gold

[1]An oblong sheet of water.

and silver chairs, bowing attendants were waiting to remove our desecrating shoes, and to replace them with embroidered velvet slippers, suited to the gorgeous times of the Emperor Akbar. We walked round the marble causeway, hung with hundreds of golden lamps, to the temple in which rests the sacred Granth. It was covered with priceless embroideries, and an arch of precious stones with long pearl tassels formed a shrine above it. The Viceroy's offering of a 1000 rupees was given into the hands of one of the holy men. They chanted in rhythm, while tiny silver bells tinkled, rose leaves were scattered over us from a golden balcony above, and pigeons flew around, cooing their soft accompaniment to the prayers of the priests. One felt the charm of the old Eastern world and the fascination that belongs to bygone centuries. Our modern dress seemed strangely out of place.

We then drove out to the "Khalsa" College, which means "the chosen". The Sikhs are a fighting race and have never been distinguished for zeal in the cause of education, so have not advanced as far as other Hindus. They gave us a most hearty reception, in spite of rumours that this College had not escaped the wave of unrest which has recently swept over the majority of the educational institutions of this country. We returned to the city through narrow, tortuous streets, thronged with smiling *salaaming* natives.

April 1. We left Amritsar for Lahore, our first official visit to the capital of the Punjab, which means a big *tamasha*, and so indeed it proved to be. Sir Louis Dane, the Governor, and a host of officials met us. Huge *shamianas* were filled with natives from Baluchistan, Patiala and all the neighbouring States. Addresses, and caskets were presented. A long drive with a full escort through streets lined with troops brought us to Government House. After the intense heat of Calcutta this climate is delicious, and the public gardens, with roses in profusion and many flowering shrubs, are at their best.

April 2. Owing to the unsettled condition of the country the police authorities questioned the wisdom of allowing Minto to take the risk of heading an elephant procession through the narrow streets of Lahore, but Sir Louis thought this proof of confidence would please the people.

We drove to the entrance to the city, where Minto and I mounted an elephant with magnificent trappings, the *mahout* clad in cloth of gold. Mahommed Khan and Thakar Das, our *Jemadars*, were seated behind us holding a gorgeous embroidered umbrella over our heads.

There were only ten elephants in the procession, but the escort drawn from various regiments made an imposing spectacle. For nearly two hours we rode slowly through the very heart of the old historic city of Lahore, with its narrow winding streets teeming with life and colour. One could almost touch the houses on either side, where every window and balcony was filled with people massed like a border of brightly coloured flowers. Had there been any desire to attempt an outrage, nothing would have been easier, but the population were evidently anxious to show their loyalty: hardly a house was without some welcoming token and many beautiful silken embroideries hung from the windows and mottoes were stretched across the streets. On one of these was written:

> Ripon, Minto, Morley, England's greatest three.
> India sing their praises till eternity!

We passed altogether thirty-eight schools, where the cheering was deafening, and the waving of flags enough to terrify horses and elephants. We thoroughly enjoyed the two hours' parade: the quaint architecture, the gorgeous colouring and the massed grouping of humanity, combined to make a romantic picture. The natives themselves had contributed towards the decoration of the city, they had formed their own committee and had received no help from the authorities.

After it was over the Lieutenant-Governor told us that he had had numerous letters begging him not to allow the Viceroy to take the risk of going through the native bazaars, owned there had been an element of uncertainty, and expressed his relief that "no regrettable incident" had occurred.

On *April* 5 we arrived at the Circuit House, Dehra Dun. The house was built a few years ago by an English officer. The ground was supposed to be haunted by the spirit of a holy man who was buried under a tree in the garden, the place being marked by a white stone. When the building was finished an old fakir came to the officer and said that unless he was allowed to live beside the grave of the holy man the place would be cursed. To his surprise the officer immediately gave him permission to remain, and he took up his abode under the tree. After a month he wearied of his vigil and left, blessing the sacred spot. The owner of the house was wise in his generation, for if a rumour had been spread about that the house had been cursed by a holy man no servant would have consented to

remain with him. It seems that now the servants think the fakir's spirit walks abroad and firmly believe that the ghost appeared to the Viceroy. To-day at sunset all the Mahommedan servants flocked round the fakir's tomb burning sandalwood, intoning chants and prostrating themselves before the stone. Discussing the performance with his old bearer, Colonel Dunlop asked him whether they were praying for the peace of the soul of the holy man, or invoking blessings on themselves. The old man answered: "Some may have been praying as the Sahib suggests, but all I know is that I hurried to the spot to see what was going on and heard three khitmatgars praying for an increase in their wages!"

After a few quiet days at Dehra we went on to Chila, crossing a wide part of the Ganges by boat. Four miles farther down is Hardwar, where the Hindus hold their *melas*, or fairs—a place of pilgrimage. Thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of India to bathe at this spot in the sacred river. Three festivals have taken place during the last six weeks, and at this moment 300,000 pilgrims are encamped at Hardwar. Thirty to forty special trains bring in a daily influx and, as a natural consequence, cholera has broken out. As we rode past the river I saw large smouldering fires consuming the bodies of the dead. Beside one fire a corpse bound up in yellow cotton was being sprinkled with holy water before it was flung upon the burning pile. A most disagreeable smell pervades the district where this gruesome work was going on; men stood by the fires raking them together, and every now and again they broke out into flames.

We had various experiences during our four days in the jungle. Our *machans* had been fixed for safety "on the tree-top" owing to the fact that two rogue elephants were roaming the district. This was a fortunate precaution, as one afternoon an elephant paused under Minto's *machan*, and stood for some minutes pulling up grass and twigs before making off.

One afternoon on the completion of a beat the whole sky became inky black. Our long line of elephants was proceeding across a wide plateau when the storm burst with fury; we seemed to be in the centre of it. A hurricane blew, a veritable deluge descended, and in every direction streaks of forked lightning struck the earth. I was in a howdah with Captain Mackenzie, who told me that during a similar storm in Simla he had come across two people struck by lightning lying dead in the road. This was poor comfort, especially as we were

holding our rifles loaded with cordite cartridges. The air was full of electricity, and the thunder was deafening; it was almost impossible to hear oneself speak.

At last we found a shed belonging to professional cattle-lifters, *Gujjars*. Inside were several men and children, and a woman sitting by a fire, her arms covered with silver bangles. In a corner cows were chewing grass, a young bull stood beside a manger, cocks and hens strutted about the floor, pariah dogs sniffed at us curiously, and *syces* with several of our horses and some of the Bodyguard were huddled together in glorious confusion. We all crowded under the shelter of the thatched roof, a sorry-looking company. At dinner that night it was amusing discussing what our feelings had been in the moment of peril. All agreed that as long as the Viceroy held on to his rifle the rest of the party were bound to follow suit. Minto declared that he would have given a thousand pounds to get rid of this element of danger, but his *izzat* was at stake.

Great excitement was caused by Eileen, who killed a cheetah with a long shot across the river-bed. A splendid head, just under forty inches, mentioned in Rowland Ward's book as a record.

On our return to Dehra we floated down the river in the primitive way on *mussucks*. A *charpoy* (native bed) is tied to two inflated bullock hides. Two natives lie across two other *mussucks*, their legs forming paddles. In this manner we proceeded five miles down the stream, the occasional rapids making it an exciting experience.

April 30. We left Dehra by train for Kalka and motored to Simla. The road is like a double cork-screw with a gradual rise of 5,400 ft. We came up the steep hill splendidly though it was unpleasant turning the sharp corners, swaying from side to side, reminding one of crossing the Channel in a gale. We had one contretemps when we crashed at full speed into a mail tonga. Both the ponies managed to sit down on the rough stone parapet with the pole fixed across their backs; an army of coolies appeared by magic from nowhere, released the ponies, disentangled the two vehicles, and we continued on our way as if nothing had happened.

On reaching Viceregal Lodge we made a tour of inspection. The Council room is finished and the new cloak-rooms are a great success; they will facilitate our entertainments here and add to the comfort of our guests. The white-tiled offices look spick and span as a

man-o'-war. Rows of cooks were drawn up in the kitchen in spotless white, and the chef, Monsieur Olivier, declared it would be difficult to find better equipped or more up-to-date offices in France.

May 11. Minto and I have had a disagreeable experience with a mad dog, found to be in an advanced state of rabies. The head of the Kasauli Institute was at once summoned, and Captain Carter[1], a young doctor, arrived with his scientific apparatus and innumerable hutches containing rabbits and guinea-pigs. His laboratory was installed at Viceregal Lodge, and our treatment, which is tiresome and depressing, lasted twenty-one days. During that period no exercise is allowed, as any chill or cold may nullify the cure. I was secretly very nervous about Minto, as he had cut his lip with a razor. The person who was most affected was Captain Carter himself, who during the treatment lost a stone in weight from anxiety.

An ayah and chaprassie, who were bitten by the dog, were sent to Kasauli for the same treatment. The other day Eileen, seeing the ayah with my dog Tashe in her arms, remarked upon her love of animals, to which she answered: "Oh yes, my lady, my stomach is full of them!"

A day or two after our encounter the Private Secretary received the following telegram from the Maharajah of Kashmir:

> Greatly concerned to see from papers unfortunate incident of a rabid dog's attack on their Excellencies' legs. Pray enquire after their health on my behalf, and oblige me by a wire. I trust and pray God that this news may prove false.

We had scores of telegrams from Indian princes and officials, including one from Chang from the Chinese Legation, whose identity we had some difficulty in ascertaining. Our friends in England luckily never realized how grave the danger was.

May 21. We had just completed our second course of Pasteur treatment, but were still obliged to guard against cold, when our garden party for 800 guests took place at Viceregal Lodge. A sharp shower of rain fell early in the afternoon, making the grass damp, though the sun soon partially dried it. I moved about among the people, closely followed by Colonel Crooke-Lawless, who urged me in an undertone to "keep off the grass" and confine myself to the rugs and red carpets spread over the lawns. I was explaining to one of our guests the reason that so much solicitude was being shown on my behalf,

[1] Pasteur Institute, Kasauli.

and she answered with a beaming smile: "Oh, yes, of course, you are undergoing the Pasteur treatment. Do you like it?" I hope she felt my withering glance.

We afterwards visited the Kasauli Institute, where 1,500 patients have been treated for rabies during the past year. The doctors hope they have discovered an anti-dysentery serum which, if successful, will be the means of saving thousands of lives, especially in the Army.

Dear old Mahommed Khan died yesterday. He was the most devoted and loyal servant and Minto will miss him dreadfully. He had fever at Mohand and has been in hospital ever since we arrived at Simla. He has served five Viceroys in succession. He never failed to ask after the Chota Lord Sahib (Esmond) and "Lady Violet", who was also a favourite of his. He adored Minto and always said that the Viceroy must take him back to England with him. I am glad to say Minto went to see him in hospital a few days ago, which made him so happy.

May 15. We gave a small dinner and I had a long talk with Captain Patterson, political agent at Wano in Waziristan, who is here for a week's holiday. People who know the frontier will think we are courting disaster by refusing to accept our responsibilities in not making roads and forts. Captain Patterson told me that the Natives have frequently asked him when the British were going to leave the country. On his reply: "They mean to stay", they exclaimed: "Then why don't they rule it?"

Mr. Sinha, the new Member of Council, sat beside me at dinner. He is extremely pleasant and might be an Englishman from the way he reviews the whole situation in India. He discussed the impossibility of any Indian rule without British protection. "If the English left India in a body," he said, "we should have to telegraph to Aden to get them to return. India would be in a state of chaos in a couple of days".

Another guest was the Rev. J. Bateson, an Army chaplain broken down by overwork, who came to say goodbye before leaving for England. He will be a terrible loss, as he has done wonders in the Army and has raised the percentage of teetotallers to 45 per cent.

The Maharajah of Bikanir is staying with us for a week. He is a staunch friend and said to me: "If the occasion should arise, which I trust it will not, you would see how zealously all India would support the Viceroy. My people would do anything for him."

Bikanir told me that he had heard that people in England had criticized the Native Member on the Viceroy's Council, and were saying that the Native Princes would not consort with a man of inferior caste. Both Bikanir and Gwalior went to call on Mr. Sinha the first day they were in Simla after his appointment, and Bikanir dined with him, so all anxiety on that score can be set at rest.

In front of his historic Fort Bikanir is building a terrace and garden which he is calling Minto Park, with the Lady Minto Gate.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE NEW COUNCILS AND THE DEPORTEES
1909

In piloting the Reforms Bill through the House of Commons, Morley was handicapped by the sudden illness of the Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Buchanan, whose substitute, Mr. Hobhouse, had not sufficient grasp and knowledge of the subject to enable him to preserve an unruffled air of confidence when difficult questions were suddenly asked upon matters of detail, some of which were not completely solved by the Government of India, and Morley became uneasy and restive.

In India departments were working unceasingly to perfect the machinery required to operate the new scheme, and Regulations governing the qualifications of candidates for election to the enlarged Provincial and Legislative Councils were in process of being evolved when critics in the House of Commons demanded an assurance that political liberty would not be denied to Indians who were antagonistic to the Government. Certain disqualifications for candidature for the new Councils must, it was generally admitted, be recognized, but Minto held that political prisoners, especially deportees, could not, upon release, be given immediate unconditional liberty to stand for election. On this point a sharp divergency of views arose with Morley. The practice of deportation had always "stuck in the throat" of the Secretary of State, it outraged his Liberal conscience, and it went sorely against the grain with him to try to silence the critics on a matter on which in his heart of hearts he agreed. Though he allowed that some control was necessary over the actions of admittedly seditious persons, he argued that it was "impossible to defend the attachment of any political disquali-

fication to deportation after the deported man was once free", and telegraphed to Minto that he desired to state this firmly in the House of Commons.

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Apr.* 17. I really cannot pledge the Government of India to detailed Regulations to be framed under an Act that has not yet been passed. Full material for considering the large question of disqualifications has not yet been received from Local Governments, and I earnestly hope you will agree with me that nothing in the nature of a pledge should be given in Parliament which would embarrass the deliberations of the Government of India. I don't understand why it is impossible to defend attachment of a political disqualification to deportation after the deported man is released. Public opinion here will regard such a disqualification as a natural consequence of deportation, and we cannot possibly disregard it with safety. If a person, soon after returning from deportation, were admitted to Council, it would be a serious blow to the position of Government and the Council.

My view is that the list of disqualifications should be as complete as possible, and that some disqualifications should be accompanied by the power of "waiver" by the Viceroy, or possibly, for Provincial Councils, by the Lieutenant-Governor.

Whether some power of veto is required in addition to disqualification is a question which will be considered, but I do not think that, in the case of deportees, any power of veto would be sufficient, or even safe.

I am not prepared to commit myself to any time limit, and I think that, except perhaps that certain disqualifications (for instance deportation) will not necessarily be permanent, but will be subject to "waiver" by the Viceroy, no pledge should be given in the House of Commons.

Morley to Minto (*Telegram*). *Apr.* 19. Your wish for more time for completion of the list [of disqualifications] seems quite reasonable. But your objection to "embarrassing your deliberations" really amounts to ousting Parliament, which will rightly insist on prescribing whatever principles it thinks fit for the guidance of these deliberations. The question of attaching political disqualification to a deportee is immediate, the Government cannot evade it. Any attachment of this kind would be to turn our Bill into a measure, among other things, for widening the scope of the Regulations of 1818. The Executive Government, on this view, is to have the power not only of arbitrary detention without charge or trial, but of excluding, at its own discretion, from effective public life, without limit of time, any person who has been so detained.

This proceeding His Majesty's Government think it impossible to defend, and if the Government of India were to submit to me a Regulation to that effect I do not see how I could sanction it, for, among other objections, such a proceeding would seem to imply that deportation is to be

:garded as a normal process, instead of being something entirely excep-onal and abnormal.

Such being my position, only taken after careful consideration, you ;ill feel it would not be reasonable to expect us to resist arguments in the Iouse of Commons to-day which I might find myself called upon to ddress to the Government of India to-morrow.

You urge that no pledges of any sort should be given in the House of :ommons; but it is impossible for any Minister in charge of an important ;ill to accept a position of that kind.

I will only add that, after consulting the Prime Minister, I have decided iat the Government cannot evade the responsibility of informing the Iouse of Commons plainly to-day that His Majesty's Government do not itend that the fact of a man having been deported shall, after his release, f itself be a ground for disqualifying him for election to a Legislative :ouncil.

Minto, in replying, admitted the difficulties besetting the natter in the House of Commons, but insisted that his first duty vas to consider India. He fortified himself by quoting Mor-:y's old chief, Mr. Gladstone, for the view that Parliament hould make the Bill, but the Regulations governing the powers ;iven were strictly a concern for the Government of India. \fter emphasizing the difference between English and Indian onditions he concluded:

Minto to Morley. Apr. 21. I have tried to put the case as clearly as I an, believing, as I do, that the particular point involved is a very ital one, and that the emanation of the Regulations from the Government of India, irrespective of Parliamentary supervision, epresents a principle in Indian administration which cannot be afely ignored.

If I have written too strongly I hope I may be forgiven.

But realizing that this letter would not reach England for ome weeks, he then telegraphed to Morley:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *May* 3. We are concerned to find that)efore the Government of India had had a full opportunity of considering he matter in consultation with Local Governments and expressing their ;iews, a pronouncement on the most critical portion of the Regulations o be framed by them under the Bill has been made in the House of :ommons. We submit that, if not only the Bill, but the Regulations to

be made after it becomes law, fall within the scope of Parliamentary discussion, time should have been given to us fully to consider the principles of the Regulations, before the Bill was presented to Parliament.

We have now received and considered the reports of Local Governments on the subject of disqualifications. Local Governments are practically unanimous in holding that deportees should be disqualified....

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *May* 3. We are strongly of opinion that there should be disqualification on the grounds that:

1. The election to Council of a deportee soon after release from restraint would bring such discredit on British administration as cannot safely be faced in India.

2. It would lower the dignity, status and character of not only the Council to which he was elected, but of all Legislative Councils in India, and

3. A person who is actively disloyal to the established Government is a more dangerous element in small Indian Councils than he would be in a large political assembly of a more advanced type.

We are also strongly of opinion that a general veto vested in the Governor-General, or the head of a Province, would not safely meet the case of deportees.

If deportees were put up for election there would be violent political excitement during the election. If, after the election, they were vetoed, their wire-pullers would be almost certain to arouse the populace, whether voters or not, and the probable result would be dangerous disturbances such as occurred in Bombay when Tilak was arrested.

We have been informed that you entertain two objections to disqualifying deportees, namely that the attachment of disqualification would widen the scope of the Regulations of 1818, and that it would imply that deportation is a normal process.

As regards the first, we think it might be contended with equal force that disqualification of a convict would add to the scope of the Penal Code, and, as regards the second, we urge that deportation, though not a normal, is an actual process, recognized by law and in actual operation, and therefore a process that it is necessary to provide for.

Though we are of opinion that deportees should ordinarily be excluded from Councils by a disqualification which would take effect before election, we have no desire to make deportation an absolute bar. It should be a disqualification subject to a "waiver" by the Governor-General, or the head of the Government which passed the order of deportation. If permanency is an objection, we are even prepared to limit its application to a period of five years from the date of release.

We are strongly of opinion that the application or non-application of the "waiver" should not be subject to the sanction of any higher authority than we have named. The question of fitness for Council should be finally decided by the authorities of India.

As regards disqualification generally, we are of opinion that the list should be as complete as possible, and that nothing should be left to a general veto. A power of veto exercisable after election, though effective in the small and sedate Councils of the past, would be out of place in the larger and more popular Councils of the future.

Our list of disqualifications comprises foreigners, females, lunatics, minors, insolvents, convicts of certain classes, persons ordered to find security for good behaviour, dismissed Government servants in cases where dismissal is notified as a bar to re-employment, deportees, persons removed by provisions of law from municipal and district boards for misconduct, dismissed legal practitioners, and persons subjected to an order of cancellation under the Universities Act. It is accompanied with provisions for "waiver".

Morley sent what he evidently hoped was a mollifying telegram to soften the report he knew must reach India through the press. It reached Minto just as he had drafted the above telegram, and he added:

(*Telegram.*) We have just received your telegram and understand Mr. Hobhouse's words to mean that in place of disqualification of deportees it is proposed to give us power to refuse to permit the candidature of anyone whose character appears to the Government of India to be likely to injuriously affect the reputation of the Council. This is a wider power than we asked for, but our impression is that, although the proposal avoids mention of deportation, which is a settled fact, it offers a law of political restraint exactly parallel to the law of personal restraint contained in the Regulations of 1818, and we are convinced that it will be regarded in India with greater disfavour than our proposals relating to deportees.

I think you would like to know that Sinha, who is on my Councils Reform Committee, has taken a very strong line, insisting that disqualification is absolutely necessary in the case of deportees.

Morley was evidently conscious of having treated the question in a high-handed manner, and answered:

Morley to Minto (*Telegram*). *May* 11. I regret it should have been impossible for me to meet your wishes, but we could not have defended the measure which you desired, and it was absolutely necessary to give assurance on the subject.

The solution to which I am prepared to agree is a general power by Regulation to disallow candidature of any person whose antecedents and character are such that his election would, in the opinion of the Government of India, be contrary to public interests, whether he has been deported or not. The Regulations should not mention or refer to deportation.

This is, as you say, a wider power than you now ask for, but if judiciously used it should surely be effective, and the oath of allegiance which will be required of all Councillors provides a further check.

Minto to Morley. May 13. I have no wish at all to split hairs over the action to adopt. You evidently agree with me that there must be power to disallow candidatures. This is certainly a wide power, and on the face of it may appear to meet the difficulty. But the loyal Indian will not understand deportation carrying with it no political disqualification. He will look upon it as unaccountable weakness on our part, whilst the refusal of the Government of India to permit the candidature of a particular person will at once put them in an undesirable position which would have been avoided by disqualification.

Also, as I have said, I cannot but regret that any announcement was made in Parliament on this particular point before the Government of India had had an opportunity of fully stating its views. I quite recognize your difficulty with the House of Commons, and that it would have been hard to pass the measure we had in hand without some assurance as to the terms of disqualification. But at the same time the announcement entailed a disregard of the opinion of the Government of India, in deference to the wishes of a certain political section at home unacquainted with conditions here, and was an example of procedure which, if taken as a precedent, I look upon as extremely dangerous to the future of this country. . . .

I do not want to appear the least unreasonable, or to disregard the necessity of making the best of existing machinery, but I see danger in the seeming adoption of a principle which may subject the welfare of India to party considerations in England. My belief is, and it is an apprehension that has not as yet been at all discussed, that our enlarged Legislative Councils will certainly result in a development of dislike to Parliamentary interference with Indian affairs. I am sure it will be so as years go on. Of course *Swaraj* is an impossibility in our time, and for generations, but we shall find in the Legislative Councils, both amongst Indian and Anglo-Indian members, a growing antipathy to supervision from home, and an increasing demand for a more independent administration, especially in respect to Indian industries and tariff questions.

Don't think me mad enough to imagine Colonial Government possible in India. We hold our position here by the sword. There is no denying that if we left India to-morrow there would be chaos—but the embryo idea of something more independent has been born.

Morley to Minto. May 13. I rather fear from the first three pages of your letter of April 21 that we here must have been as annoying as Pasteur or the froth of the unhappy dog. That no thought or intention of that kind existed with me you know very well. And I will not now tease you by carrying on a controversy as to the position and arguments of your last letter. In fact one single sentence of yours seems to me to admit all that any Secretary of State could want. And that sentence sums up the whole matter. The Government of India is no absolute or independent branch of Imperial Government. It is in every respect answerable to the Cabinet as any other department is; and if the Cabinet, for reasons of its own, decides that no political disqualification shall attach to deportation, that ends the matter. You are mistaken in laying all the blame on Parliament. If the Cabinet had gone the other way, nothing would have induced *me* to assent.

May 21. The immortal Bill is through and will receive the Royal Assent in the beginning of next week. So my work in the field of Parliament is for this session over—I mean in respect of Reforms.... After all we have got what we wanted, and the journey from the King's Message in November down to the performance of last Wednesday has not been unreasonably rough or troublesome so far as I am concerned. Patience has been needed, and resolution—now I am afraid that you will have to take the labouring oar.

A week later he wrote:

Morley to Minto. May 27. A pretty heavy gale is blowing up in the House of Commons about deportation and shows every sign of blowing harder as time goes on.

On the last fusillade of questions at the beginning of the week, a very clever Tory lawyer, F. E. Smith[1], a rising hope of his party and not at all a bad fellow, joined the hunt, and some of the best of our own men are getting uneasy.

The point taken is the failure to tell the deportee what he is arrested for; to detain him without letting him know exactly why; to give him no chance of clearing himself. In spite of your Indian environment, you can easily imagine how taking is such a line as that to our honest Englishman, with their good traditions of legal right; and you will perceive the difficulty of sustaining a position so uncongenial to popular habits of mind, either Whig or Tory. You

[1]The late Lord Birkenhead.

will understand that *I* have no notion whatever of giving way, whatever happens, unless *you* see a chance of releasing some or all of the *détenus* one of these days. There is no fear of a hostile vote being carried, but the mischief to India of a long strain of nagging critics rather perturbs me. . . .

My personal disposition would be to sit tight just where we are, uncomfortable as is the saddle, unless you can see your way to some concession, and concession can only mean release *sans phrase*.

F. E. Smith said to a friend of mine: "I would not object to deportation in an emergency, if the man who imposed it were an English country gentleman". "But then," was my answer, "what else is Lord Minto?"

Minto to Morley. June 10. I rejoice with you that the great Bill is through. The ship has weathered the storm at home well under your command and we may justly feel pleased. At any rate, as you say, "we have got what we wanted" and in India we have got it with a general welcome too. . . .

I see in to-day's Reuter that Mackarness has introduced a Bill to deal with cases of deportation, etc. I daresay you think me oversensitive as to House of Commons action in respect to India, but I feel that I cannot exaggerate the importance of saving India just now from ill-considered expressions of opinion in Parliament. Every little twopenny-halfpenny question which can be taken to indicate sympathy with agitation and discredit to the Government of India is magnified a hundredfold here.

Things are going very well just now, but the anarchical undercurrent exists, and we can't afford to neglect it for a moment, and these pinpricks at home *do* shake us.

Please don't think for an instant that I have forgotten how strongly you have fought our battles for us.

June 17. I need not tell you how sincerely I share with you in the feeling of disappointment at the want of appreciation at home of our progress, and the continued tendency to "nag". But the work has been done, and it's right, and after all that perhaps is what we may justly care about. And here in India there is much appreciation and solid gratitude.

As to the deportees, I have thought much about them and my conclusions are pretty clear, and I think on the whole tally with yours. I lay down as an "axiom" that our considerations as to the future must

be based on the recognition of our bounden duty to secure British administration in India and the welfare of the populations over whom we rule. As far as we can look ahead the existence of India must depend upon British supremacy. We are ready to accept Indian assistance, to share our administration with Indians, to recognize their natural ambitions, but, for their own sakes, the supreme guidance must be British and we cannot afford in practice to speculate on the problems of coming generations. Present times are too ticklish for us to allow outside influences, however well-intentioned, to jeopardize the position we know to exist.

The question is, would the release of the deportees do so? . . . My view is, in accordance with what you say, that we should sit tight for the present, that we should give no indication whatever of submission to Parliamentary pressure, but consider, without a hint to the outside world, the possibility of release simultaneously with the opening of the New Imperial Legislative Council, after the elections.

I am very much in favour of inaugurating our new machine with a clean sheet. I should like to let bygones be bygones, and we may be quite certain that if release is postponed until after the meeting of Council, we shall be assailed by demands for it, to which our assent, no matter what the reason for it might be, would be looked upon as a surrender to political pressure and nothing else. . . .

For the present I know you will understand that I am not committing myself to any final opinion; the state of the country must ultimately decide for us, and that will be much more safely assured by the sternest stiffness now, than by any indication of future clemency.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE PRESS

DURING the whole of his five years in India Minto had to struggle against a strong unfavourable bias in the press both in India and at home. It was characteristic of Minto that he avoided, and rather despised, anything that he considered might be interpreted as an attempt to "influence" the press. He took the philosophical view that "truth will out" and that time would vindicate him.

Owing to the personal hostility displayed by certain newspapers, Minto felt no inclination to cultivate friendly relations with their editors. He was not resentful, but puzzled by their animosity, and could only account for it, as he said, by the fact that the editors of these journals were great admirers of Curzon and that he, Minto, had committed "the unpardonable sin of succeeding him".

As early as August 1906 he wrote to Morley:

Minto to Morley. Aug. 15, 1906. I am afraid we must accept a Curzonian bias in *The Times* in respect to any difficulties we may have in dealing with the results of his rule. One cannot but feel in dealing with matters here that the ground-swell of the storm to which I succeeded has not entirely subsided, and that any discredit of the administration for which Curzon is answerable will be resented by his supporters. The *Times of India* had a most bitter personal article against me the other day. It is edited by Fraser[1], a great admirer of Curzon's.

Aug. 22. I don't think I am at all thin-skinned as to the press, and must at any rate try to stick to your Scotch motto: "They say! What say they? Let them say!"

[1]Lovat Fraser, *Times* Correspondent.

Minto to Morley. Sept. 3. We hear that the articles in the *Times of India* have been inspired from home.... It is very curious. They must be prompted by some personal hostility. In telegraphing you the other day (regarding our information as to the source of the attacks in the *Times of India*) I was rather afraid you might think I suspected Chirol; but that is not so at all. He has always been very pleasant when I have met him, and there would be no reason for his personally attacking me, though he is quite entitled, if he thinks fit, to disapprove of the line we have adopted. The *Pioneer* people here know by whom the *Times of India* has been influenced, and I cannot help suspecting that they may have been approached themselves from the same direction. I telegraphed to you, as I thought it important that Chirol, as Foreign Editor of *The Times*, should know the rights of the case in point, but I am afraid we must make up our minds that the hostile Curzonian under-current will be brought to bear against us whenever opportunity offers.

Really the suspicion that such underhand influences exist is more disagreeable to me than the actual attacks they are answerable for, and I only mention them because I am sure of their existence, and that we must be prepared for them.

Morley took active steps and personally interviewed editors and correspondents.

Morley to Minto. July 11, 1907. Just as last week, when I sat down to write to you, so this morning, I am regaled with a column or two in *The Times* about —— and the apprehended weakness of the Government.... The *Daily Mail* also started a scare campaign this week: the editor came to see me, and I treated him with a judicious mixture of frowns and smiles, scolding and bowings, that seem to have been fruitful, for the next day this humble individual, who has usually been pelted as a doctrinaire, is hoisted on to a pedestal where he jostles Chatham, Frederick, and men of that lofty breed generally.

And later in the year, on hearing that a young journalist of some repute was making a visit to India, he wrote:

Oct. 3, 1907. A certain Journalist named —— leaves for India tomorrow to make a tour for six months as correspondent for three newspapers of importance, the *Chronicle*, *Glasgow Herald* and *Manchester Guardian*. He is a cleverish writer, though belonging to a

rather flighty company of young men. I gave him some excellent advice which will probably share the usual fate of that cheap commodity. He has, I think, a letter to Dunlop Smith, and it might be useful if you showed him some trifle of civility.

Minto was not encouraged to be cordial to this young journalist, who, without pausing to give himself time to gauge the Indian political atmosphere or to gather information at first hand, leapt on to the platform and gave vent to several fiery speeches, ill-advised and injudicious in the extreme. Behaviour of this sort did not commend him to the Indian Government, who thereafter utterly ignored him. Their attitude did not improve the situation, and the press continued its enmity, in spite of Morley's efforts:

Morley to Minto. Dec. 24, 1908. Yesterday, I got two Liberal Editors to visit me who have been playing the fool about "repression ruining the chances of Reforms; the indispensableness of Partition": and all the other nagging points. I dealt with them as faithfully as ever I could, and they departed sadder and wiser men, though I believe the strength of my language almost put a little exhilaration into them! . . .

A young man once applied to me for work when I was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I asked him whether he had any special gift or turn. "Yes," he said, "I think I have a turn for invective".

"That's capital," said I, "but in any particular subject?"

"Oh, no: general invective!"

I found myself yesterday blessed with a wonderful outpouring of the same wholesome gift!

A few months later Mr. Lovat Fraser was sent out by *The Times*, and Minto took pains to ensure that he should have good opportunity of judging for himself the true condition of affairs: "Lovat Fraser knows Dunlop Smith," he said to Morley, "and is coming to stay with him. I hope you admire our diplomacy," and Morley counselled:

Morley to Minto. Jan. 13, 1909. Pray be sure to put good arguments into the head of Lovat Fraser.

I have a note this morning that slightly discomforts me. It is from Chirol, who has had a longish spell of nervous breakdown. He now

tells me he is all right again and resumes work at *The Times*, and, alas! that he is extremely unhappy at some features in our Reforms. This is bad news for me, for active unfriendliness and opposition from *The Times* will make a vast deal of difference here. It is the only journal that has followed Indian affairs in a consecutive manner in my time, and it is the only journal read by the very limited class of folk who take a real interest in India. I have asked him to come and have a talk with me at once. He is an able fellow, and, as I believe, very straight (though Curzonian), but—perhaps I ought to say "therefore"—extremely hard to move!

Minto to Morley. Feb. 4. In your last letter you tell me of the line likely to be adopted in respect to our Reforms by Chirol and *The Times*. It is annoying, but I hope that Lovat Fraser's letters may tell in our favour. I have had several talks with him. He has seemed to me sensible and inclined to recognize that the political position in India, and, among other things, the change in tone in the Anglo-Indian official world and their acceptance of the necessity for administrative changes, has not been understood at home.

A great newspaper like *The Times* has no business to be Curzonian in a partisan sense. That it has been so is beyond doubt, and it consequently has been personally opposed to me. I have had many proofs of it.

Of course no one knows better than I do that I came to India under peculiar conditions. . . . But I knew this when I was appointed, and though I have never disguised from myself that I have been surrounded by abnormal difficulties which personal influence against me has not failed to make use of, I have always accepted them as part of the conditions of the battle I was forewarned I should have to fight. The influence of *The Times* would, I felt sure, be against me. It is annoying, as I say, and one cannot help resenting the creation of unnecessary difficulties, but I never doubted that I should have to face them, and as far as I am myself concerned I mean to stick to the line I have hitherto followed, namely, simply to try to run a straight race for the completion as best I can of the work I have before me, and let the critics "go hang". Please excuse the language.

On the same date, in London, Morley wrote:

Morley to Minto. Feb. 4. *The Times*, which is the only paper that really matters, is decidedly unhappy still. I look to your diplomacy

to bring Lovat Fraser into a good frame of mind. His published letters are well enough, but his private letters to Chirol are full of doubt and misgiving, both about the Native Member and everything else. He has been seeing much of Sir P. Mehta,[1] who has somewhat frightened him as to the use which he (Sir P. Mehta) and his friends mean to make of their new powers when they have once got them safe and sound. "There are stormy times ahead" says Mehta. I daresay, but suppose we watered down Reforms, or dropped them, would that make an end of "stormy times"?

Fraser always proclaims his conviction that we could not stand still. "What I feel is," he says, "that they (the Viceroy and the Secretary of State) have done too much at one swoop". Yet the only thing that Fraser would really have otherwise is the Executive Member. His line, he says, is the appointment of a Native *Adviser*. He is to have all the rank, honour and emoluments of a Member of Council, but no portfolio, and no right to call for papers or to be present at all meetings. What sort of an Adviser would a man be without access to all the materials of the case on which his advice was asked? And what straining at gnats to suppose that a Native called a Member of Council would be a deadly danger, but if you call him an *Adviser* (with the same pay and rank) and reduce him to as much of a sinecure as you please, that will be perfectly safe, and will be in entire conformity with your desire to give Indians a real share in the control of their own affairs!

Minto to Morley. Feb. 25. I had a final talk with Lovat Fraser yesterday; he is leaving Calcutta for other places in India—home through Persia probably. I like much of what I have seen of him. Eminently fair-minded, I should say. His early letters expressed Bombay impressions which he has since much modified. . . . He is greatly impressed with the broad-mindedness of the rising civilians, the men who are not yet quite at the top of the tree. They are generally, I think I should say universally, reformers and in favour of the Native Member on my Council. . . . I am sure you will find his later letters thoughtful, and with every intention to be fair. I hope they will do much good in placing the Indian position more truly before *The Times.*

But this optimism was disappointed in spite of an article written by Lovat Fraser, "Britain's Future in India", in which he

[1]Member of Bombay Council.

said: "The essential value of Lord Minto's work in India is far too little recognized and appreciated in England. He has had to hold office during a period of storm and stress unparalleled in the memories of most men now living in India. His calmness and restraint and his inexhaustible patience have carried him through crises in which more impetuous men might readily have come to grief."

In August that year Lord Kitchener left India, and at a farewell banquet in his honour he made an important speech, eagerly reported and sent home. The distortion of this speech in various newspaper articles and reports roused Minto to something like exasperation:

Minto to Morley. He [Kitchener] and everyone here has been dumbfounded by a Reuter reporting a leading article in *The Times* on his speech specially commending his reference to "The weakness of Indian rule in not looking ahead sufficiently".

There never was such a monstrous case of misinterpretation. . . . How *The Times* can have twisted what he said into a cut at our administration, as it evidently has done, is past our comprehension. The truth is that *The Times*, and other of our critics, have shown themselves quite incapable of looking ahead.

The same leading article apparently tells the Government of India that they should follow the example of Jaipur and Gwalior in prohibiting the dissemination of seditious newspapers. What does *The Times* mean? No one is more pleased than I am at Scindia's and Jaipur's action; but the Government of India cannot, after the manner of a Ruling Chief, write out a list of newspapers they consider seditious, and wipe them off the face of India with a stroke of the pen! As a matter of fact Scindia has consulted me about every move he has played, and, whilst advising him very cautiously, I have taken the utmost care that he should act on his own initiative.

I share in your suspicion that *The Times* wishes to encourage the idea that India is dangerously restless and the introduction of our Reforms entirely inopportune. Not a high tone for a great newspaper! And what's the reason of it?

The Anglo-Indian press on the other hand have been very fair. The *Times of India* and the *Advocate of India* have both taken a thoroughly sound and thoughtful line lately. Even the *Englishman* has

occasionally talked sense. The *Pioneer*, I need not tell you, is past praying for. . . .

The attitude of *The Times*, and other publications, is, however, a constant source of anxiety to me, in that I cannot but feel they will be very ready to magnify any unfortunate occurrence that may happen into a proof of general lawlessness and simmering rebellion: another outrage, a cow-killing incident, or some stupid misunderstanding between a European and a Native, that might at any moment produce a riot and require summary action—notwithstanding that we have had such experiences without number before—would now, in the over-strained state of public opinion at home, be represented as further results of a weak rule and misconception of Indian conditions. The misconception is at home, not in India! At any rate if unfortunately something does happen, we must be prepared to deal with it reasonably, notwithstanding hysterical outcries and advice.

As to Native rulers and sedition: the Nawab of Loharu, one of the most enlightened of them, said to me the other day that the mere hanging of Dhingra[1] was not sufficient, and on my asking what more could have been done he said that the family should be punished. "But," I replied, "they are thoroughly loyal and respectable people!" which he quite admitted, but maintained that it did not affect the case. He went on to tell me that recently he found that a girl in his State was about to marry a member of the Arya Samaj, and that he at once forbade the banns: he wasn't going to allow that sort of thing! But he quite recognized that it was impossible for the Government of India to imitate his methods!

I am afraid we can't—even to meet the wishes of *The Times*!

[1]Madan Lal Dhingra: murderer of Sir Curzon Wyllie, London, July 1909.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SUMMER MONTHS AT SIMLA

Lord Kitchener's Farewell

Journal, May 7, 1909. (*Simla.*) There has been nothing of especial interest to record except the Deputation from the Phulkian States. The representatives arrived beautifully dressed in golden brocades, and their demeanour was most dignified. They were received by Minto, accompanied by his full Staff, and after they had been introduced, Colonel Abdul Majid Khan addressed the Viceroy as follows:

"We have been deputed by our Members, the Maharajah of Patiala, the Rajah of Jhind and the Rajah of Nabha to wait upon Your Excellency with the object of expressing Their Highnesses' heartfelt gratitude towards the British Government on the auspicious occasion of the hundredth anniversary of these three great Sikh States coming under the benign protection of the British Government, 6th May 1809. . . .

Until that day it was the general belief that these States could extend their territories only by the sword, but during the century that has passed under the aegis of the British suzerainty the area of the States has greatly increased, their revenue has been enormously developed, while their people have made a marked advance in civilization and progress.

The first Lord Minto was the great benefactor who interposed to save these States at the most critical time in their history, and thus laid the foundation at once of their prosperity and of their devotion to their protector and his successors."

After thanking the representatives for their Address, Minto said:

"I can scarcely imagine that the first Lord Minto, or the Chiefs of Patiala, Jhind and Nabha could ever have dreamed in May 1809 that in another hundred years another Lord Minto would be receiving the thanks of the descendants of those very Chiefs for the great Proclamation which, in days gone by, had practically guaranteed their existence.

I am proud, gentlemen, of the memories you have preserved of the services of my great-grandfather. I will never forget that the Phulkian Deputation was among the first to greet me in Calcutta in 1905 on my assumption of the Viceroyalty, and I rejoice to believe that I may now reckon as my personal friends the three great Chiefs whom you are here to-day to represent."

Journal, May 23. England is plunged in despair over the Budget. Will anyone in future still be able to live on their properties? I still hope that we may be able to open a corner of Minto when we get home, but the outlook is anything but rosy.

Lord Morley, writing on April 7, in alluding to the Budget, says: "You own land, so I must bid you tremble a little, but then you don't derive profits, I surmise, from public houses, or restaurants, nor grocers' licences, so you will not turn a hair at the fate of those interests".

Minto replied:

Minto to Morley. May 27. (*Simla.*) I have had little time to study the Budget, but . . . out of curiosity I looked up my own estate accounts which are sent me from home. They are most carefully made out and audited and I have always looked into every detail myself, each department being made to repay the outlay upon it as much as possible. My rent-roll in the south of Scotland is approximately £5,600 a year, and there are practically no arrears, but after paying all public and parochial burdens and the mere upkeep of the estate, with no expenses of living whatever, I find I was left with a balance of £83 to the good in 1907, the last year for which I have a full statement, and which is better than many years. I hope I may still have my £83 per annum to assist to entertain you when you come to pay me a visit at Minto!

Journal, June. (*Simla.*) Our Race Week at Annandale has been most successful. There were twelve starters for the Kitchener Cup, including Minto's *Stockbridge*, a beautiful little horse till then untried, ridden by Captain Charrington.[1] Mr. Williamson's pony *Bit-'o-Fashion* was considered a certainty for the Cup. The race was nearly twice round the course. The first time round the riders thundered past all in a bunch, then *Stockbridge* began to gain on the favourite, but was never able to get the inside turn. On and on he came, Captain Charrington sitting like a rock. I heard people round me muttering, "By Jove! *Stockbridge* wins!" It was a very exciting race to watch. *Stockbridge* won by a length and a half. A shout of applause went up, and everyone came to congratulate us.[2]

[1]Extra A.D.C. (The Royals). Killed in the Great War.

[2]The Viceregal stables did well that year. In the following November Captain Evelyn Gibbs, A.D.C., won the race for the Army Cup at Lucknow.

Major David Campbell,[1] who was watching the races, told me he had always heard of "Mr. Rolly" in connection with the turf, but that until the farewell dinner given to Minto before he left England for India, he had no idea who "Mr. Rolly" was. He had frequently read descriptions of the Grand National and remembered that "Mr. Rolly" and "Pussy" Richardson, to avoid the crowded field, invariably stuck to the right side of the course although the fences were higher, and that by following this example he had won the Liverpool in 1896.

June 4. The Eton Dinner took place this evening. We ladies dined at a rival dinner held in the Council Room with three Harrovians, Major Crawley, Captain Harker and Mr. Palmer. The table was decorated with cornflowers, and small dark blue buttonholes were sent to the fifteen Etonians, who received them with scorn. After dinner the Harrovians sang "Forty Years On" to counteract the Eton Boat Song which had just been played by the Band. Colonel Nicholls,[2] instigated by Minto, precipitated himself through the door, followed by all the Etonians, who completely annihilated the Harrovians. Pandemonium ensued. After this we sang choruses and ended with "Auld Lang Syne". Everyone declared they had not had such a good rag since they left school.

June 15. Eileen has won the Baring Prize at the Annandale Gymkhana by 8 points. It is a good performance as she only took to riding when she came to India and is competing against horsewomen with well-known reputations.

Francis Scott has won the gentlemen's prize.

June 25. This evening the State Dinner took place in celebration of the King's Birthday, and the honours were announced. Lord Kitchener had been recommended for a G.C.S.I. and he wrote during the afternoon saying that he would like the Viceroy to invest him. The Foreign Department in hot haste produced the Star and Riband and the investiture took place before dinner.

The last weeks have been very gay, the chief event being our State Ball. *Shamianas* were arranged on the upper terrace enabling us to seat 550 guests for supper.

The next social function was Lord Kitchener's farewell Ball at Snowdon. As we returned from supper an inspiring waltz was being

[1]Commanding 9th Lancers. [2]17th Lancers: killed in the Great War.

played, so I asked him to dance with me. He made excuses, saying his damaged leg would give way, but eventually, encouraged by the music, he said: "All right, I'll try if you will take the risk", so we joined the giddy throng. I shall never forget the look of amazement on the faces of his Staff. Colonel Birdwood[1], who has been with him for more than nine years, had never seen him dance before. Having broken his rule, I persuaded him to dance the next waltz with Eileen; unluckily it ended in disaster. Captain Fisher caught his spur in Eileen's gown, tearing the skirt to ribbons. Horrified at having cannoned into the Commander-in-Chief, he let his partner fall with violence, while Lord Kitchener remained erect, a tower of strength, supporting Eileen.

During the evening a quaint old diamond brooch was picked up. Lord Kitchener looked at it and remarked to me: "I know it can't be yours, for I always notice how beautifully your maid cleans your jewels. The owner of this brooch would have her name taken on parade."

July 2, 1909. We are horrified at the terrible crime that has been committed in London, the murder of Sir William Curzon Wyllie.[2] He and Lady Curzon Wyllie had dined at the Savoy Hotel and proceeded to the "At Home" of the Indian Association in the Jehangir Hall of the Imperial Institute. The musical programme had just come to an end and Sir William was descending the staircase when he was accosted by an Indian student who rapidly fired four shots at his head. A fifth shot struck Sir William as he fell, and a sixth hit Dr. Lalcaca, a Parsee, who was a couple of yards distant. Bystanders seized the assassin, who managed to wrest his hand free and placed the revolver at his own head; the weapon, however, clicked harmlessly, being empty.

It appears that the assassin's brother, formerly a student in London, had written to Sir William Curzon Wyllie from India, asking him to befriend his brother, who was, he feared, under evil influences. Sir William had written to Dhingra, the assassin, making an appointment with him, but he had failed to appear; the letter was found in his pocket. Dr. Lalcaca, who has died from his wound, was a clever and cultivated man of Bombay, who had been practising for some years in Shanghai, but had lately returned to India and was on a visit

[1]Commanded the Australians at Gallipoli.

[2]Political Secretary to Secretary of State for India.

to England. Mr. Banerji is organizing a meeting of young Indians to condemn the murder. Lord Morley has been guarded by detectives for some time.

Colonel Dunlop Smith was a personal friend of Sir William Curzon Wyllie and is terribly upset at this outrage. It is the irony of fate that, after devoting his life to improving the status and education of Indians, Sir William should himself fall a victim to their anarchical plots, and it will be interesting to see what effect this will have on opinion in England. Morley remained very calm during the Muzzeffarpur murders, and the three attempts on Sir Andrew Fraser's life, and the various assassinations of police, which made *us* realize that *we* were in the forefront of the battle, but now that this crime has been perpetrated in London, it will bring it home to people and will, I hope, simplify the prosecution of justice and make the rôle of Mackarness, Cotton and Co. less popular in the House of Commons.

Minto has met both Dhingra's brothers, who live in India. They are an exceedingly well-to-do and clever family. One of the brothers is a Doctor at Amritsar and recently dedicated a book which he has written to the Viceroy. He has telegraphed in terrible distress at his brother's awful crime.

Colonel Dunlop has received a very touching letter from poor Lady Curzon Wyllie. She says she was grateful for the cable from the Resident at Mount Abu saying: "All Rajputana mourns with you", and every Chief telegraphed to her individually. Poor woman, she says she can never forget the awful sight, and adds: "Thank God I have been kept from bitter thoughts. He died for the India he loved".

The Nawab of Loharu has paid us a visit. He is an imposing person, beautifully dressed in golden brocades. He is a cultivated man and pleasant to talk to. He told me that he has to cross thirty-five miles of desert to reach the railway either by camel or on an elephant, as the sand makes a carriage impracticable. I told him he would soon be using a flying machine to avoid such difficulties. He is very up-to-date in most of his ideas, except the manner in which he considers malefactors should be dealt with. He would exterminate the whole family.

Lord Morley has offered Colonel Dunlop Smith Sir William Curzon Wyllie's position at the India Office. We shall miss him terribly.

He has worked his heart out on the Viceroy's behalf and would any day lay down his life for him. He has been a God-send to us, and I am trying not to dwell on his departure, as I am glad to say he remains with us till February.

July, 1909. We have had a busy time organizing private theatricals. Eileen was bent on playing *Truth* in Marie Tempest's dramatic part. India was scoured for a "father", a "husband" and a "lover", and Eileen received many rebuffs. I saw sundry letters lying on her table beginning: "Dear Lady Eileen,—Much as I feel the honour you have done me in suggesting that I should be your husband, I much regret that I feel myself quite unequal to the task". Captain Erskine[1] eventually undertook the rôle of the husband, and Francis Scott assured us that he was well suited to act the part of lover.

The Play was a great success. Scindia was so deeply moved by a scene between Eileen and her husband that he rushed away, sank on a sofa, tossed off his headgear and brushed away his tears with its embroidered fringe. One of the Indian clerks covered his face with his hands muttering: "My God! My God! but this is good acting!" Rumour has it that Lord Kitchener was seen surreptitiously wiping away a tear. On another occasion, when Eileen was the heroine in *The Thief*, Sir Douglas Haig told me he had never seen an amateur to compare with her.

The farewell Banquet to Lord Kitchener took place yesterday at the United Services Club, 160 guests being present. Everyone has told me how admirably Minto spoke, and I think the knowledge he displayed of various campaigns surprised the soldiers. Lord K.'s speech reads extremely well, but it was disappointing at the time. I fancy he was disconcerted at Minto speaking without notes and became nervous, put on his spectacles, held the paper in front of his eyes, reading from it as fast as he could, leaving out words here and there and giving the impression that he was only anxious to get his lesson over as soon and as quickly as possible. In his speech, Minto said:

"We cannot but feel that we have assembled to wish goodbye and God-speed to an old friend, and, speaking for myself, I am all the more oppressed by the conviction that I am quite unable to convey to our guest all the good wishes and all the admiration which his hosts entertain towards him."

[1]Colonel Sir Arthur Erskine, K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

Having enumerated Lord Kitchener's military and administrative achievements, Minto continued:

"No one could expect that the redistribution of an Army, such as the Indian Army, or its further preparation for modern war, could be brought about without clashing not only with professional views, but with military sentiment and tradition. Yet I believe that every soldier here to-night will agree with me that Lord Kitchener, by his decentralization of work hitherto unavoidably congested, and by the devolution which he has inaugurated of the responsibilities of command, has not only placed the higher administration of the Army on a sound and workable footing, but that he will also, on the vacation of his high office, bequeath to India better trained, better equipped and better paid troops than she has ever possessed before. . . .

The Government of India are losing the services not only of an illustrious Commander-in-Chief, but of a far-seeing and sagacious statesman, whilst the Viceroy will miss the loyal support upon which, in times that have certainly not been without their difficulties, he has known he could always steadfastly rely."

In replying, Lord Kitchener said:

"Perhaps you will expect me to say that I regret that wars and the opportunities for distinction that wars bring to soldiers, have been so few and so fleeting during the past seven years. But indeed my feeling on that subject is the very reverse. It is well that the younger officers should long for war, that they should burn to show their zeal and their devotion in the fiery test of battle. But it would not be well that the Commander-in-Chief who, sitting as he does on the Viceroy's Council, takes his part in shaping the destiny of the Indian Empire, should share, or allow himself to be swayed by any such consideration. He must know and feel the truth that for this, as for every nation, peace is the greatest of all blessings, so long as it is peace with honour. Such peace as that can be purchased only by readiness for war. Therefore I hold it to be the duty of every Commander-in-Chief to strive with all his might after that readiness, and at the same time, while so striving, to use all his influence against the frittering away of the resources of the country in military adventures which are not demonstrably necessary and unavoidable."

And he ended:

"Lastly, I would respectfully offer to His Excellency the Viceroy my grateful acknowledgment of the encouragement, support and guidance which I have ever received from him, of the cordial relations which have always existed between us, and of his sympathy with soldiers and their needs. Though His Excellency now wears the black coat of the civilian, we know that he has worn in the past not merely the scarlet of military

ceremonial, but the khaki of active service, and that he is still true to his first love. We see that he wears five war medals on his breast, and we claim him still as one of ourselves, whose practical experience of actual warfare is greater than that of most soldiers.

I sincerely regret that the time has come for me to leave this vast and wonderful country, with its teeming millions and its many unsolved problems. I deeply regret to leave an Army second to none in loyalty to their Sovereign, in discipline, efficiency and devotion to their profession; and to have to say goodbye to Your Excellency, and Lady Minto, who have so invariably treated me with the utmost personal kindness and consideration, to my colleagues, and to the many friends I have made in all parts of India."

I shall miss Lord Kitchener very much. He used often to come up to tea and we had long discussions about his future. He is most anxious to succeed Minto as Viceroy. He has a great knowledge of India and recognizes the importance of continuity of government during the initiation of the Reforms; the Frontier Tribes are afraid of him, and the Amir likes him, but I wonder if he realizes how ceaseless is the work of the Viceroy. We also discussed the necessity, should he be appointed, of his having a wife. He says he would hate a "managing" woman; I think he would dislike a cypher more. No doubt the age would be a difficulty, but we decided that someone about thirty-five would suit him. He said: "You talk as if the whole thing were settled, and the plans you are making for me are most exciting: but I am not counting on it, as I have learned not to put faith in politicians".

The day he left India he wrote me the following letter:

MY DEAR LADY MINTO,

It is sad indeed to have come to the last day, and I must say I feel much depressed at leaving all that has been of such great interest to me, as well as you and the Viceroy, who have been so inexpressibly kind to me on all occasions.

I much fear the realization of your wish to see me again before *you* leave India, is a very unlikely contingency, but should it come off, I should be very proud to follow in His Excellency's footsteps, and do all in my power to make the reforms he has initiated a thorough and lasting success. When I get home I shall not fail to make people understand the important work that has been done in India in very difficult times.

With much gratitude,

Always yours sincerely,

KITCHENER.

I am told that it is rumoured in England that I have had a hand in Sir O'Moore Creagh's appointment to succeed Lord K. I was not aware myself of having this subtle influence with Mr. Haldane. I have never seen Sir O'Moore Creagh, and heard his name for the first time when Lord Morley mentioned him as Lord Kitchener's probable successor.

September, 1909. Sir O'Moore Creagh arrived in Simla on Sunday and came to pay his official visit to the Viceroy. He was not loud in his praise of the organization of the India Office. He says that they have no telephones, and that the one and only messenger boy is usually impossible to get hold of. He thought the work was carried on in a very conservative manner.

Colonel Dunlop tells me that Sir O'Moore Creagh was very amusing about Lord Kitchener. He said that when he met him at Poona he found him inclined to be stand-offish, so he asked him in his broad Irish brogue, " what he was sniffing at". "If it's my succeeding you," he said, "haven't I always followed in your footsteps and carried out your views?" After which remark, restraint broke down.

CHAPTER XXX

DEPORTEES

On looking back over Minto's correspondence and my Journal of the latter part of 1909, I am astonished that, with increasing political anxiety and constant strain of public responsibility, Minto was able to take part in the social life of Simla which made such demands on both of us. He never failed, or pleaded "business" or fatigue to excuse him from functions, and in our family life his place was never empty, yet his letters show the penetrating thought he found time to give to public problems.

Minto to Morley. Aug. 12. (*Simla.*) Yesterday I spent much of the time I should ordinarily have devoted to my letter to you in writing a note of a conversation I had with Sinha. It is so important in its possible effects on the future that I think you should know of it at once, and I enclose it . . . On the whole it explains itself, but there are two points to bear in mind, viz.: (1) The very depressing effect "the rains" on the top of a mountain have had upon his wife, and the consequent family pressure to which he has been subjected never again to forsake the warmth of the plains—and (2) the disapproval of his countrymen, should he decide upon his resignation. He will, before so very long, return to Calcutta with the general official migration, and the sun may possibly dispel the effects of the Simla mists, whilst the disapproval of his countrymen, should a rumour of his resignation become known, will certainly be most difficult for him to disregard. So that it is more than possible that he may not adhere to his present position. He assures me that he is not influenced by pecuniary considerations; at the same time a reduction of income from about £16,000 per annum to £5,000 per annum is a high trial for human patriotism! . . .

Note of Conversation with Mr. Sinha

Mr. Sinha called on me by appointment this morning. I told him the importance I attached to his becoming Chairman of the Reforms Com-

mittee, vacated by Sir Harvey Adamson now on leave. He accepted, evidently pleased. . . .

He considers the general state of the country politically very much better, and that the gravity of the position is much exaggerated. I told him that, as regards actual danger, he had far better means of information than I had, but that on that point I was inclined to agree with him. . . .

He then spoke as to the policy of repression. He thinks the time for it is already past, though the recurrence of outrages would, he said most emphatically, necessitate strong measures. He had not as yet considered the cases of individual deportees, but would be inclined to a policy of mercy, which he believes would now have a great effect for good. I reminded him of what I had previously said as to English public opinion, and that it had been much excited by the London murders, whilst at the same time the agitation which Arabinda Ghose was continuing, contributed to increase apprehensions as to the state of India, and that clemency on the part of the Government of India would certainly now be ascribed to weakness by a certain strong party in England, and that there was a public opinion of much the same sort here, entertained largely by Ruling Chiefs and a very considerable portion of the population, and that therefore, in respect to the deportees, it is in my opinion incumbent upon the Government of India to consider the general effect their release might have in India, apart from their individual cases . . . that personally I should like to launch our Reform machinery with a clean sheet as to the past—to let bygones be bygones—that I should like to inaugurate the Imperial Council on such conditions (*i.e.* with the release of the deportees), but that I could not think it would be wise to consider their release before that date, *i.e.* before I could make a public announcement in connection with the opening of the Imperial Council. He quite recognized my views. I told him that he himself occupied a position of exceptional importance at the present time, he being the first Indian Member of Council, and as such, representing a new departure of the deepest meaning.

He then asked to speak to me of his own affairs, and went on to say that he realized that he had, in some ways, made a mistake in becoming a Member of Council; that the nature of the work itself did not appeal to him; that his work at the Bar had been much more interesting; that he did not think he was adapted to Council work; that everyone, his colleagues and everyone else, had been most kind to him, but that he did not think he ought to continue his appointment, and that the longer he retained it, the worse his chances would be of regaining the position he had given up at the Bar; that he really is not influenced as to the decision he ought to take by pecuniary considerations, he had fully considered that before he became a Member of Council; that he had in fact accepted the appointment with his eyes open; but that there were private family considerations which he could not disregard, and to which he could not pay the attention he wished, if he retained his present office.

I told him that his resignation, before the new Legislative Councils were fully formed, would be absolutely disastrous; that it would at once be seized upon as a proof of the failure of the most important point of the Reforms, the introduction of which I had done all I could to obtain; that we should be told it was complete evidence of the impossibility of any attempt to share the administration of the country with Indians; that the failure had been fully foretold and had now come about.

He clearly saw all the evils I indicated, and assured me repeatedly that nothing would induce him to resign without my sanction, and that he only asked to be allowed to bring his position before me again when the Councils had been constituted.

To this I agreed, telling him that whenever he resigned it would be a misfortune, but that after our Reforms machinery had been established the misfortune would be lessened. . . .

To the practice of "deportation" Morley had reluctantly agreed when the necessity was imminent, but as soon as the atmosphere appeared calmer he rebelled, demanding with rising vehemence the release of the prisoners.

Morley to Minto. Aug. 20. Now I must say a word about the vexatious subject of deportation, and it may easily be a short word, because we both of us are only too well acquainted with all the general arguments, and both of us would be only too glad to be rid of the deported gentry. It is only a question of time. *When* can we prudently let them go? We ought to have some good moment and occasion. The very earliest compatible with prudence, consistency and commonsense would be best for reasons both of justice and of policy. When would such a moment be? The murder[1] has not made it easier. . . . Would not the completion and announcement of your Regulations be an occasion? The release of our *détenus* at such a time would be a mark of our confidence in our policy and our position. When would that be? Two or three months hence, I suppose.

I do not want to be importunate, but the tide of doubt is spreading pretty steadily into quarters where hitherto there has been no doubt. I told you, I think, how uneasy both Percy and F. E. Smith are. I understand that at least a dozen Unionist Members would join in support of some move against "deportation". Our own orthodox rank and file don't understand "indefinite detention". . . . We shall not be embarrassed for the fag-end of the session, but when the

[1]Sir William Curzon Wyllie.

House of Commons assembles next year, we shall be unable to keep our feet—if India remains pretty tranquil meantime. I do therefore very earnestly solicit the close attention of yourself and your advisers to the question. It will very soon be "a live issue" in this region, and serious consideration is really necessary.

Morley to Minto. Aug. 31. What you say of the Sinha episode is as satisfactory as it is interesting, and there is every reason to be content with the thing as it now stands. He will get himself into a mighty scrape with his own people if he throws up. And you and I shall get into a scrape with our own people likewise. I have fought more than one stiff battle of one sort or another in my time, but I never faced such fire and water as when I insisted on putting a Native on the Viceroy's Council against almost universal opinion here. It would be a horrid blow all round. Perhaps Sinha's home-sickness will disappear, as you hope, when he gets back to Calcutta —sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

You mention a possible change of Government here, and how troublesome it would be to you to have to fight the Indian Member all over again. Personally, if I could get out of harness with reasonable honour and credit, I would like nothing better. But to *you* a change of Government would be the most vexatious thing in the world; for, whoever they might make Secretary of State, the Cabinet would be certain to contain in some other office one irrepressible man, who would insist on harassing the Secretary of State and worrying his colleagues as he did when he was where you are. So I respectfully beg you to rejoice in your heart's core when I tell you that the Tory Whips do not in their sanguine moments expect to come back after a General Election more than 300 strong. This would be a very unhappy issue for the country, because it would leave the Irishmen masters, as they have so often been before now; and we should have a weak Liberal Government confronted by a divided Unionist Opposition (divided on Free Trade). Anyhow you will be free from the peril which I have (delicately, I hope!) foreshadowed for you.

Minto was no less exercised than Morley over the question of the deportees, and telegraphed:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Aug.* 27. We have had under revision (in Council) the cases of the nine Bengali individuals who were placed under

personal restraint in December last, and reports on their conduct, health and comfort have received our consideration.

We have also received reports on the state of the country from the two Lieutenant-Governors, who are strongly opposed to the release, at the present juncture, of any of the prisoners.

After careful and anxious consideration, we have decided to maintain our orders for detention.

The health of the prisoners is satisfactory, and several of them have expressed themselves specially grateful for their treatment. We have granted all requests for personal interviews with relatives. Books and writing materials have been freely allowed and the prisoners have every attention paid to their health and personal comfort.

He followed this up by a statement of the reasons which had influenced his Council's decision:

Minto to Morley. Sept. 1. I telegraphed you the decision we came to at last Friday's Council. The cases against —— and —— are stronger than they were when we decided to deport them, and the reasons for which we took action against all the other prisoners still hold good.

That being so, what we had to consider was, would the state of the country justify the immediate release of all, or of any of them. Most certainly it would not, and Sinha, though he himself thinks differently, very courteously recognized my decision. We cannot be too careful for the present, and, until our new Councils are established—no matter what our own inclinations towards clemency may be—we cannot afford to run the slightest risk of endangering the peace of the country, especially at the turn of the political tide, and when there are plenty of enemies lying in wait to blow up the bridge which is leading us from an old administration to a new one.... Besides the actual risk of a renewal of agitation that might be caused by the release of the deportees, we must bear in mind the effect of such release on public opinion both in India and at home. We must recollect that, besides Bengali sympathy for the prisoners, we have also not only Anglo-Indian public opinion to reckon with, but that of the Rulers of Native States and a huge population whose loyalty to us depends largely on their conviction of our strength, and that, to Anglo-Indian, Ruling Chief and loyal Native, the release of the deportees at present would mean nothing but weakness. We cannot afford to face such criticism now: we shall have to face it and to fight many battles when we have crossed the bridge, but we shall be

comparatively on "terra firma" then, and shall at any rate have taken up the position on which we mean to make our stand.

Sept. 9. If the deportees were released on the announcement of the Regulations they would simply be turned loose on the country at the most inopportune moment that could be chosen, when there would be the strongest temptation to political agitators to induce them to come forward as candidates (*i.e.* for the newly constituted Legislative Councils, etc.) and when we might be forced to detract from the generosity of our new administration by refusing to accept certain candidatures as contrary to the public interest. Nothing could be more unfortunate. I hope that it may be possible to get the Provincial Councils established by the end of December or early in January, and the Imperial Legislative Council in the same months, and the opening of the latter would seem to me a fitting moment for the announcement of release—provided always the state of the country permits it.

But Morley would not be satisfied:

Morley to Minto (*Telegram*). *Oct.* 20. I am anxious that you should come to a conclusion as to the release, partial or total, of the deportees before going on tour. Their continued detention makes a mockery of the language we are going to use about Reforms. It makes a thoroughly self-contradictory situation. The more I consider the reports of the two Lieutenant-Governors, the less weighty do they appear, and this is a matter of policy of the highest moment....

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Oct.* 22. I have to-day consulted my Council, and we feel that nothing has arisen which gives us any ground for re-opening the question of release until we consider it again in due course at the beginning of January. You may rest assured that we shall then approach the question with every desire for release and shall then be prepared to take some risks in that direction. But the danger now is very serious and evident of releasing the deportees just at the moment when the whole country is in the turmoil of a General Election on a scale hitherto unknown, and absolutely novel electoral machinery is on its trial. By the release of the deportees the danger of the elections causing disturbances between the Hindus and Mahommedans would be greatly increased, especially in Eastern Bengal. It is highly probable they would be driven by their political associates to stand for election on grounds of patriotism to the exclusion of moderate candidates whom we wish to encourage, and that this would revive the organization of terrorist societies which are at present only quiescent. We should no doubt be compelled

to disallow their candidature, but it is by no means certain that this would avert disturbances, and it would probably provoke them.

The Reforms thus would be gravely prejudiced at their very commencement, and even partial failure would be seized upon by English opponents of Reform as conclusive proof of their contention that India is unfit for the institutions we are giving her. Also Ruling Chiefs, who are now making every effort to suppress sedition and to assist us, would entirely misunderstand clemency at the present moment. . . .

Minto emphasized his telegram in a letter:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 21. I am writing under great difficulties—in which I am sure you will sympathize with me—Dunlop Smith laid up with a sharp attack of fever; all the extra pressure of work inseparable from the last few days before leaving Simla; files, replies to coming Addresses, speeches, etc., etc., and Executive and Legislative Council Meetings to-morrow—a pandemonium!

In the midst of this your telegram about the deportees has just reached me, you also wrote about them in your last letter (30th September).

Please do not think me pig-headed or nervous. I hope, I am sure you know, after our long correspondence, that you need not dub me with either adjective. I have read your letter over again and as far as I can see we agree on the main principle, *i.e.* that it is the safety of India as affected by possible release which we have in the first place to consider. As to what our action should be in that respect, I have no shadow of doubt. I do not assert that the release of the deportees, or any of them, would create immediate disturbance; it might do so, or it might not, but it would most certainly renew agitation.

I suppose the two men you mention in your letter as of better character whose release might be considered are —— and ——. In my opinion, though they may be socially and intellectually of a higher standard than the other prisoners, they are the most dangerous of them, as having organized and financed revolutionary organizations, and if they were released now the members of the proclaimed Samitis, of which they were the chief supports, would at once again crystallize round them. It is impossible to convey to you in letters or despatches the knowledge the Government of India possesses, and which I possess more than anyone else from a wide correspondence and intimacy with many Natives, of the risks we daily run, or of our acquaintance with underground machinations. . . . And it is quite impossible for us to convey to you a just impression of the everyday life of India.

It is our administration in India as a whole that we have got to safeguard; not the hysterical wishes of Bengal. But it is the voice of Bengal which is so largely heard at home: the silent loyal strength of India on which we must rely is hardly heard at all. . . .

Just now Ruling Chiefs, in reply to private correspondence with me, are supporting us in every way they can, to eradicate the growth of sedition. Several of them have taken strong action, and if, in the face of what they have done, the two most influential men of the deportees are released, we can but expect derision from our allies, and a diminishing inclination to assist us in the future.

I cannot understand a sentence in your telegram, that "continued detention makes a mockery of the language we are going to use about Reforms. It makes a thoroughly self-contradictory situation". I don't quite follow the argument. One of the great hopes of our Reform Scheme was to rally the moderates. Surely it would not be wise to turn loose these firebrands into the political arena just at the very moment when we are hoping that the reasonable and stable elements in Indian society will come forward and range themselves on our side, and on the side of constitutional progress. It seems to me that if we were to do this we should indeed be creating a "self-contradictory situation", in that having withdrawn the deportees from political life for nine months or so, while nothing was going on, we should be liberating them at the very moment when the whole country will be in the turmoil of a General Election.

I can only say that the release of any of the deportees before the formation of the Imperial Council would, I am convinced, be suicidal to the goodwill with which I have hoped our Reforms would be initiated. . . . But I should certainly propose to announce the release of the deportees (if all is well) at the opening of the Imperial Council. There could then be no cause for discussion and we should start our new career in goodwill with all men.

As to the future, I am very far from thinking that our new Councils will dispel the clouds. I agree with you that they will bring up many clouds of their own, but it is my firm belief that they will clear the atmosphere, that it will cease to be sultry, that though there will be many cloudy days, the weather will be fresher—the freshness after the storm. We have worked very hard together and a great success is before our eyes, a success that only needs the finishing touches to receive the heartiest welcome India can give. For goodness sake do not let us ruin the introductory effect of all we have done by incurring

the chances of a bitter strife at the last moment, out of regard to mistaken sentiment.

Also please do not think for an instant that I am callous to the difficulties which surround you at home and the pressure you have faced so bravely on our behalf here. I shall always be grateful to you for that. I know, too, the opposition "independent of party" you tell me of, and bitterly regret it as inexcusably wrong-headed. But we must stand fast for a little longer. When the Councils are formed a new world begins, then the slate must be washed clean and we must accept the position with all its new difficulties. But it is everything to start fair.

One thing I should like to say. I think you assume that the feeling against the release of the deportees is generally European and official; *it would be far more generally Native.* Putting aside the unthinking portion of the European community, the best of the official world here is very broad-minded as to political questions which are far more liberally considered than they used to be. It is Native opinion that is dictatorial and autocratic, probably because it knows its own people best, and it is Native opinion that looks to us for safety.

Two days later we left Simla, and hoping the matter was disposed of, Minto wrote:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 26. (Alwar.) I am afraid I shall be writing to you under difficulties for some time, as the tour before me is a long one; we shall only reach Calcutta in time for Christmas, and every moment of the tour is mapped out. . . . In addition "files" accompany me with their usual fidelity! . . . It is hard on us that we are so tied for time—but that is Indian conditions, the hot weather limits us. Our Councils must meet early in the spring, and our Budget Debate must conclude before the hot weather sets in. . . .

Simla was getting very cold, and the snow creeping lower down the distant mountains. I wore a big Canadian fur coat for the first part of our journey—here we are roasting; this palace being one of the hottest abodes I ever was in.

Morley was still unconvinced, and telegrams pursued us:

Morley to Minto (Telegram). Oct. 27. You do not say if your Council are unanimous. I am not at all convinced that the time has not come when the deportees should be released, and the Cabinet, to whom I read your telegram to-day, are unanimous in looking in the same direction as myself.

You say there would be serious risk in release at the moment of election

turmoil and novel electoral machinery and you point to the danger of disturbances between Hindu and Mahommedan. I fail to see how this particular danger would be aggravated by the release of the deportees, nor do I see any connection between the two circumstances. As for your argument that some released deportees might stand (as candidates) to the exclusion of moderates, I would remind you that an important moderate leader (Gokhale) explicitly says that to continue detention would give a trump card to extremists.

You say Ruling Chiefs would misunderstand clemency at the present moment. Why should there be more risk of this now than if the clemency were exercised two months hence?

You say that release now would be an attempt to meet sentiment quite unsuited to the present position. Why is it more unsuited to the present position than to the position in January next? And may I observe that the odium of detaining men without charge or trial is much more than a mere sentiment. Unless there is an emergency when a preventive step is justifiable, arbitrary detention cannot be defended. In this principle there is no difference between us. The attempt to avert this odium is particularly expedient in a Government opening, with a certain flourish of trumpets, a new policy of popular reform. Is there an emergency? If there is, what reason is there to think that it will have died away in January?

You speak of the risk of released deportees becoming candidates. Are you sure that the drawbacks of postponing release until January are not worse than the risks of obnoxious candidatures? You say you would be compelled to disallow their candidatures. I would venture to remind you that when the Councils Bill was before Parliament His Majesty's Government expressly took up the position that the incident of deportation was not a ground for disqualification as if it were like conviction by a Court for sedition or other criminal offence. You have general powers of disallowing candidature, but they will have to be very cautiously used, and it would be impossible for us to approve a veto based upon the incident of deportation.

Your argument that partial failure would be seized upon by English opponents of reforms turns upon a point that can perhaps be better judged at Westminster than at Simla, and His Majesty's Government must be allowed to weigh its significance for themselves.

The Cabinet are of opinion that the amnesty would be an excellent accompaniment to the launching of the Reform Regulations on November 15, or the King's Birthday, November 9, might well be thought of.

Minto answered in detail, reiterating his arguments point by point, beginning:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Oct.* 31. (*Udaipur.*) Referring to my telegram of the 22nd, the decision of my Council was unanimous, as is also the opinion of Lieutenant-Governors. . . .

And after categorically replying to Morley's questions, he ended:

There can be no question of an amnesty on a certain date. The question is whether the deportees can be released with due regard to the internal peace of India. My Council have twice decided that they cannot now be so released, in which the Lieutenant-Governors concerned absolutely agree. We shall be heartily glad to release them when we know that conditions will allow of it, and I must say distinctly that to release them on either of the dates you name would be full of unjustifiable risk, and would be entirely contrary to the reasons for which they were deported, namely that the peace of the country was endangered by their freedom.

Even this re-affirmation of the position could not convince the Secretary of State, who telegraphed again:

Morley to Minto (*Telegram*). *Oct.* 31. Do all the Members of your Council concur? I earnestly hope that I am not to understand that you reject the unanimous suggestion of the Cabinet. Such a result would be most grave, and I am sure you will consider the situation with a full sense of responsibility, as I sincerely try to do.

To this Minto firmly replied:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Nov.* 2. (*Udaipur.*) I have always recognized the great importance of our agreement in all matters, and also know the many considerations you have to deal with at home, but the Viceroy and the Government of India are answerable to you for the immediate administration of India, and are bound to state their views to you as to the safety or otherwise of action affecting that administration.

I have already told you that the decision of my Council against release was unanimous, and is supported by the strong opinions of Lieutenant-Governors. My telegram of the 22nd October explains our reasons. I cannot state the position more clearly than in the last part of my private telegram to you of the 31st October.... I have most carefully considered the situation and can only say that, with a full knowledge of conditions throughout the whole of India, the Viceroy and Government of India would be betraying the trust imposed upon them by His Majesty's Government if they now expressed themselves otherwise than in my telegram of the 22nd October. If His Majesty's Government decides upon the opposite course, the Viceroy and Government of India must accept their instructions, but they could not be held responsible for the results, and, putting aside the renewal of agitation, I feel bound to tell you that, from an Indian point of view, I cannot conceive at the present moment anything more dangerous than that disregard should be had to the matured opinions of the Government of India and Local Governments.

Writing by the mail the same day, he said:

Minto to Morley. Nov. 2. (*Udaipur.*) Our exchange of telegrams has been so constant during the last few days that I need add very little to what I have already said in them. . . .

. . . . I have always endeavoured loyally to serve the Secretary of State and His Majesty's Government, and I could not consider myself to be doing so, if, in deference to the views of the Cabinet, I agreed to minimize the risks which stare me in the face. To do so would, as I telegraphed to you, be a betrayal of the trust imposed upon me. I am bound to tell you the position of affairs as it exists. And if the views and warnings of the highest authorities in India on matters affecting the public safety should be disregarded, I can only say that, whilst I and my Council would endeavour to do our duty as best we could, we should be entitled to ask that our communications to the Secretary of State should be made public, and, should things go wrong, we could not in justice be held responsible for a state of affairs which we had done our best to guard against.

We cannot afford to risk any chances in India, and the opinions of an individual, claiming to be an authority, on the general outlook (as for instance Gokhale) are perfectly valueless and misleading, even giving them the benefit of the doubt on the score of honesty, unless that individual has had all the strings of information in his hands and has been called upon to analyse them. The only people who possess those strings are the Lieutenant-Governors in respect to their own Provinces, and the Viceroy in regard to the whole of India. I do not believe there is an opinion or a suspicion that reaches you which is not known to them and of which they do not know the value; but those opinions and suspicions, taken by themselves, though possibly quite honest, may be, and often are, full of mischief.

On receipt of Minto's telegram, refusing to be coerced, Morley gave way, and answered:

Morley to Minto (*Telegram*). *Nov.* 3. Referring to your private telegram of the 2nd instant regarding the deportees: I gladly do justice to its reasonable spirit and I recognize the strength of your case against release during the turmoil of elections, but can you not meet us by fixing a date, subject of course to no new emergency arising? From your previous language I gather that you are ready to release on January 1.

Minto replied:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Nov.* 5. Much pleased at receipt of your telegram of November 3 *re* deportees.

It is practically impossible to get the opinion of my whole Council at the present moment as they are scattered on tour and the case is too difficult to argue by telegram. I am sure their opinion would be in favour of release on January 1 if there is then no special reason against it. . . .

Minto had won the day but at the cost of endless work and worry, which, in the midst of our long and strenuous tour, added considerably to his anxieties.

CHAPTER XXXI

OUR AUTUMN TOUR: 1909

Alwar: Jaipur: Udaipur: Gwalior: Bhopal: Ahmadabad: Baroda: Bombay: Bijapur: Goa: Mysore: Madras.

Journal, October, 1909. Two days before we left Simla the last Legislative Council was held under the old conditions which have existed since 1862. The questions discussed were not interesting, chiefly in connection with certain rights and ceremonies appertaining to Sikh marriages, but it is historical as closing an epoch in the history of the Government of India.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour M.P. who is travelling in India, and has just arrived in Simla, attended the Council. He is good-looking and has a very nice expression, which I hope are promising characteristics, and I am told he hates Lloyd George.

We have before us a strenuous autumn tour. The following extract from the *Pioneer* gives our programme:

His Excellency Lord Minto has just commenced the longest and most important tour that he has yet made. . . . The number of State functions will be very great, and His Excellency will receive and reply to no fewer than thirty addresses and speeches. Lady Minto will also have a busy time. The interest which Her Excellency takes in the work of the Dufferin Fund, Hospitals and Nursing Associations, schemes for female education, and all that goes to improve the lot of women in India is well known; and at every halting place on the tour she will visit several Institutions. . . . No Viceroy, perhaps, since Lord Mayo, has in equal degree won the confidence and personal regard of the Ruling Chiefs, and none has had their interests more closely at heart.

October 26. On arrival at Alwar [in Rajputana] we drove to the Lansdowne Palace; the elephants and horses, with their gold and silver trappings, looked most imposing standing on each side of the triumphal arch. The Palace built on a huge rock, radiates heat all

round, and being totally without accessories such as blinds or shutters, the temperature reaches that of the infernal regions. With the exception of Rangoon, it is certainly the hottest experience we have had in India. The Maharajah showed us, amongst his treasures, some wonderful illuminated books and decorated documents. One volume was the work of one man's life and cost a lakh and a half (£10,000). The Collection in the Armoury is the finest in Rajputana and everything is well cared for.

In the afternoon Minto opened the new Alexandra Hospital, and the banquet at the Palace in the evening was most interesting. The Maharajah made an excellent speech. Alwar speaks perfect English, and although he read his speech, he declaimed it admirably. He was covered with emeralds and pearls, and made a splendid figure in his brocaded coat of gold. He amused me by telling me that when Lord Elgin was here he expressed a wish to see the gaol, and the manager, in his eagerness to show respect to the Viceroy, put up in huge letters over the door: "Welcome to the gaol".

Alwar's personal Bodyguard wear the most lovely uniform; a very bright *rose du barri* coat, with the palest grey-blue *pughree* and sash; the combination with their curved swords and golden belts is irresistible. The men are magnificent, most of them having fine figures and handsome features.

The Maharajah took me to the Palace to visit the Maharani. We arrived at a little door and walked up a steep and tortuous incline which led to an upper gallery with pillars and arches. The silence was almost oppressive, and to be immured within those walls would be a living death. The little Maharani met me, a tiny creature weighed down by ropes of jewels and embroideries. Six attendants in orange and pink leant in a line against the wall. The Maharani cannot understand English; she has large, frightened eyes and thin, tightly-compressed lips. He is good-looking, tall, extremely clever and up-to-date in all his ideas, with a great love of music: she, a timid girl, whom he married when she was twelve. Unfortunately they have no children.

I can only touch briefly on the wonders of these Native States, which to the Westerner open up an unbelievable pageant of Eastern magnificence.

On October 28 we arrived at Jaipur, where we were received by the Maharajah with ceremonial. In front of Minto's carriage, as we drove to the Residency, a troop of dancers, called Nagas, athletic-

looking men, brandished swords and performed marvellous antics, shouting and yelling, while leaping here and there between the escort and the leading horses and carriage. They lent an extra element of the barbaric to the already bewildering pageant. The route to the Residency, extending for three miles, was lined with elephants, camels and horses with riders in all sorts of costumes: quaint figures, looking as if they had lived hundreds of years ago; old men with fierce white beards parted in the centre, dressed in gorgeous raiment, sitting erect in their saddles as if they and their horses were one. The mottoes along the route amused us: "We meet in glory here to-day": "Oh! this joyful day!": "Truce to thee, Minto": and "Thrive this blessed time".

During our visit we had an exciting tiger shoot from an enormous iron *machan*. The beaters were drawn up 3000 strong, and six beautifully painted elephants with khaki draperies suitable for *shikar* work, awaited us. The beaters, shoulder to shoulder, encircled a bit of jungle of immensely tall grass, and a veritable pandemonium commenced. They yelled and screamed, tom-toms were beaten, squibs thrown into the jungle, setting some of it alight: elephants and horsemen all joined in the medley. The *shikaris* declared there was a family of tigers in that patch of ground, a male, female and three cubs. Suddenly I heard a crash in the tall grass and saw a glimpse of yellow for the fraction of a second. Then I heard a shot. A tigress had put her head through the long grass about a hundred yards in front of Minto's *machan*. She was looking straight at him and his only chance was to fire at once. This he did, hitting her between the eyes and rolling her over stone dead, a shot the fame of which will live in the Jaipur State for years, and of which only a Viceroy is considered capable. My sister, Louisa Antrim, who is touring with us, was thrilled by this sporting experience and the unwonted exercise of riding a pad elephant.

Most of all I enjoyed our visit to the deserted city of Amber, the old capital. The whole population migrated in one day, having outgrown Amber, and occupied the newly built pink city of Jaipur. Stately, powerful elephants, with regal slowness in their gait, conveyed us up the steep incline through the narrow archways to the Dewan-i-Khas, a marble-pillared hall overlooking a glorious stretch of landscape. An old Scotch missionary, Mr. McAllister, came with us to show us the places of interest. He adores the Maharajah and speaks of him as "Our King".

Rudyard Kipling gives a wonderful account of Amber in his *Letters of Marque*: the desolate Palace, the ramparts looking over the deserted town; which he describes as:

"The heart that has ceased to beat."

On October 31 we reached Chitor, where Mr. Marshall, the Archaeologist, met us and drove with us round the Fort, which commands a very strong position, although it has been stormed and taken three times, and three times a beautiful Princess has played the part of a heroine, and has led her husband's troops against the enemy when he has been either killed or captured by intrigue. The first bridge over which we drove was built in the year 1000. There are many historic gateways and a tower of Victory, elaborately carved. Near it lie the remains of the 3000 women who committed *suttee* rather than fall into the hands of the Mahommedans in 1303. The lovely Princess Padmani herself entered the subterranean chambers of the Fort, where the women were walled up and burnt or suffocated alive while the men sallied forth and died in battle. This was the first of three occasions on which the wholesale sacrifice, known as the *Johar*, was performed.

Chitor is the scene of many sanguinary battles, the last siege taking place in Akbar's time in 1568, when the majority of the Rajputs were killed and most of the buildings razed to the ground, and Udaipur eventually became the capital of Mewar.

We returned to the train at noon and had a terrifically hot journey to Udaipur, 98° in the railway carriage. The Maharana[1] was awaiting us at the station. When he came to see Minto at Dehra Dun his beard was coal-black; to-day it was beautifully brushed and combed, but nearly white! I have since heard that he spent a day in dyeing it before his visit to Dehra—but Minto was terribly confused, and did not think he could be the same man.

The drive from the station was over three miles. The colouring was not so vivid as at Jaipur, as this Maharana likes all his people to wear white, and their sashes and *pughrees* are the only bright relief.

We stayed at the Residency with Mr. Holme and his pretty wife, recently married. After dinner we all went on the lake in a huge barge. The moon was nearly full; the white Palaces rise straight

[1]The title of Maharana is peculiar to the Rulers of Udaipur State.

from the water's edge; the numerous little islands, and the mountains surrounding the lake, made a lovely picture.

Journal, November 1, 1909. (*Udaipur.*) This afternoon we visited an island where the Raj Kumar, the only surviving son of the Maharana, received us. He is about twenty-five years old, talks English, and is most intelligent, but is a cripple and it is sad to see with what difficulty he moves.

Many years ago some Princess was poisoned by the Mewar reigning family and the tradition is that the descendants would be cursed for seven generations, and that no Maharana should have a son or be succeeded in the direct line. Strangely enough this prophecy has come true, and this Maharana is the last of the seventh generation.

This evening we went across the lake to the Palace, where the State Banquet took place. The upper lake is divided by a big wall and on passing through the archway a dazzling scene of glowing fairy palaces was disclosed. Every building was reflected and multiplied in the lake till one hardly knew in which direction to gaze in this land of enchantment. On the left the towering walls and minarets of the Palace glittered with light, and we seemed to be gliding through a sea of fire, while a stream of sparkling drops fell from the oars of the ten rowers. On our right, in the far distance, flaming watch-towers stood out in bold relief against the black mountains. The most fascinating part of this magic scene were the numerous islands, on which each dome and turret was outlined by golden lights.

We landed at the Palace *ghât*, finding armies of red-coated men with golden inlaid dandies in which to carry us up the steep incline to the entrance of the Palace. Here the Maharana met us and conducted us to the Banqueting Hall. As his caste restrictions prevent him from eating with Europeans, he rejoined us after dinner, and his speech was read by the Resident. Minto's reply, being a message to the Princes of India, is so important that I give the essential parts of it in full. Since this speech was delivered, several Indian Princes have told me that it is their Magna Charta:

"YOUR HIGHNESS,—I have listened with sincere pleasure to the words you have addressed to me as the representative of the King-Emperor and at the same time I am deeply grateful for the cordiality and magnificence of your welcome. . . .

Your Highness has alluded to the anxieties with which I have been confronted during my period of office, to the attempts which have been made to misrepresent the intentions of the British Administration and to the

dastardly crimes which have been committed under the plea of political necessity and which have aroused the detestation of the people of India against their perpetrators. I trust, however, that as Your Highness has said, the skies of India are beginning to clear and the dark clouds to pass away. I am glad to know that loyal Rajputana has been free from the poison which has been scattered elsewhere, and that the Ruling Chiefs of India, by the precautions they have taken to bar the entrance of sedition into their possessions, have added still further to the many proofs they have given in past years of their devotion and loyalty to the Crown. They have shown their determination to safeguard and maintain that identity of interests between the Imperial Government and themselves, upon the mutual recognition of which the future history of India will be so largely moulded. They have not hesitated manfully to proclaim their loyalty in times of trouble, and they have contributed to the military strength of their country that splendid body of Imperial Service Troops which is sufficient evidence to the world that they are all that solidarity of Empire implies. I congratulate Your Highness on the inauguration of a squadron of Imperial Service Cavalry. . . .

It is sometimes asked by Ruling Chiefs, as well as by the public in India and in Europe, what our policy towards Native States is? I can only tell you that the basis of that policy was laid down in Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858 and repeated in the Coronation message of His Majesty the King-Emperor. In 1858 Queen Victoria addressed the Princes of India as follows: 'We hereby announce to the Native Princes of India that all treaties and engagements made with them by, or under, the authority of the Hon'ble East India Company are by us accepted and will be scrupulously observed, and we look for the like observance on their part. We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions, and while we will admit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others'. . . . And 44 years later the King-Emperor wrote: 'To all my feudatories and subjects throughout India I renew the assurance of my regard for their liberties, of respect for their dignities and rights, of interest in their advancement, and of devotion to their welfare, which are the supreme aim and object of my rule, and which, under the blessing of Almighty God, will lead to the increasing prosperity of my Indian Empire and the greater happiness of its people'.

In pursuance of these pledges our policy is with rare exceptions one of non-interference in the internal affairs of Native States. But in guaranteeing their internal independence and in undertaking their protection against external aggression it naturally follows that the Imperial Government has assumed a certain degree of responsibility for the general soundness of their administration and could not consent to incur the reproach of being an indirect instrument of misrule. There are also certain matters in which it is necessary for the Government of India to safeguard the interests of the community as a whole, as well as those of the paramount power,

such as railways, telegraphs and other services of an Imperial character. But the relationship of the Supreme Government to the States is one of suzerainty. Your Highness will, I know, recognize the difficulty that must exist in adhering to a uniform policy owing to the varying conditions of different States. It is this diversity of conditions which renders so dangerous any attempt at complete subservience to uniformity. I have therefore made it a rule to avoid as far as possible the issue of general instructions and have endeavoured to deal with questions as they arose with reference to existing treaties, the merits of each case, local conditions, antecedent circumstances and the particular stage of development, feudal and constitutional, of undivided principalities. . . .

The foundation-stone of the whole system is the recognition of identity of interests between the Imperial Government and the Durbars and the minimum of interference with the latter in their own affairs. I have always been opposed to anything like pressure on Durbars with a view to introducing British methods of administration. I have preferred that reforms should emanate from Durbars themselves and grow up in harmony with the traditions of the State. It is easy to overestimate the value of administrative efficiency. It is not the only object to aim at, though the encouragement of it must be attractive to keen and able Political Officers and it is not unnatural that the temptation to further it should, for example, appeal strongly to those who are temporarily in charge of the administration of a State during a minority. Whether they are in sole charge or associated with a State Council, their position is a difficult one. It is one of peculiar trust, and though abuses and corruption must, of course, as far as possible be corrected, I cannot but think that Political Officers will do wisely to accept the general system of administration to which the Chief and his people have been accustomed. The methods sanctioned by tradition in States are usually well adapted to the needs and relations of the ruler and his people. The loyalty of the latter to the former is generally a personal loyalty which administrative efficiency, if carried out on lines unsuited to local conditions, would lessen or impair.

I can assure Political Officers I am speaking in no spirit of criticism. No one has a greater admiration of their services than I have. . . . My aim and object will be, as it has always been, to assist them, but I would impress upon them that they are not only the mouthpiece of Government and the custodians of Imperial policy, but that I look to them also to interpret the sentiments and aspirations of the Durbars. It is upon the tactful fulfilment of their dual functions that the Supreme Government and the Chiefs must mutually rely. It is upon the harmonious co-operation of Indian Princes and Political Officers that so much depends, co-operation which must increase in value as communications develop and new ideas gain ground.

We are at the commencement of a new era of thought in India. We shall have many new problems to face as years go on—problems surrounded with difficulties and anxieties in the solution of which I trust that

the Ruling Chiefs will ever bear in mind that the interests of themselves and their people are identical with those of the Supreme Government.

Your Highness, I shall always look back upon my visit to Udaipur with many recollections of your magnificent hospitality, the romantic traditions of Rajputana, and the enchantment of the palaces, lakes and islands of Mewar".

Journal, November 4. Udaipur was selected at which to make this speech, as it is the most influential Hindu State, and probably the oldest in the world. The dynasty dates back 2500 years, and the Princes of Udaipur claim to be descended from the Sun. A large sun in gold shines forth from a central tower of the palace. This Maharana is simple in his ideas and refuses to allow motor-cars and other modern inventions to impair the peaceful beauty of his State. He is held in the deepest reverence, and when any of his subjects speak to him a towel is held over the mouth in order that the Maharana should not be desecrated by their breath. An attendant always stands behind his chair with an embroidered cloth over his shoulder, in case His Highness should wish to mop his brow. He dresses in a plain white satin coat, opening on the left side over a coloured waistcoat, and wears hardly any jewels.

I was much struck by the absence of splendour in the Palace. The chief noble, who is responsible for the Viceroy's safety, is a fat boy, who evidently felt cold after dinner, so put on an old shooting-jacket over his white costume. In one hand he carried a tallow candle, and in the other a sword presented to his ancestor by the British Government in recognition of his services for having harboured refugee women and children in his Palace on an island during the days of the Mutiny.

Minto's speech has been well received by the press in India, as the following extract[1] shows:

> The speech which the Viceroy delivered on Wednesday evening at Udaipur, spoken to his Rajput host and a dinner-table audience, was evidently, in fact, addressed to that whole two-fifths of the Indian Empire which is represented by the aggregate of the Native States. . . . Perhaps no utterance of the kind of so much significance has been heard since Lord Curzon's notable speech at Gwalior in November 1899. As that well-remembered manifesto was the indication of a policy, so too was Lord Minto's speech at Udaipur. . . .
>
> Here speaks the true Liberalism, and the corollary of this attitude appears in the wise advice held out by the Viceroy to the Political Service.

[1]From *The Pioneer*, November 6, 1909.

It is in some respects the most important feature of the speech, but here we can only touch on Lord Minto's message to the Native States themselves, and it is equally unusual and acceptable to find that a Viceroy who, in the affairs of India, has shown himself so ready to meet half-way the political aspirations of the people, can, nevertheless, take the risk of being called retrograde where the circumstances to be dealt with are different. . . .

The one prime merit that is required of the Native States is loyalty to the Sovereign and his Government. They have preserved it intact through a time of tumult and through subtler discouragements: they are not likely to part with it under a Viceroy of the principles and personality of Lord Minto.

Journal, November 5. We left Udaipur with the intention of going to Ajmeer, but had to give up our visit on account of an outbreak of plague, and so we remain in this hot train until to-morrow evening when we reach Agra. The whole way along the line *chowkidars*[1] are stationed, with their backs to the train, to ward off any possible enemy, and at night they carry torches.

Minto has received a most interesting letter from the Nizam in which he says that it has always been the custom of his ancestors, and is now his own, to avoid all religious and racial prejudices, and to employ in the administration Hindus and Mahommedans, Europeans and Parsis, and to repose "entire confidence in their officers to whatever religion, race, sect or creed they belong". He then goes on to say:

"It is in a great measure to this policy that I attribute the contentment and well-being of my Dominions. Your Excellency will therefore quite understand how gratified I was to learn of the wise, generous and liberal policy pursued by Your Excellency and the Secretary of State for India in giving effect to the principles announced in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 and solemnly reaffirmed in the King-Emperor's gracious message to the Princes and Peoples of India in 1908, by appointing an Indian as a Member of your Executive Council, and two Indians as Members of the Council of the Secretary of State. This liberal policy, as also the enlargement of the Legislative Councils, will, I earnestly trust, serve to allay the present unrest, and to remove altogether the seditious movement which is happily confined to a very small minority.

I am a great believer in conciliation and repression going hand in hand to cope with the present condition of India, which is but transitory".

This, coming from our greatest Mahommedan Indian Ruler, is full of meaning, and is a complete answer to many of the criticisms

[1]Watchmen.

emanating from people at home as to the opposition Sinha's appointment would meet with on religious grounds.

The Maharajah of Jodhpur has also given a lakh of rupees[1] to the Mayo College which, he says, is to "commemorate Lord Minto's wise and statesmanlike rule which has so successfully carried India through such a time of difficulty".

November 6. The heat was intense when we arrived at Gwalior's huge Palace with its marble courtyards. During these years Scindia has become a real friend and is one of the most loyal and enlightened Princes in India. We are overwhelmed by his thought for our comfort.

The Fort, with its brilliant green and blue tiles, is historic. It stands on a wide plateau overlooking the city, which is beautiful on account of the dense forest which encroaches on its outskirts.

Eileen and I paid two visits to the Maharanis, the mother and wife. The little wife, Chinkoo, was covered from head to foot with precious stones, and ropes of pearls encircled her waist. She showed us her bedroom where her bed stands on four silver bells. Her jewels are countless; cases of pearls, necklaces and bracelets. Her dressing-table was a mass of golden bottles, combs and scents. The rows of tiny doll-like shoes, which are made for her in Paris, were the most fascinating sight of all. The mother cannot speak English. She and the Maharajah are dittos; I have never seen a mother and son so much alike; she is a clever woman and acts as Regent when the Maharajah is absent. The little Maharani Chinkoo swims, rides, drives, bicycles, and plays tennis, and even the old mother has shot tigers and can use a .450 rifle. They are full of *joie de vivre* which is unusual in a zenana, and seem such a happy family.

From Gwalior we went on to Bhopal. The Begum is a remarkable woman and recognized as one of India's most advanced rulers. The usual interchange of visits took place. I looked on from a gallery while Minto paid his official visit, and after his departure I occupied his chair, and the Begum presented the purdah ladies of her family to me. Her two daughters-in-law appeared, clad in Jodhpur breeches made of cloth of gold, over which they wore thin, transparent, gauze petticoats which fell to the knee. They wore ropes of pearls and rubies, and were by far the most lovely Indian women I have seen. The two families consist of five boys and one girl, and the boys,

[1] £6,666.

down to the two-year-old, were all dressed in the uniform of the Bodyguard, and sat at my feet, and the Begum said they were "at my orders" during our visit. I was overwhelmed with presents: cushion covers, table-cloths, bags, screens and a tea-cosy with "Gilbert John Murray Kynynmond"[1] embroidered on it in golden thread.

The Begum's favourite son is a boy of sixteen[2] who is engaged to a handsome girl of ten, whom the Begum intends to bring up and educate until she is eighteen, which she considers the correct age for a girl to begin the cares of a household.

November 11. A terribly strenuous day! I met the Begum at 8.30, and we visited the Lady Lansdowne Hospital; most up-to-date, with a European matron. We motored on to the Sultana School for girls. As we entered, the Begum, in the voice of one accustomed to command, shouted "salaam", and with military precision each child clasped her hands and touched her forehead. After listening to some recitations in English by the pupils we went on to the Ladies' Club, where, under a huge *shamiana*, the élite of the purdah were gathered to meet me.

When we were ensconced on a dais beside the Begum, a lady in gorgeous apparel advanced, and began an Address in Urdu. While listening, I discovered to my dismay that the paper I held in my hand, intended to be my reply, was the wrong one, and was a speech for another occasion in Baroda and not in Bhopal. I was at my wits' end, as I hadn't a notion what the Address was about, but to my intense relief the interpreter, who was sitting beside me, put into my hand a translation of what was being said: this gave me my cue, and in my impromptu reply I enlarged upon the interest Queen Victoria had always taken in her Indian subjects, and how fortunate Bhopal was in its ruler, who was so progressive and determined to improve the status of women. The lady interpreter was most eloquent, and her translation of my speech seemed to give general satisfaction, so I got through my ordeal quite creditably.

On arrival at Bhopal I had been told that the Begum desired to have a shooting match with me at clay pigeons and had purchased a gun and 4000 cartridges for the occasion. I was rather dismayed at this information, but was led off to the rifle range. I shot very badly, but not quite so badly as the Begum, who afterwards presented me

[1]Minto's ancestral name. [2]The present Nawab.

with a brooch, saying that I had won the prize. I think Her Highness probably missed the birds on purpose.

There was a State Banquet on our last evening, and when the Begum joined us at dessert, she made a speech in Hindustani, reading it very well, in spite of the difficulty of seeing through the tiny slits in her *bourka*. She takes a deep interest in the welfare of her people and has established schools, colleges and hospitals and has a wide influence and great personal power.

While in Bhopal we visited Sanchi, where we saw some wonderful ruins dating back to 150 B.C. These are the most perfectly preserved old Buddhist monuments in India: four gateways, exquisitely carved with episodes representing the life of Buddha. It was Napoleon's great ambition to obtain these reliefs for the Museum at the Louvre, when his downfall frustrated his designs.

November 13. (*On our way to Baroda.*) We stopped at Ahmadabad, one of the centres of unrest, to receive a deputation of Mahommedans, and to visit some celebrated mosques. The crowd at the station seemed sullen, and the atmosphere lacked cordiality. I noticed that our Staff, aware of a hostile feeling, kept very close to us while the address was being read. The heat was great with the full mid-day sun streaming upon us, but Minto insisted on the hood of the carriage being lowered, thinking it might disappoint the people if they were unable to see us.

During the drive, seated, as usual, on the left side of the carriage, I was looking attentively at the crowd, and contrasting the countenances of the people very unfavourably with the natives of Rajputana. I noticed a boy among the spectators standing with a white ball in each hand about the size of a turnip. He was holding them so openly that it never occurred to me that they could be bombs. I saw him raise his right arm and hurl something with great violence. The missile bounded off the sword-hilt of a sergeant of the Inniskilling Dragoons who was riding beside the carriage. The boy then threw the second ball. This my *Jemadar*, Thakar Das, flung back with his left arm, slightly cutting his wrist. He guessed from the first that the missiles were bombs. They fell harmlessly on the sandy road and the twelve carriages passed over them without mishap.

It was unfortunate that, for the first time on an official occasion, no member of our own Staff was in our carriage, as it would have been easy to jump out and seize the boy.

We paid little attention to the episode and drove on to the Rani Sipari's tomb.

Next day the following account of what had occurred was published:

At the time when the missiles were thrown at Their Excellencies there were not many people about, and as no harm was done no attempt was made at the time to effect an arrest, nor was any notice taken. The procession went on its way through the Gate and had proceeded half a mile beyond, when an explosion, followed by a cry, was heard. On people running to the spot they found a *bheesti*[1] lying by his cart in an unconscious state. There were fragments of a bomb scattered about him and he was in possession of a second bomb shaped like a cocoanut, which was intact. The police took him to the civil hospital, where it was found that his right hand had been blown off and his condition was precarious.

The poor man has since died in hospital.

November 13 happened to be my birthday, but a bomb is not a present one appreciates.

Later, in Bombay, Mr. Vincent (of the Criminal Investigation Department) brought several boys who had been arrested in Ahmadabad for me to identify. But the culprit had been standing so close to me and his features were so clearly fixed in my memory that I was certain he was not among them.

It would have been the irony of fate if, in the same newspaper that announced the attempt on the Viceroy's life, a full and free pardon had been extended to the men who have preached both sedition and violence, as Morley has urged should be done.

Journal, November 15. On account of this attempt a full Viceroy's escort, consisting of three regiments and a battery of artillery, was sent from Mhow to meet us at Baroda station, and to accompany us to the Makarpura Palace.

We heard afterwards that on the city walls in the vernacular was written: "You may bring as many British troops as you like to Baroda, but they will not deter us from our purpose".

The Gaekwar and the Maharani received us, and at the banquet in the evening, the Gaekwar's speech contained the following observations:

"My Lord: It has always appeared to me that any true progress among

[1]Water-carrier.

the people must embrace their social and moral advancement as well as their material well-being. . . .

I have myself sometimes been criticized for taking administrative action to correct social evils and religious abuses. So far, however, as one can judge from the results, my policy has met with some measure of success. In these and in all other matters of internal administration every Native State in proportion as it enjoys liberty of action grows in efficiency in securing the welfare of its subjects, and therefore in promoting general progress. Any curtailment of freedom in internal affairs lessens our sense of responsibility and weakens our power for effecting improvement.

Loyalty has always been considered in the East as one of the first virtues in a people. But loyalty, when merely sentimental, is of small value. It should be real, genuine and active. To secure such loyalty there should be a community of interests between the subjects and the ruling powers. The former should have a proper share in the administration of the country and should feel that the Government is their own.

It is for this reason I hail with pleasure those great measures of Reform which Your Excellency initiated and which His Majesty's Government have accepted. These Reforms will open out to the people of India a larger field of activity and inspire them with a greater sense of responsibility in the performance of their civic duties, and future generations will recognize in these statesmanlike measures a forward step in the progress and the advancement of the country under British rule."

In replying to congratulations on our escape, Minto said:

" . . . It is always pleasant to receive the sympathy of one's friends, and I cordially thank Your Highness for the kindness of your expressions towards Lady Minto and myself. I have so often expressed my opinion as to the nature of these dastardly outrages that I need scarcely repeat what I have said on many occasions. But I shall always refuse to admit that these anarchical crimes should be allowed to blacken the character of a whole people. They emanate from men with whom the great mass of the population have no sympathy; but at the same time their deeds are a slur upon the people of India, and I trust they will assist the Government of India to eradicate from their midst the seeds of the poison that have been scattered amongst them."

Journal. The Maharani is a lovely woman and was becomingly dressed in a shot purple and gold skirt and *sari*. She took us to an upstairs room where the display of jewels in glass cases was bewildering. These gems, she told us, were valued thirty years ago at several million pounds: some of them were originally Russian Crown Jewels. She has been very pleasant and hospitable, and is clever, taking a great interest in politics, and playing a prominent part in the affairs of the State. The visit has been an interesting one.

Journal, November 17. We arrived at Bombay early this morning. Sir George Clarke and a huge concourse of officials met us and we drove through the city, which was thronged with natives. There were three four-horsed carriages: Minto was in the first with Sir George, and I followed with Louisa. Our reception was tremendously enthusiastic; the people clapped and cheered in a manner I have not heard before; I imagine they wished to show extra enthusiasm on account of the bomb outrage. It is, strangely enough, the anniversary of our arrival in Bombay four years ago—and what eventful years they have been.

The attempt at Ahmadabad has resulted in many kind enquiries from all parts of the world. Hundreds of telegrams and letters have been received, and every spare minute has been occupied in answering them. What this has meant to Minto no words can say. He has to make careful replies to all his Addresses: he interviewed fourteen Native Chiefs, one after another, the morning of his arrival: he has his usual work to get through: his weekly letter to the Secretary of State, and letters also to the King, the Prince of Wales, and many others, about this outrage.

To-day Admiral Slade, who has succeeded Sir George Warrender, came to luncheon. He said he was surprised to see us get out of the train looking fresh, and untired, as the strain of these tours must be great.

Before leaving Baroda, Eileen happened to mention to the Gaekwar that she had missed seeing a performance of some parrots at the sports. Imagine our surprise on being informed when we reached Bombay that eight men and all the parrots had arrived from Baroda in order to give her a special performance. We watched this exhibition after luncheon. They are marvellous birds: do acrobatic feats, drive miniature motor-cars, fire off tiny cannons, and pick out any special coins asked for from numbers all mixed together.

The banquet took place this evening in a huge *shamiana*; there was a long pause before the dinner commenced. We heard later that this was owing to the soup having been stopped by the sentries with fixed bayonets as it was being carried from the kitchen. They said they had orders that no one should come that way without a pass. The steward in despair vainly remonstrated. At last he said he would fetch the Military Secretary, a name he had always hitherto conjured by. "If you fetch the General himself," said the sentry, "I intend to obey my orders". The officer of the guard was fetched, and the soup,

rather cold and nasty, was at last allowed a free passage into the dining-tent.

After dinner Minto held an investiture; Mr. Butler reeled off the long unpronounceable titles of the various Potentates without a mistake. The Reception was largely attended. No doubt the outrage at Ahmadabad has shed a halo round our heads, and Bombay turned out in their hundreds to do us honour.

Next day we went to see the Seva Sedan, a remarkable institution started entirely by the Indians themselves. I walked round the various workrooms and was then guided to a dais where I was garlanded with dripping flowers, a custom which invariably ruins one's gown. I had to make a few remarks and in my little impromptu speech congratulated the members of the Society on their work. The following is the opening paragraph of their reply:

"Our device is a white lotus. We pray that the lotus of every woman's heart may open to the sun of suns. We pray that every one of them may become a ministering angel. There are millions of widows in India; we want to carve out useful careers for them, and to utilize this raw material of humanity now wasted."

Mrs. Du Boulay, who was here as the Secretary's wife in 1905, has come to help Sir George to look after us. She tells me Bombay is bent on wiping out the impression caused by our reception here four years ago.

We left Bombay on November 21 for Bijapur, a Mahommedan town, once the rival of Delhi. Aurangzeb thought it was too powerful as an independent State, so put an end to its existence in 1686. The buildings cover an immense area. Deserted mosques, domes and turrets arise in all directions, speaking only of desolation and neglect. It is a veritable city of the dead and one could not help being oppressed by the sense of decay. Little more than two hundred years ago the city was teeming with humanity, alive with court intrigues and resplendent pageants. Everywhere there are the evidences of Herculean labour in the construction of artistic buildings, with lavish disregard of expenditure in material and labour. The whole place now seems but a city of shadows, haunted by melancholy spectres of the past.

We went first to the Gol Gumbay, the tomb of Mahmud Adil Shah, which is larger than the Pantheon. We climbed up hundreds of fatiguing steps by a narrow turret staircase till we reached the whispering gallery. This is one of the three largest domes in the world;

one can hear the faintest word whispered into the wall by the opposite person across the gallery; the distance is 180 feet, and even the ticking of a watch can be distinctly heard on the other side.

On a hill overlooking the plain stands a huge bronze gun, cast in Ahmadnagar, which is said to have required 1400 oxen, ten elephants and an incredible number of men to place it in its present position.

En route to the station we had tea with a Native Judge, de Souza, and his wife. While their new house is being built they are living in a tomb, which they find cool and convenient, and as it was the burial-place of a traitor there is no question of desecrating a sacred spot.

The road along which we drove was patrolled by policemen facing alternate ways. Four hundred had been specially brought into the district during our visit, as the police officer told me they intended to run no risks in the future.

November 22. On arrival at Mermugao Station we were received by the Governor-General of Goa, Monsieur La Costa, resplendent with ribands and decorations, and by the Portuguese Municipality and an army of uniformed officials, who presented Minto with an Address. They escorted us to a small launch to take us to Goa. During the voyage, on a choppy sea, the officials disappeared, and, discarding their military uniforms, returned dressed as Admirals and Naval Captains. At the quay a number of more or less derelict motor-cars had been provided, in which we proceeded to visit many churches and places of historic interest[1].

After visiting the Governor's Palace de Cabo, situated on a promontory high above the sea, and overlooking both sides of the Bay, we were conducted to the Law Courts for luncheon, where the élite of Goa had been invited to meet us. Here the same officials adopted a legal costume, appearing in gowns with white ties. The Governor, a pleasant man with a twinkle in his eye, proposed the health of "Sa Majesté très gracieuse, le roi d'Angleterre, Empereur des Indes". Not knowing a word of English, the Governor acquitted himself nobly, having learned by heart twenty lines or more of a typewritten script in English, which he repeated without a mistake. Minto then proposed the toast of "le roi très fidèle de Portugal".

We embarked again, after sending a telegram to Soveral[2] telling him how much we had enjoyed the hospitality of his compatriots.

[1]Goa being one of the earliest Christian Settlements in India.

[2]Portuguese Ambassador in London.

Antonio de Braganza, Minto's Portuguese valet, received an ovation from his fellow-countrymen; the attention of the crowd was divided between him and the Viceroy.

Returning to the train we spent the night in reaching Mysore territory.

November 23. Five motors were waiting to convey us to the Gaersoppa Falls. We drove sixty-five miles over a road swept and garnished, without a leaf upon its perfect surface; it might have been the approach to some old baronial hall in England: the undulating hills, broad stretches of grassland, clear running streams, wide valleys and great silver lakes covered with crimson and white water-lilies, were fascinating. While driving through the bamboo forests, I asked why the milestones were painted black, with white figures, a thing I had never seen before, and was told that the elephants objected to white stones, and picked them up and threw them aside when passing, so now they are painted black.

Crossing the river in a scow, we drove in tongas to a camp, with the roar of a torrent sounding in our ears, and had our first sight of the Gaersoppa Falls by the light of the full moon. We dined in a *shamiana*, and sat gazing at this entrancing scene, which was occasionally illuminated for our benefit by rockets, and bundles of burning hay thrown over to light up the spray and foam. Our bungalow stood on a broad plateau facing a cascade 850 feet high, nearly five times the height of Niagara. Next morning we went to the other side, crossing over the Falls by tiny foot-bridges, scrambling over rocks, the spray from the water cooling the air. The chief beauty of these falls lies in the delicate tracery made by the water tumbling over the rocks: but it lacks the volume of Niagara.

November 25. On our arrival at Mysore the Maharajah and his brother, the Yuvaraj, met us and drove us to the Palace. He is a very strict Hindu and observes all their festivals, and during the Dusschra Feast he sits for hours on the throne while his people come and worship him.

A full programme had been arranged for us, and I went with the Maharajah and the Yuvaraj to see the Maharani Girls' School. There were a number of child-widows among the pupils; it seems sad to think that these children have no future whatsoever. There is a law in this State that a girl must be eight years of age

before she can be legally bound by a marriage contract, which is supposed to be a great concession.

We visited the Armoury and the new Palace, and Minto inspected the Imperial Service troops. The Maharanis, wife and mother, paid me a ceremonial visit: the mother talks English fluently, and has been Regent during the Maharajah's absences from his State. The wife is pretty and attractive. Unfortunately they have no children; the Yuvaraj, a cultivated, pleasant man, is the heir-apparent.

After dinner, the Maharajah received us at the Palace. As we entered, twelve servants walked before us sounding silver trumpets. We first looked on at a dance performed by some men called Golams. They are the chief men of a village belonging to a particular caste and are well-to-do. There is a story that this Chief told one of his men to climb to the top of a high tree overhanging a precipice: "Now let go," said the Chief. This the man did, and falling 300 feet was dashed to pieces. The Chief turned to an Englishman standing near and said: "Would any of your people obey you like that?"

After hearing the wild, discordant tones of the silver-horned trumpets and tom-toms, it was a change to go to a French drawing-room in the Palace and listen to a fine organ, beautifully played by an organist from Madras. This Louis XVI. room in the centre of an ultra-Hindu Palace seemed strangely incongruous. The programme of music was arranged by the Maharajah himself: selections from Gounod, Mendelssohn and Chopin, with piano, violin and 'cello accompaniment. The Maharajah can play a variety of instruments.

November 29. We started for the Keddah Camp, forty-five miles away in the heart of the jungle, to see the wild elephants driven in. The camp was a town of canvas, and by the kindness of the Maharajah, every comfort and luxury had been provided. We had a wonderful experience. A Keddah is an interesting though a very tragic sight. The herd is watched for months beforehand, and tamed cow elephants are brought out to entice the wild elephants into the stockade; the gate is then dropped across the entrance, and their freedom is lost for ever. The elephants used on this occasion to control the wild ones had themselves been taken in the Keddah at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present in 1907.

December 3. On leaving Mysore, we parted from the Maharajah and the Yuvaraj with real regret, and motored many miles to Seringapatam, through lovely country, to see Tippoo Sultan's tomb. He lies

beside his father, Haidar Ali, in a mosque surrounded by a garden. Close by stands the Summer Palace, the outside walls of which are decorated with frescoes of battles fought between the French and English, with Tippoo leading the troops to victory. Minto was especially interested in seeing this place, as his grandfather, Sir Thomas Hislop, was present at the storming of the Fort by Lord Cornwallis in 1791.

From Seringapatam we went to Bangalore to stay with the Resident and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser. We visited the Lady Curzon Hospital and the State Hospital, both admirably run. While walking along the verandah, I heard a tremendous buzzing and was shown no less than thirteen swarms of bees hanging from the arches; some of the swarms were two or three feet in length. We were told the patients found the buzzing soothing.

December 4. We visited the famous Kolar Gold Fields. Crushing and smelting were in full swing: immensely powerful machinery is used: some mines are worked at a depth of 3000 feet: electric light is brought from a power station forty miles away, carrying voltage up to 2000. It was fascinating to watch the liquid gold being poured into a mould, but the heat was overpowering.

December 6. (*Bangalore.*) It was cloudy when we started early for the parade ground to see the review of about 7000 troops; soon the sun burst forth and the heat became terrific. The Artillery had just thundered by when I saw Minto signal to the General, who assisted him to dismount, as he was feeling faint. He has had a terribly strenuous time, up early every day and working half through the night. The sun caught him on the temple, his uniform helmet not being sufficient protection. Our Doctor insisted on his taking twenty-four hours' rest. Grand preparations had been made for an official drive round the city, and hearing that the Resident was preparing to cancel all the arrangements, I begged him to allow me to take Minto's place, and escort me himself, in order not to disappoint the people, and especially to show that the incident at Ahmadabad had not shaken our confidence in their loyalty. Different deputations presented me with garlands and flowers, and there was a dense and enthusiastic crowd in the bazaars.

Much to our disappointment we have had to cancel our visits to Madura, Trichinopoli and Tanjore owing to Minto's illness. We

had been looking forward to seeing Southern India, where great preparations had been made for us.

From Bangalore we went straight to Madras, arriving there on the 9th December. We passed several delightful days with Sir Arthur and Lady Lawley[1], spending a day in their charming house at Guindy, with a lovely view of the sea, and a delicious breeze which makes the heat bearable. The servants wear long starched white petticoats and look like the pictures of Akbar's attendants. There was an old-world feeling in Madras, quite different from the bustle of Bombay with its growing commerce and huge harbour.

After our arrival Minto received Addresses, and in the afternoon we visited the new harbour, which is nearing completion and has been built by Mr. Spiers. In the evening we held a reception, which was largely attended.

The following day Minto presented Colours to the Dorsetshire Regiment and pleased them by his knowledge of their regimental history.

I went with Lady Lawley to see an Orphans' Home kept by a Mrs. Frith, supported entirely by voluntary contributions. She prides herself on never having asked for a farthing. On one occasion her finances were reduced to Rs. 3, which she gave to a poor beggar woman. Next morning she was rewarded by receiving cheques from various friends to the amount of Rs. 500. She has a hundred girls in her Orphanage, clothes and feeds them, and teaches them practical things to enable them to become good housekeepers. Their needlework is exquisite; she presented me with a beautifully embroidered baby's robe for my future grandchild[2]. She teaches the girls that happiness lies in unselfishness.

The day before we left there was a Garden Party. Minto did not attend as he is still not feeling himself. The Prince of Arcot was terribly upset at this and kept on telling me that he was the most miserable of men. It appears that his ancestor entertained the 1st Lord Minto, and his disappointment was pathetic.

Minto's sunstroke affected him seriously, but all through our strenuous tour he never failed to write his weekly letter to Morley.

Minto to Morley. Nov. 19. (*Bombay.*) I am simply worked off my legs. There never seems to be a spare moment to settle down and think—

[1]Governor of Madras. [2]Rosemary Baring.

far less to write—but I am sure you will forgive scraps. Work never seems to be normal; something seems always to be cropping up to add to it. . . .

Our visit to Baroda was most interesting and puzzling. The social and political atmosphere entirely different from that of the other Native States we have visited. The Gaekwar extremely clever, full of information, and very friendly; his speech at the usual banquet the essence of loyalty.

I could write volumes on the Native States, but what I really long to discuss are the Reforms.

I think we are entitled to rejoice on the field of victory! I have telegraphed you all my doubts—but anyhow the battle has been won and it has been a great one. I have not had a moment to work out the final changes. You know I think the Government of India was right over Mahommedan representation, and it remains to be seen how the Hindu community will accept the position, neither am I sure that the Mahommedans themselves will eventually be satisfied with it; but it would be too bad for me to go on haggling now. I have not had time to read the newspaper verdicts, which I am most anxious to do, but really the general acclamation of approval is quite extraordinary. Every Address to me from every Native State has contained words of welcome to the Reforms, and here, which is still more remarkable, the European and commercial world have followed suit. The Address from the Chamber of Commerce, which I received yesterday, and the draft of the Address from the Municipal Corporation (which I receive to-morrow) are full of the warmest approval.

It is really a most curious history, knowing, as you and I do, the gloomy forebodings that have been so worrying from many quarters at home. But if you add it all up, we have been right from start to finish. The unofficial European world, and the best of the official world in India, has supported us. The great Chiefs, who, we were told, would be disgusted at Sinha's appointment, have called upon him: the greatest Chief in India, the Mahommedan Nizam, has written to me congratulating you and me on the appointment, and Sinha himself has won everyone's respect by his own personality, and in the official life has proved his absolute fairness and good judgment. Putting aside the *Pioneer* I cannot call to mind a single public criticism in India of his appointment, and though little has been said about it, I believe it has been the keystone of the success of our scheme.

On hearing by cable of the bomb outrage Morley wrote:

Morley to Minto. Nov. 18. You know, without a single written word, all that I think and feel about the hateful incident of which my mind is full. Both of you evidently met the thing with unbroken composure, as those who know you were quite sure you would have been certain to do. Still, so horrid an outrage must leave a long after-shock as you live it over again, and this may well need even more fortitude than the first blow.

I tremble to think of the horror and havoc that would have followed if the villainy had succeeded. Apart from the personal and domestic result, truly miserable as that would have been, it would really—say what we will—have given, for times to come, a new and sinister cast to the British rule in India. Mayo's death was bad enough, but then it was single and isolated, whereas in this case the mischief would inevitably have been associated with the general movement in India. And, in spite of your magnanimous refusal to attach any political significance to the bombs, one cannot but feel that the miscreants who planned the outrage were animated by politics, if one can give the name of politics to such folly and wickedness. Anyhow it was fine and truly generous of you to say that you stoutly resisted the idea that it represented anything like the heart of the general Indian population. This is one of the utterances that will stick, and will cause your name to be held in honour.

Lord Roberts was in here the day after, and I read him your first telegram. He said: "Ah, Minto is an intrepid fellow! He hasn't a nerve in him!" This would be rather an awkward thing for you from the anatomical and physiological point of view, but I know what he meant. I was at Windsor the same night. The great people were eager for news of you, and everybody was full of admiration and sympathy for Lady Minto and you.

Dec. 6. I hope your people will keep their eyes open and their revolvers ready. As for being "lulled into false security", to use your own phrase, that would indeed be folly of criminal quality. I for one do not at all count on the thing dying down in the sense of absolutely vanishing. All we can do is to hope that the condemnation of these infernal pranks will spread. Meanwhile, be sure to keep the sentries over the soup tureens!

Minto to Morley. Dec. 9, 1909. The Bomb incident has passed and gone, . . . At present we know nothing as to the origin of the

attempt. I am thankful to say Lady Minto has not suffered in the least from it: though I say it who shouldn't, she is always very brave and cool. It is plain enough that we have an undercurrent of anarchism to deal with, though I am convinced it has no connection with anything that could in justice be termed a political party, but I can't deny that the extremists may possibly welcome the perpetration of outrages without directly instigating them. . . .

I have just remembered that this is our Christmas mail, and I must send you ever so many good wishes. The year that is just coming to a close has been a momentous one for India, and I can't help feeling that you and I, without being conceited, have some reason to be pleased.

On reaching Calcutta ten days before Christmas, Minto wrote:

There will be plenty to tell you by next mail. The elections for the new Councils are going capitally and we are getting very good men —but the reports I have heard of the state of the country are very far from satisfactory. There seems undoubtedly to be a revival of the anarchical conspiracies, and I hear that Paris (Krishna Varma) is the chief centre. The outlook is full of difficulty. The worst of it is, as I have always told you, not any risk of rebellion, that is nonsense, but the effect on an hysterical population, such as that of Calcutta, and an unreasoning howl at home.

Journal, December 17. After our strenuous tour, the doctor suggested that a few days at Darjeeling would do Minto good.

As we climbed higher and higher in the little toy train on our way to the mountains, the temperature became colder and colder, and on reaching the summit of the Pass, an altitude of 7000 feet, we put on all our available wraps. A week ago in Madras the heat was so great that I was wearing as little as decency permitted; this afternoon I am dressed for a Canadian winter.

As the train took a sharp curve the whole panorama of snow mountains was revealed to us in all their majestic glory. Kinchinjunga, 28,000 feet, towered into the sky. The sun shone brilliantly on their snow peaks.

December 18. This morning I was called at 4 a.m. Captain Jelf, Captain Holden and I, with a guide, left the hotel without waking

Minto, who is not yet feeling strong, and started on a ride of seven miles to Tiger Hill, 9000 feet, to see the sun rise. The heavens were a mass of stars when we set out, but one by one they faded away, leaving the morning star, the last to flicker and die. In the dim light my pony shied violently at two white-clad, eerie figures, priests ascending the mountain to pray. We got off our ponies on the summit, where a huge bonfire had been lighted, by the forethought of the manager at the hotel, and hot coffee was waiting. The mountains stood out against the sky like grey spectres. At last a small rim of crimson appeared on the horizon. The sun seemed in a hurry to view the earth, for in a few minutes a great round ball of fire had appeared, and the highest peaks of the mountains were clothed in splendour. From Tiger Hill a tiny peak of Everest, a hundred miles away, should be visible, but this, alas, was hidden by clouds with provoking persistence.

December 19. At 6 a.m., I looked out of my window and saw the mountains bathed in a flood of light. I hurriedly called Minto. It would have been tragic had he missed this gorgeous panorama.

Before leaving Darjeeling we strolled into a curiosity shop and, to Minto's surprise, the old German shopkeeper told him that he had started life at Eton in the sixties as a barber at "Frizzles", and had often cut his hair. It seemed a far cry from Eton to Darjeeling, but on the strength of this link a great many curios fetched high prices!

December 21. (*Calcutta.*) I see in the English papers that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on his return from his Indian tour, addressed a meeting of the Labour Party at Leicester, and in the course of his speech said that: "No single man was responsible for the present unrest in India . . . and that he hoped we should be able to convince the moderate section of what he might call 'advanced opinion' in India that there was in England a very important section of political opinion determined to give justice and fair play to the people of India".

Old Sir Pertab Singh wired to Dunlop Smith a short time ago, telling him he was arriving in Calcutta on a certain day. Dunlop replied asking what his address would be, and the answer came back: "I am staying with you". Consequently he has been living in a tent in the garden for three weeks or more, and he lunches and

dines with us whenever he likes. He talks a wonderful jargon, but all that he says is much to the point. Speaking of a man arrested for sedition he said: "Not waiting try man in Native State: much chili, then hanging". He made a speech at the polo dinner the other day which delighted everyone: "Me thinking it good thing Englishmen winning polo match; Rajput and Englishmen all brothers—no damned Bengali Babu." On another occasion he is reported to have gone up to a man in a crowd and said: "You Bengali Babu? You teaching me make bombs? When I making bombs, I not killing Englishmen, I killing you." When Evie Gibbs introduced Sir Pertab to his brother, who has just arrived from England, saying: "This is my brother, Maharajah Sahib," the old man answered: "Not your brother, *my* brother".

In speaking of Minto's ancestors, Sir Pertab once said: "Viceroy he good pedigree: why-for sending man no pedigree? Not buying horse no pedigree; not buying dog no pedigree; not buying buffalo no pedigree. Why-for man no pedigree?" One evening in the A.D.C.'s room he pointed to the pillars, during a discussion about the House of Lords, and remarked: "Pillars like House of Lords: take away Pillars, house come down!" He was most indignant recently at reading an account of a political speech made at home, and while sitting next to me at dinner he inveighed against politicians in general, and then said: "Lord Minto, he great Sahib, he soldier; he very good; he going quite straight; he pleasing Indian Princes. Another Viceroy coming, going this way, that way, making very soon one big row: making Indian Princes very angry. Bengali Babu shooting him. Why Government not taking me, Rajput, long, long pedigree, going with soldier, killing Bengali Babu? That very good. Happy for me I getting killed; dying like soldier-man." On account of the unrest it was considered advisable recently to make a demonstration, and the troops were ordered to parade through the streets of Calcutta. Sir Pertab insisted on riding with them, and not wishing to go in his Cadet Corps uniform, he borrowed Evie Gibbs' A.D.C.'s khaki tunic, and carried a hog spear. He returned greatly disappointed that no disturbance had occurred and that he had had no opportunity of killing a Bengali.

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Journal, December. (*Calcutta.*) One of my chief interests has been the furthering of the efficiency of the Dufferin Fund Hospitals. Major

Birdwood and Dr. Kathleen Vaughan have made a tour of inspection in the Central and United Provinces and in Bengal, and compiled a report which has greatly assisted the Central Committee in its control of the work. Separate bungalows have been added to the Calcutta Dufferin Hospital for the treatment of purdah women of differing castes, where all purdah and caste restrictions can be observed, and where accommodation is provided to enable the husband of a patient to accompany his wife. The Committee are greatly indebted to Dr. Vaughan, one of the most efficient lady doctors in India, for her valuable services, freely given, enabling them to correct various erroneous impressions as to the administration of the Dufferin Fund. The good work done by the Women's Medical Service and the Civil Surgeons is everywhere recognized[1].

A few days ago some of the Staff went to Tollygunge to try their horses over the steeplechase course, but on getting there were seized with acute pains and sickness. Evie Gibbs, Captain Holden and Captain Atkinson[2] motored back in a state of collapse. Victor Brooke, Captain Muir, Captain Tod and Captain Charrington were attacked suddenly in the same manner during breakfast at Government House, and Fryer, the valet, two ladies' maids, two of the ayahs and thirty native servants were also stricken.

It was suggested that the milk had been contaminated, and a specimen was sent to be analysed.

The Comptroller, Captain Mackenzie, had lately been dissatisfied with the milk supplied to the household and had given the contract to a new man. It turned out that the former tradesman had taken his revenge by putting the strongest medicine for abortion into the new tradesman's milk. It had a disastrous effect on the members of the Staff. Captain Muir and Captain Tod lost nearly 11 lbs., and the others looked desperately ill. Owing to a fortunate chance, Minto, Eileen and I, who had breakfasted together, had been given stale milk and so escaped. I need hardly add that the guilty milkman is now languishing in jail.

Although we have made many reforms in the household and have tried to reduce unnecessary hangers-on, the Viceregal estab-

[1]It must not be forgotten that Lady Dufferin was the first Viceroy's wife to interest herself in the health of Indian women, and I rejoice that she has still the health and strength to preside over the Meetings of the Home Branch of the Dufferin Fund, which celebrated its Jubilee in 1932.

[2]Hodson's Horse, I.A. Killed in action, Great War.

lishment is prodigious. Minto and I were amused one afternoon, on visiting the stables, to see a pair of horses that had been out in the carriage, standing in the yard surrounded by twelve men. Two stood on either side of each horse, fanning him with a cloth; four were giving hand massage; two were attending to the toilet of the head and forelocks, and two others were combing out their tails. This gives some idea of the division of labour in India.

The Comptroller has given me the statistics connected with entertaining at Government House for this year. 1870 people have dined with us, and 16,081 persons have been entertained at various functions.

It is interesting to compare the work of a Viceroy thirty years ago with the pressure that now exists. The following statement has been compiled in the Private Secretary's office, and it shows that the work has increased almost 500 per cent. in the past thirty years. In 1872 figures were given in the memoirs of Lord Mayo's Private Secretary; they may be taken as somewhat abnormal, for they were recorded in a spirit of complaint:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

Viceroyalty of	Year	Telegrams received and issued	Letters received and issued
Lord Mayo - - -	1872	1,184	3,503
Lord Minto - - -	1908	4,052	13,353[1]

[1]To this figure may be safely added 2000 representing the routine matters which are disposed of through the telephone, which in Lord Mayo's time had to be embodied in separate letters.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE OPENING OF THE NEW IMPERIAL COUNCIL

Release of the Deportees

THE Christmas festivities of 1909 were over-shadowed by another outrage:

Minto to Morley. Dec. 23, 1909. You will have heard by telegram of this horrible murder at Nasik. It is a terrible affair in itself, for Mr Jackson was, from all accounts, an excellent officer and very much liked. But from a public point of view it is peculiarly unfortunate at the present moment when the elections for the new Councils have been proceeding so successfully and when I had earnestly hoped to commence the coming year with the release of the deportees, or at any rate, of most of them, and with the obliteration of the recollections of the agitation which had necessitated their arrests. I called a Council yesterday with the express purpose of dealing with their cases and I felt sure that my colleagues would be in favour of their release on the 1st January, with the exception possibly of two whom we know to have been directly connected with the organization of that class of lawlessness which is still so much beyond control in Eastern Bengal. However, just before Council met, I heard of the murder, and we practically decided at once that, in the circumstances, the release of the deportees was an impossibility, also that further and exceptional powers are necessary to enable us to deal with the present position. At the same time, to avoid the possibility of coming to a hasty conclusion I determined to defer our ultimate decision till to-day, and called another Council for this morning. Our decision was the same as that of yesterday; that the release of the deportees is at present out of the question, and that it could not be justified until we have better machinery at our disposal to deal with exceptional dangers. A telegram to you will, I hope, be ready for despatch to-morrow morning. The mail leaves to-night, and as I have waited for to-day's decision, there is little time left for me to write to you.

I am sure you will believe that I am bitterly disappointed at being forced to adhere to repressive measures at the very moment when I had so looked forward to the inauguration of a happier era. You know, too, how I have always refused to admit that the perpetration of outrages should be allowed to hamper our reforms, and that I have always withstood the accusation that their introduction was in itself a surrender to the demands of a revolutionary agitation. But the refusal to release the deportees in the present state of the country does not stultify the views we have held as to the absolute necessity of a reformed administration, though it may mar the brilliancy of its introduction. What we have to face now is the existence of a very dangerous conspiracy and the consequent alarm which is naturally spreading through the Indian and European population alike. . . . In November last we were told that there were indications that assassinations would be attempted about this time, though there was no evidence to verify the information which reached us in the shape of a rumour. The Nasik murder now tends to confirm the truth of what we heard, and there is undoubtedly a belief among those who have some insight into what is going on behind the scenes that there is a dangerous movement on foot, the origin of which has not yet been traced. . . .

We shall send you at once an outline of the extra powers we think necessary.

The next letter continues:

Dec. 30, 1909. I have been looking back at our correspondence at this time last year. It is discouraging—except that one must not be discouraged—to see how history is repeating itself. You will remember how I cancelled the remainder of my tour and came direct to Calcutta, and how we passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Now again we have to face a repetition of outrages and to consider further exceptional legislation.

This morning information has just reached me of a bomb in a parcel addressed to the Deputy-Commissioner at Amballa which had been dropped in his gateway, and on being picked up and opened by a passer-by, exploded and blew off his hand. It points to this class of crime being widely distributed throughout India. It has shown itself at Ahmadabad, at Nasik and now in the Punjab, and we have much information of intended outrages here. My letters of last winter are equally applicable to the present time; an attempt to describe the

present position would be a mere repetition of them. But the continuance of outrages, and the information, imperfect as it is, which reaches us, indicates a more determined and better organized conspiracy than I have hitherto apprehended. . . .

Jan. 6, 1910. Long before you get this I hope I shall have submitted some definite proposals to you by telegram. . . . It is very necessary to act at once, and our doing so would have the support of the whole country. As I have said before, we want above all to convince the public, both Indian and European, that we are determined to do all in our power to protect the safety of individuals and to uphold the credit of British administration. We cannot afford to delay in doing so. We may have another assassination at any moment. Sinha tells me he thinks we must have further press legislation in the shape of some form of registration, and that the powers of the Arms Act must be enlarged. I entirely agree with him, and I believe that my new Council would be practically unanimous in passing the necessary measures. . . .

Beyond the question of assassinations and dacoities, there is the far bigger one affecting the future, the growth of an utterly misguided and disloyal student generation; it is the result of many causes of which you can judge far better than I can. It is a great and, so far, an increasing danger. I repeat what I have often said to you, that the Reforms have enormously strengthened our hands and have brought factors to our aid which would, without them, have been against us, when we should have had infinitely greater anxieties to face: there is no chance of rebellion; if there were, the position would be easier to deal with; but there is great personal danger for individuals, both European and Indian, from an underground conspiracy which nothing we can do will eradicate at once, though quick and determined justice will help us to do so. I hope, indeed I am sure, you will insist upon saying this whenever opportunity offers.

The new Councils are now practically complete, and most satisfactory in personnel.

Morley, who was away on a holiday on the Continent, allowed a fortnight to go by without writing to Minto, but on the news of the Nasik murder reaching him, he at once wrote:

Morley to Minto. Jan. 6, 1910. I hope that you take a good-natured view of my scandalous breach in our correspondence, and of my inferiority to yourself in this branch of our official duty. If I found it

impossible to take up a pen in my idleness at Mentone, with how much better reason could you have justified a "break in the chain of letters", to use your own phrase, by the toils of your long and exacting "Progress". The only comfort I took to my conscience was that at least my default spared you the trouble of reading epistles that must necessarily have been tiresome, pointless, and irrelevant. My Secretary was instructed to send me *nothing* unless an emergency sprang up, and he obeyed orders nobly. The only thing I got, and it was emergent with a vengeance, was a telegram informing me of the atrocious crime at Nasik. The crime was bad enough in itself, and besides that, I at once felt what difficulties it would make in the way of the release of deportees. It throws a horrid cloud on the advent of our Reforms. But you have never said that anarchist outrage was at an end; you have always warned me in exactly the opposite sense; and it would be pure folly to suppose that we shall hear no more of such crimes.

You are mistaken in supposing, by the way, that there has been anything here to be called a "howl". I have told Adamson, who has been able to measure any clatter in the country, to re-assure you on this point. People generally have taken the murder of Jackson about as coolly as they take the murder of a Trepoff, or Kharloff. More shame for them; but so it is.

The article in *The Times* made my blood boil, and I mean to have it out with them in one way or another. Curzon, rather unworthily, in one of his multitudinous orations, defended himself by contrasting the absence of terrorism in his day with its appearance in ours. But people pay no attention, so uproarious is the pandemonium of electioneering.

Minto to Morley. Jan. 13, 1910. My time has been exceptionally full, owing to the necessity of frequent consultations with various people as to the state of the country and the action to be taken in respect to outrages. I have had to call Councils too, on unusual days, which has dislocated my ordinary work and I have left myself little time for writing to you. . . . There is a general demand in the air for "strong measures", and the only definite explanation of the term which has reached me so far is the proclamation of "martial law". O'Moore Creagh recently advocated it, but has now given it up, though the possibility of it was discussed in Council. . . . It is absolutely uncalled-for, and I only mention it to you to illustrate the suggestions that are hurled at my head. I should, as I have told you

in letters and telegrams, have liked to have done something for the sake of dramatic effect on public opinion. I don't like dramatic effect, but just now it would be useful. . . .

As to the general state of the country, I hear from many sources of the much better feeling produced by the introduction of the Reforms, but on all sides there is a fear of anarchist outrages, and we have much information as to the existence of seditious associations. We must chiefly rely upon the energy of local authorities and the police to cope with them. The causes which have brought them into existence are far more difficult to understand and to deal with. . . .

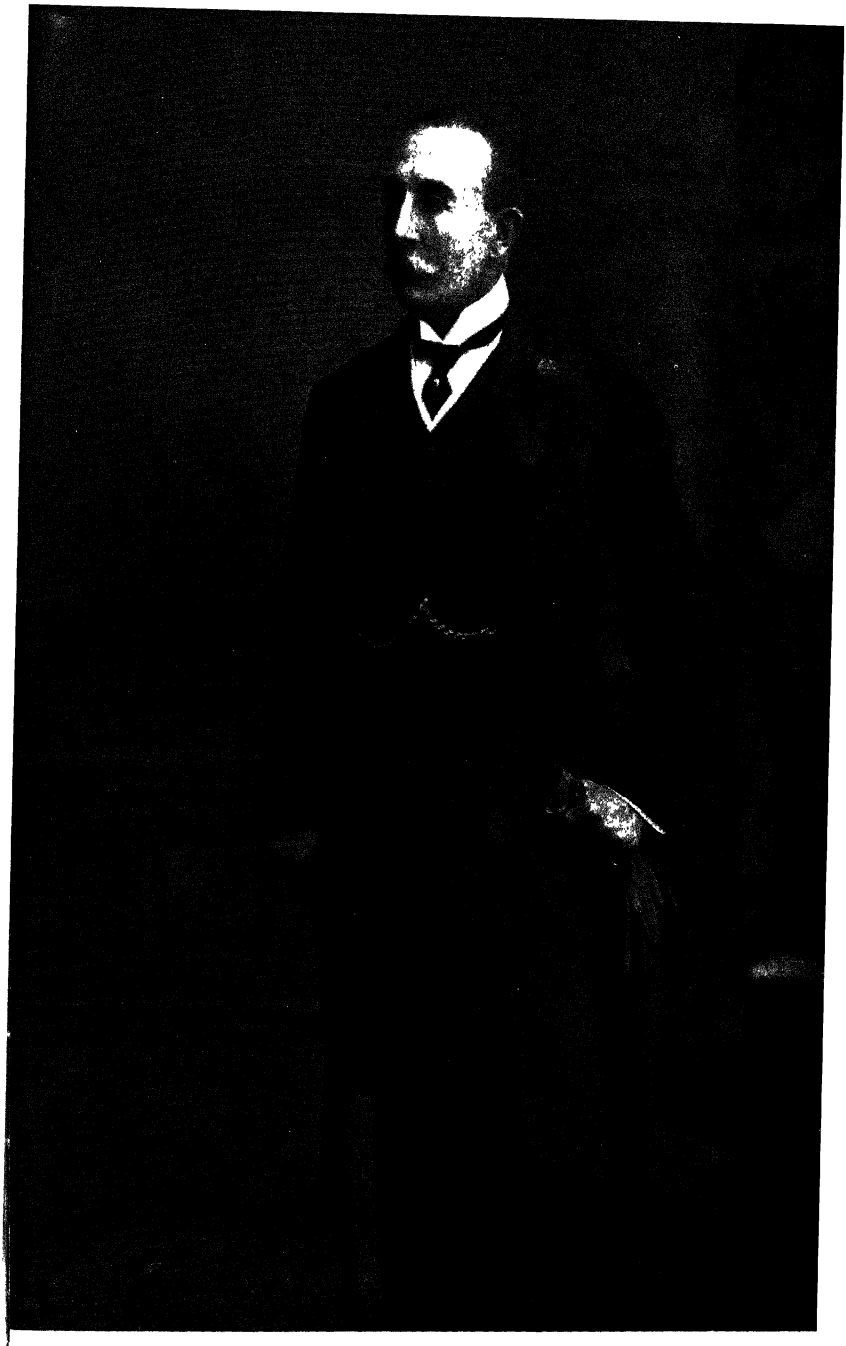
I am so glad to think that you have not written in all the turmoil you must be in at home. I wonder how the fight will end[1]. Anyhow I am sure you know that I personally have a warm feeling for the Chief with whom I have shared in so many difficulties.

Journal, January 25, 1910. This morning the new Legislative Council assembled. It has been a historic day, and Minto may well feel gratified in seeing the fulfilment of his hopes. At the last moment he had to change part of his speech on account of another terrible murder last night of a Native police inspector, Shams-ul-Alam. The Native police have shown great pluck in following up information in spite of the risks they run. He was their best inspector.

The Council Room was packed with people, and a sense of the solemnity of the occasion seemed to impress itself on everyone. After the swearing-in, Minto commenced his speech amid perfect silence; you might have heard a pin drop. He spoke gradually with more and more emphasis, and as he announced that whether for good or ill he alone was responsible for the Reforms, his strength and determination quite carried his audience with him, and at last they broke out into an enthusiastic burst of applause, a thing hitherto unheard of in the Council Chamber. I looked up and saw the picture of his great-grandfather listening, as it were, to the measures introduced by his descendant just a hundred years after he himself had held the reins of government, and I wondered if he was following the trend of affairs from an unseen world. Somehow the note of sympathy was touched, and a quiver of emotion ran through the audience. Minto said:

"I welcome the members of this newly-constituted Imperial Council on their first assembly at the capital of the Indian Empire.

[1]The General Election.



Lord Minto in 1910

The occasion is replete with political meaning. It marks the close of a system of administration which, under the guidance of many illustrious statesmen, has contributed much to the prosperity of India and to the glories of her history. It opens a new era with the inauguration of broader principles of government; and though this Council Room is ill-adapted for the accommodation of our increased numbers and for the convenience of the public, it has seemed best to me that we should first assemble within the walls of the Palace which Wellesley founded, and in the Council Chamber hallowed by the legislative traditions of the last hundred years.

These years have witnessed the consolidation of the Indian Empire as it exists to-day; they tell a story of troubles and anxieties, of hard-won successes, and many glorious episodes; but they have, throughout, been years of recurring administrative changes in harmony with social progress and advance in political thought, largely due to the results of an education system introduced into India by British rulers. It has been a period of evolution. . . .

I cannot but feel that much of the criticism of the recent policy of the Government of India has been oblivious of past history, and has been based upon the assumption that the India of twenty years ago can continue to be the India of to-day. That is an impossibility: many influences have combined to make it so, and we have had to follow in the footsteps of the statesmen who have preceded us, and to recognize that British rule must again be re-adapted to novel conditions. . . .

When I took up the reins of government in the late autumn of 1905, all Asia was marvelling at the victories of Japan over a European Power; there were indications of popular demands in China, in Persia, and in Turkey; there was an awakening of the Eastern world, and though to outward appearances India was quiet, in the sense that there was at that moment no visible acute political agitation, she had not escaped the general infection, and before I had been in the country a year, I shared the view of my colleagues that beneath a seemingly calm surface there existed a mass of smothered political discontent, much of which was thoroughly justifiable and due to causes which we were called upon to examine. . . .

It is important that my Honourable Colleagues and the Indian public should know the early history at any rate of the Reforms which have now been sanctioned by Parliament. They had their genesis in a note of my own, addressed to my colleagues in August 1906—nearly three and a half years ago. *It was based entirely on the views I had myself formed of the position of affairs in India. It was due to no suggestions from home: whether it was good or bad I am entirely responsible for it.* . . .

That note elicited valuable opinions and was fully discussed in Council and though, as you are aware, its suggestions were not accepted in their entirety by the Government of India, it laid the foundation of the first scheme of Reform they submitted to the Secretary of State.

Since it was written, Lord Morley has fought India's battles in both

Houses of Parliament in many great and memorable speeches, and there has been a constant interchange of correspondence between him and the Government of India. Much of it has not yet been made public, but as regards the form of the Legislative Councils, I commit no breach of confidence in indicating the lines which the Government of India has endeavoured to follow. We have distinctly maintained that Representative Government, in its Western sense, is totally inapplicable to the Indian Empire and would be uncongenial to the traditions of Eastern populations; that Indian conditions do not admit of popular representation; that the safety and welfare of this country must depend on the supremacy of British administration, and that supremacy can, in no circumstances, be delegated to any kind of representative assembly.

But we have been deeply impressed by the changing political conditions alluded to in my note, and we have endeavoured to meet them by broadening the representation authorized by the Council Act of 1892, by expanding its rules of procedure and facilitating opportunities for debate, by inviting the leaders of Indian public opinion to become fellow-workers with us in British administration, and by securing the representation of those important interests and communities which go to form the real strength of India, whilst at the same time recognizing the claims of educational advance. We have borne in mind the hopes held out to the people of India in Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858.

But it is unfortunately too true that the progress of the work upon which we have been engaged, and in the completion of which we hoped to confer a welcome boon upon the people of India, has been marred by a succession of abominable crimes which have forced my Government into one repressive measure after another. And yesterday, on the eve of the assembly of this Council, a faithful and gallant public servant was brutally murdered within the precincts of the High Court and in the broad light of day. A spirit hitherto unknown in India has come into existence, a spirit opposed to all the teaching of Indian religion and traditions, a spirit of anarchy and lawlessness which seeks to subvert not only British rule, but the Governments of Indian Chiefs, to whom I am so deeply indebted for their loyal assistance. We are called upon to deal with subterranean machinations, and methods of assassination and robbery dangerous to the public safety and discreditable to the fair fame of India. . . . We can no longer tolerate the preachings of a revolutionary press. We are determined to bridle literary licence. I am glad to believe that the support of an enlarged Council will go far to assure the Indian public of the soundness of any measures we may deem it right to introduce.

I had hoped to open this new Council under an unclouded political sky. No one has longed more earnestly than I to allow bygones to be bygones, and to commence a new administrative era with a clean slate. The course of recent events has cancelled the realization of these hopes, and I can but assert that the first duty of every Government is to maintain the observ-

ance of the law, to provide for the present, and, as far as it can, for the future welfare of the populations committed to its charge; to rule, and, if need be, to rule with a strong hand.

But, gentlemen, though I have no wish to disguise from you the anxieties of the moment, I do not for an instant admit that the necessity of ruthlessly eradicating a great evil from our midst should throw more than a passing shadow over the general political situation in India. . . . I believe that the broadening of political representation has saved India from far greater troubles than those we have now to face. I am convinced that the enlargement of our administrative machinery has enormously strengthened the hands of the Viceroy and of the Government of India, and has brought factors to our aid which would otherwise have had no sympathy with us. I believe, above all, that the fellow-service of British and Indian administrators, under a supreme British Government, is the key to the future political happiness of this country. . . .

And now that my tenure of my high office is drawing to a close, I hope I may feel that my years of work have borne some fruit, and I am grateful to Providence in that He has spared me to be present on this great historical occasion.[1] . . ."

Morley to Minto. Jan. 27. The ceremony on Tuesday must have been interesting, and it will be still more interesting to look back upon when we see what comes of it all, good or ill, or a mixture of the two.

Your speech is not adequately reported so I wait for a full version; the press here takes hardly any notice, for everyone is immersed in polls, wins and losses, ministerial crises, parliamentary majorities, dealing with the House of Lords, and all the rest of it. So far as I have seen the Liberal papers say nothing at all, and the Tory papers fasten exclusively upon the repressive part of what you said, and cry out ungratefully: "Why did he not say this long ago and act accordingly?" Such are the pleasures and the rewards of public life.

This brings me to deportees. The question between us two upon this matter, if we don't take care, may become what the Americans would call ugly. I won't repeat the general arguments about deportation. I have fought against those here who regarded such a resort to the Regulation of 1818 as indefensible. So, per contra, I am ready just as stoutly to fight those who wish to make this arbitrary detention for indefinite periods a regular weapon of Government. Now, your present position is beginning to approach this.

[1]It should be noted that the Minto-Morley Reforms advocated in 1909 "Representative Government". The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms in 1919 proposed "Responsible Government".

You have nine men locked up for a year by *lettre de cachet* because you believe them to be criminally connected with criminal plots; and because you expected their arrest to check these plots. For a certain time it looked as if the *coup* were effective and were justified by the result. In all this I think we were perfectly right. Then you come, by and by, upon what you regard as a great anarchist conspiracy for sedition and murder; and you warn me that you may soon apply to me for sanction for further arbitrary arrest and detention on a large scale. I ask whether this process implies that the nine *détenus* are to be kept under lock and key indefinitely because you have found out a murder-plot contrived, not by them, but by other people. You say: "Yes. We admit that, being locked up, they can have had no share in these new abominations, but their continued detention will frighten evil-doers generally." That's the Russian argument: "by packing off train-loads of suspects to Siberia we'll terrify the anarchists out of their wits and all will come out right". That policy did not work out brilliantly in Russia, and did not save the lives of the Trepoffs, nor did it save Russia from a Duma, the very thing that the Trepoffs and the rest of the "offs" deprecated and detested.

Well now, if this indefinite detention until the Day of Judgment (if that be thought necessary) is what you mean by deportation, then I do not expect to find myself able to sanction any more of it, nor the continuance of this.

You say: "I fully mean to let them go when I am satisfied that India is at peace, and that murder-clubs are done with, and that the Press Bill will be decorous and reverential". Surely to take this line is to play the part of Aesop's rustic with no bridge, waiting until the river has flowed away! . . .

This is the last letter that I shall inflict upon you in this matter, but I cannot budge from my case and *the clock has struck*. After you have seen Adamson please let me know whether you accede to my private request, or whether I shall be forced to official instruction. I should like a telegram if you please.

The gist of the above letter was telegraphed, and Minto answered:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 3. I am afraid I have been unable to picture to you the apprehensions of the intensely nervous European community of Calcutta, dwelling in a great city densely populated by

people of another race, amongst whom an anarchical plot is known to exist, whilst recollections of the Mutiny still cast a shadow over the surroundings of to-day. And though fears may be exaggerated, the present position may be thoroughly misunderstood, it would be unjustifiable to ignore British opinion in India, or to forget the possible effects of ignoring it. I will only repeat the sense of what I have said to you in former letters, namely that the first duty of the Viceroy and the Government of India is to give the Secretary of State as correct a view as they can of the position of affairs, and that if their advice as to dealing with matters affecting the public safety is disregarded, the responsibility for what may follow cannot be laid upon their shoulders.

At the same time I have always told you that I fully recognize the impossibility of disregarding parliamentary and public opinion in England. That opinion is often unfortunate, and often vastly increases difficulties in this country, but it is part of the machinery by which India is governed, and which, as long as our present system of ruling India exists, we must make the best of. I know that well enough.

In the meantime there are signs, notwithstanding outrages, and my cognizance of plots, of an increasing Indian sympathy with the Government. Events seem to be moving in that direction: Indian public opinion is making itself felt, and I may be able to take a line in the next few days which latterly I have thought quite out of the question.

Morley to Minto. Feb. 3. Your mention of martial law in your last private letter makes my hair stand on end. I have imagination enough and sympathy enough thoroughly to realize the effect on men's minds of the present manifestation of the spirit of murder. But martial law—which is only a fine name for the suspension of all law—would not snuff out murder clubs in India any more than the same sort of thing snuffed them out in Italy, or Russia, or Ireland. . . .

It may be necessary some day or other, but to-day it would be nothing but a gigantic advertisement of national failure.

I am not quite sure whether it surprises me or not that Creagh should have been in favour of such folly. No more does it surprise me that you, as cool and self-possessed as always, should have firmly put your foot down. . . .

(With regard to your Press Act) I daresay it is as sensible in its way as other Press Acts, or as Press Acts can ever be, but nobody will be more ready than you to agree that the forces with which we are contending are far too subtle, deep and diversified to be abated by making seditious leading articles expensive.

Journal. February 8. The Legislative Council assembled this morning to pass the new Press Act. The proceedings were opened by a fine speech by Gokhale. He proposed a few amendments, but in the main agreed to the Bill and paid a very gratifying tribute to Minto.

It was a most interesting Assembly, and one could not help being astonished at hearing so many Indians speak with such a command of the English language, and in such broadminded terms. The Council Room was packed with people, and the interest evinced in the proceedings was intense. Minto spoke as follows:

"This is the first great measure which has been dealt with by this new Imperial Council, and I congratulate Honourable Members on the thoughtful tone of the speeches to which we have listened....

The Members of the greatly enlarged Council, thoroughly representative of Indian interests, have passed what may be justly called a 'repressive' measure because they believe, with the Government of India, that that measure is essential to the welfare of this country. In doing so they have furnished the proof which I have always hoped and believed that they would furnish—that increased representation of Indian interests and communities would not weaken, but would vastly strengthen British administration....

In accordance with this view the Government of India has decided to obliterate, as far as they have it in their power to obliterate, the sore feeling caused by the action which has been forced upon them by past emergencies: we have determined to release the State prisoners who were deported fourteen months ago. Our justification for their release is based upon the belief that the political position has entirely changed; that the political movement of which they were the leaders—seditious as it was—has degenerated into an anarchical plot which can no longer be legitimately included as part of the political agitation in which they were so culpably implicated. We believe that we are no longer confronted by a political movement such as they inaugurated, but are face to face with an anarchical conspiracy waging war against British and Indian communities alike, and that it will be long before we can exterminate the evil unless those communities agree to work together hand in hand. We believe that their mutual efforts will be greatly encouraged by the release of the

deportees, as showing that Government is willing to trust the influential classes of the people, and to rely upon their co-operation and loyalty.

But though we have come to this decision, we cannot for an instant disregard the probability of further attempts at outrages, and that probability we are determined to combat with all the weapons at our disposal.

In the meantime we trust that the Act which this Council has passed to-day will efficiently control the source from which so much evil has emanated. . . ."

Journal. Minto has had a great deal of anxiety lately at the prospect of Sinha's resignation. He promised to remain until the establishment of the new Councils, and this being accomplished, he wrote to Minto a few days ago resigning his seat, adding to his previous reasons that he felt he could not conscientiously agree to the repressive measures to be introduced in the new Press Act. Minto was greatly troubled. The Native Member on the Viceroy's Council has been a concession to the Indians, and the resignation of that Member, after only a few months of office, would suggest that this innovation has been a failure. Minto has made up his mind that it is inevitable, and that the Press Act must be carried through, but it is not a cheerful prospect. The murder of Mr. Jackson and the Police Inspector marred the opening of the new Legislative Council, and the gloom that this crime cast over everything has been increased by Sinha's attitude.

We were on our way down to dinner, the evening after the inauguration of the new Legislative Council, to receive the hundred guests whom we were entertaining, when a letter was put into Minto's hands: it was from Sinha, asking permission to withdraw his resignation "after the lamentable occurrence of the day before". The relief was great. To-day the Press Act has become law, supported in an eloquent speech by Sinha himself.

There was a dramatic moment in the Council when Minto announced the release of the deportees: there was a death-like hush as he finished speaking; then applause rang out from the Indian Members, whilst the Europeans maintained a sullen silence. The Viceroy has released the deportees: his alone is the responsibility: but there are many who are apprehensive. Mr. Cleveland, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, is afraid of what the consequences may be. The European population of Calcutta are alarmed and expect to be murdered in their beds: the Staff are dubious and depressed. Minto is quite unmoved. He has given orders that the two deportees who

are a real menace shall be closely watched, and he says he feels sure that very shortly these men will lay themselves open to legal arrest, under the new Act, which will end their activities.

Morley telegraphed his delight at Minto's action, and Minto answered:

Minto to Morley (*Telegram*). *Feb.* 8, 1910. Very many thanks for your approval which is a great help. I am quite convinced the decision is right, and the Press Act, together with the decided change in our favour in Indian public opinion, has given an opportunity for release. . . .

The Press Act was passed without a division, and with the support of nearly every Indian Member. I think only three spoke against it. . . .

My announcement of the release of the deportees was received with great applause by the Indian Members.

The support given to the Government by the new Council is really a splendid confirmation of hopes you and I have held.

The next day he wrote:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 9. I wish I could give you something approaching a correct sketch of the history of the last few weeks, but I am afraid that is beyond me. They have been intensely interesting and full of anxiety. I believe the most matter-of-fact individual could not help to a certain extent being affected by the Calcutta atmosphere. I am always warning myself of the dangers of asphyxiation. The place is full of hysterical nervousness and apprehension of horrors, with the everlasting demand for strong measures, which, if one can get any explanation of what is meant, are generally utterly nonsensical proposals.

The Calcutta newspapers, with a full account of our Press Act debate, and my announcement of the release of the deportees, will reach home on the same day as this. We have indeed every reason to be pleased. The behaviour of the Council is a complete answer to many criticisms, and should be an ample proof of what I have so often said and written, that increased Indian representation would be an addition of strength to the Government of India. . . .

As to the deportees, I expect our decision to release them must have been somewhat of a surprise to you, though I felt sure it would be a pleasant one. I gave you a hint in my last letter as to the possibility of my being able to take a new line in respect to them. When I wrote the air was full of rumours of conferences of Calcutta citizens with a view to supporting the Government, and there were

marked indications of an increasing good feeling amongst Indians. At the same time the certainty of Indian support for the Press Act led me to think that an opportunity for release might be approaching. The difficulty at first seemed to be to find a peg upon which to hang any reason for it. Gokhale, with whom I had a long talk, was rather inclined for a deputation of non-official members of my Council to urge it upon me, which Mahommedan members would have supported as well as Hindus. On second thoughts, however, I thought it better to avoid any appearance of surrender to pressure, and the more I considered the matter the more I felt sure that the decidedly favourable change in Indian feeling, and the evident wish to assist us, combined with the passing of the Press Act, was quite sufficient to justify the release. I have no doubt at all that my decision was the right one as regards the effect likely to be produced on the Indian population. The doubt in my mind was as to whether it was wise to risk violent British irritation due to Calcutta nervousness. However, the good to be obtained appeared to outbalance the risk. Besides the actual present position there was the future to consider—and a very important future, if the deportees were to continue longer in confinement. There is no doubt we should have had to face resolutions in my Council urging their release which, if we had agreed to, would certainly have laid us open to charges of surrender, and I should think there could be no doubt that such resolutions would have evoked support in certain quarters of the House of Commons. Ramsay MacDonald is reported to have said, when in India, that if the deportees were not released His Majesty's Government would not get a single vote from the Labour Party, and it seemed to me from what you have told me that, under such conditions, a position might be created at home which might make it very difficult for you to support the Government of India, whilst, if the Government of India should be over-ruled out of deference to political influences at home, the effect in India would be most unfortunate on public grounds. . . .

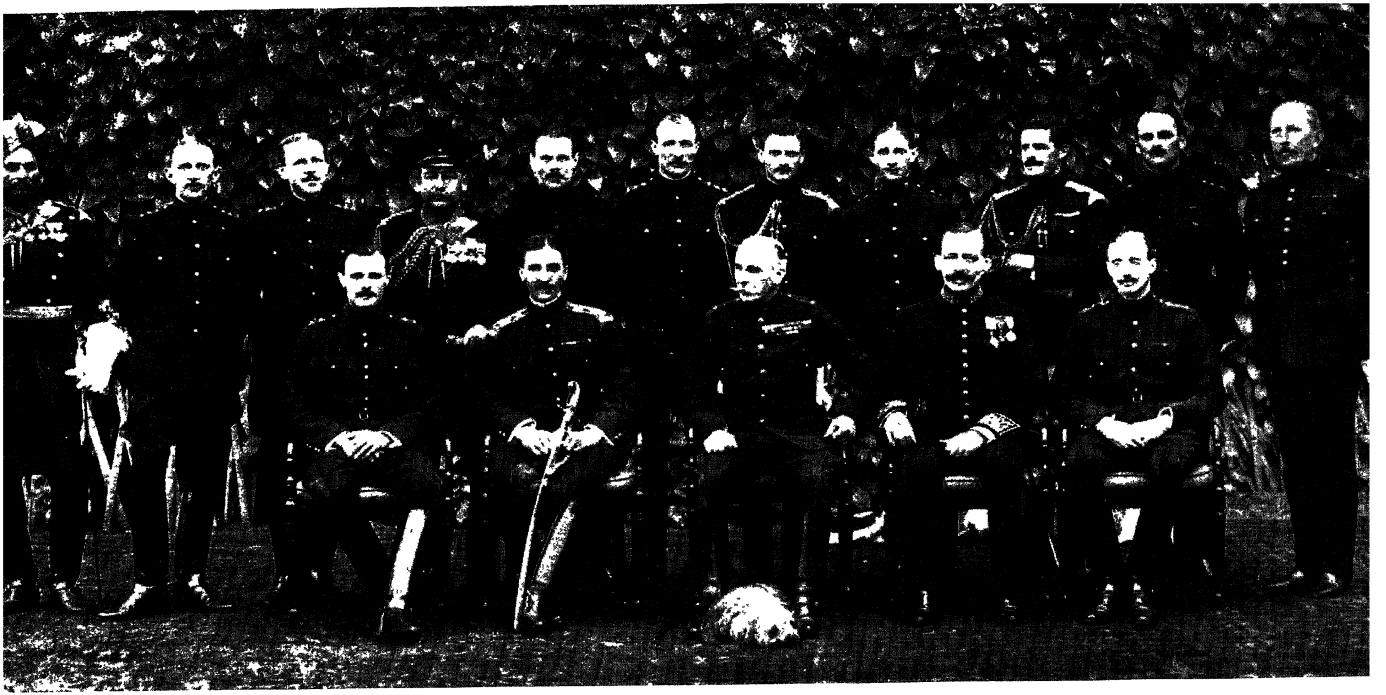
I expected a yell of execration from the *Englishman* this morning, but am pleasantly surprised to find its remarks not at all unfriendly.

As to the general position, we must not be surprised if we have more outrages, but there are unmistakable signs that the population generally is getting thoroughly disgusted with the state of affairs, and that the outrages themselves, if they occur, will be rather in the nature of thuggism than political crimes.

Morley to Minto. Feb. 16. I am vastly interested, in spite of my own tribulations, in your graphic picture of the first great Council. I do not wonder that your speech—which I have now read in full—was received with gratification and applause.... Some people here shake their heads about the deportees, but not very much is said on the matter. To me the relief, both privately and parliamentarily, is nothing short of immense. Don't let us have any more of them on our hands if it can possibly be avoided.

At the same moment Minto, who was equally relieved at the removal of this contentious issue, was writing:

Minto to Morley. Feb. 15. It is refreshing to think that we need no longer argue over deportees! I can assure you I have quoted the failure of Russian procedure in many conversations here quite as strongly as you have ever done to me. The difficult factor I have had to deal with, and may have to deal with again at any moment, is European nervousness, and I may perhaps have failed to convey the weight of this factor to you. It is a disagreeable one.... there was very decided risk in disregarding it, but it seemed to me worth taking. The criticism has, on the whole, not been as bitter as I expected, and there are signs that people are becoming more reasonable. Still, another outrage might easily revive alarms which are for the moment subsiding.... I hope we may derive some help from the organization of an Imperial League, composed of leading Indians headed by Burdwan, which is organizing committees to assist in the discovery of anarchical plots. At any rate the evident wish to support the Government is encouraging.



l Karim Khan, odyguard. | Capt. R G. Jelf, 60th Rifles. | Capt. J Mackenzie, 35th Sikhs. | S M. Madho Singh Rana, 4th Gurkhas. | Capt. A. A. Tod, Rifle Brigade. | Capt. W. W. Muir, 15th Sikhs. | Capt. F. St. J. Atkinson, 9th Hodson's Horse | Capt A. C. Charrington, Royal Dragoons. | Capt. H. N. Holden, 5th Cavalry. | Capt. T. H. Harker, 60th Rifles | Surgeon-Lieut.-Col Crooke-Lawless, Coldstream Guards

Capt. J. E. Gibbs, Coldstream Guards | Lieut -Col. Victor Brooke. 9th Lancers. | His Excellency The Viceroy. | Lieut -Col Sir J. R. Dunlop Smith | Capt. Lord Francis Scott, Grenadier Guards.

Group of Viceroy with Staff and *Dandy*, Government House, Calcutta, January 1, 1910

CHAPTER XXXIII

CALCUTTA AND BARRACKPORE

Our Spring Tour, 1910: The Kurrum Valley: Kohat, Parachinar and Peshawar

Journal, January 1, 1910. It seems almost incredible that we are beginning the final year of our régime here, and that we attended our fifth and last Proclamation Parade this morning. Minto rode *Abbess* and, as usual, galloped up the Maidan to the saluting point, followed by the Commander-in-Chief and the General Staff.

On our return the whole party was photographed. Minto was then taken alone with his Staff, and poor old blind *Dandy* occupied the same place at his feet as he did five years ago.

January 3. The Maharajahs of Jodhpur and Kishengarh came to luncheon: they were both most enthusiastic about Minto's administration, and spoke cordially, saying that it was an honour and a pleasure to be received by the Viceroy on terms of friendship and equality, and that his attitude had completely changed the feeling in the country, and how much all the Princes appreciated his sympathy and understanding.

January 6. We gave a dinner party of eighty people. I plunged into conversation with Sir Lawrence Jenkins [Chief Justice] on the danger of the trials of criminals being so prolonged. Sir Lawrence quite agreed that summary punishment would impress the Natives, who at present despise our dilatory investigations, but we have to abide by the law of the land, although Minto is working hard to try and expedite criminal proceedings.

Mr. Sinha, who was on my other side, told me he is certain that it is owing to Minto's personality that the Reforms have been so well received. He thinks that no one else would have been able to bring in the Press Act without a great deal more criticism and opposition.

Journal, January 8. The McMahons came to say goodbye to-day. Sir Henry tells me he hears constantly from the Amir. I received the following letter from him a few days ago.

ARK, KABUL,
December 3, 1909.

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, LADY MINTO,

I am very sorry to read in the *Pioneer* about the bomb which was thrown in the carriage of my dear friend and His Excellency, Lord Minto Sahib. Still I am very much thankful to my God that no personal injury reached to my dear friend and His Excellency, Lord Minto Sahib.

I hope Your Excellency will be kind enough to write me sometimes about your welfare, and I shall be highly pleased if Your Excellency will kind send my salaams to my dear friends, Your Excellency's daughters, and send them congratulations on my part because of, by the grace of God the Almighty, their parents were safeguarded from such an accident.

To rest, I wish, from my God, that Your Excellencies may live always in honour.

Your Excellency's friend,
(Sgd.) SERAJ-UL-MELLAT-I-WADDIN.

Journal. January 31. Having enjoyed a ride over the Paperchase Course last week, I determined to go out again. For some reason both Minto and Eileen felt a presentiment and tried to dissuade me, but I refused to be influenced: consequently it was difficult for them not to say "I told you so", when they heard I had come to grief. It was a misty morning when Eileen and I started out at 7 a.m.: the course was a twisty one, and *Waitress* was not going well. I got her safely over half-a-dozen fences, when, coming into the open, the paper led towards a high mud wall. I galloped pretty fast at the wall, but *Waitress* never rose an inch, and we turned a complete somersault. We came down a fearful smash, but I held on to the reins and got up at once, and *Waitress* luckily stood still. Mrs. Buck[1] and Captain Muir, who saw the accident happen, returned to pick up the pieces, and were relieved to find that I was alive. Though badly bruised, I was able to scramble back into the saddle and return to the motor, where Eileen awaited me, having completed the course. When we got home Eileen telephoned to Minto, who immediately said he expected that something would happen, as grandmothers are not supposed to ride over steeplechase courses!

[1]Wife of Mr. Edward Buck, Reuter's Agent.

We had a garden party that afternoon to which 2300 people had been invited, and after my fall I was feeling shaken and was relying on Eileen to relieve me of most of the entertaining, but, when she came to my room to bind up my wounds, I noticed a crimson flush on her face, and an hour later a rash appeared, which was diagnosed as measles. As this put her *hors de combat* I was obliged to receive our guests myself, with my right hand tightly bandaged in a sling. During the long afternoon I moved about the garden, aching from head to foot, but managed to make polite conversation. Eileen's contretemps is most unlucky coming in the midst of the final functions of the Calcutta season.

February 2. Francis Scott has returned from the polo tournament at Lucknow, where the Staff were unluckily beaten, after a fierce struggle, by the K.D.G.'s by one goal. It would have been a great achievement for the Viceroy's Staff to have secured the Army Cup for the first time in the annals of history, and they put up an excellent fight.

My hand continues to be painful, so I have had it X-rayed at the Lady Minto Annexe, which I recently opened. Having said in my speech at the opening ceremony that I should not have another opportunity of visiting the Hospital, the staff beamed on me when I returned as their first patient. The new apparatus, which is the feature of the Annexe, was at once brought into play, and showed clearly a break across the bone of my finger.

February 9. The Aga Khan arrived to stay with us to-day. He seems to have had a triumphal progress through India amongst the Moslems. He says that the only real way to appeal to the feelings of Natives is by means of the superstitions of their religion, and consequently he has instructed the priests in every mosque to issue a decree that any Mahommedans who incite to rebellion, or go about preaching sedition, will be eternally damned. He suggested that a similar manifesto should be issued by the Hindus, as if doubts were thrown upon their prospects of happiness in a future state it might have a deterring effect.

This evening we gave a sad farewell dinner to dear Colonel Dunlop, who goes home to take up his official post at the India Office. In proposing his health Minto said that he realized he owed

him more than he could express, and Dunlop's answer went straight to one's heart.

Colonel Pinhey comes to take Dunlop's place.

February 16. I have been with Miss Sorabji to visit the Kali temple, which is a squalid, miserable place. On certain days goats are sacrificed; a horrible performance; the place runs with blood and is crowded with worshippers. One could not but be disgusted at the revolting-looking fakirs, said to be holy men, who sit, covered with ashes, paint and dirt, for days and days in the same attitude, occasionally allowing a worshipper to take a whiff from an opium pipe on payment of a pice.

We could see the image of Kali, with the three red eyes and the golden tongue, through an open doorway. No one but the priests is allowed inside the sacred precincts. Images, representing various Hindu Gods, stand on either side of a narrow alley, which leads to the bathing ghât, where crowds of people were immersing themselves in the dirty stream, returning in their dripping garments, making the lane ankle-deep in mud.

All malformations are considered sacred, and in one alley, rows of deformed beings were squatting on the ground. I tried to shut my eyes to these awful sights, but one man lay rolling in the dust at our feet, with his sightless eyes turned towards the heavens, thumping his chest so hard with his fists that a hollow thud resounded, while he wailed out his prayers with moans of pain.

A fakir sat motionless with his arms and legs folded in the position of Buddha, under the effect of narcotics; he will probably remain in the same position for six weeks.

It is inconceivable that educated people can come and prostrate themselves before these images and smear themselves with mud, but I believe that many Hindus with whom we consort conform to all the observances of the worship of Kali, perhaps even more strictly for having allowed themselves to be influenced in any way by Europeans.

The priests have an extraordinary power over the people and no doubt share in the preaching of sedition, as, if Kali decrees that a man must murder his best friend, he feels himself bound to submit to "the will of the Gods". It is a dangerous form of fanaticism, and I never realized, till I saw this temple, how degrading it is.

March 1. I have been much interested lately in penetrating into the poorest part of Calcutta to visit a Miss Noble, who has adopted the

Indian mode of life and calls herself Sister Nivedita. She is an idealist and sees wonderful meanings in the Hindu religion, but it is difficult to follow her reasoning. I went incognito with an American, a Mrs. Phillipson, and Victor Brooke, to see the school where Sister Nivedita teaches a class of girls. She spoke gratefully of the Reforms and the sympathetic treatment Indians had received during Minto's régime. She says the people amongst whom she lives are high caste but intensely poor and very proud. I think she idealizes their virtues. . . . She has studied the evolution of religious thought over thousands of years, and maintains that philosophy and knowledge originated in India.

Sister Nivedita lives in the heart of the Native city in a tiny house in a back alley, and considering the present unrest, I knew I should never be allowed to visit that quarter of the town without special police protection, had it been known that I was going there. As I was leaving I told her I was the Viceroy's wife, which surprised her greatly. She has a charming face, with a very intelligent expression, and we made friends. When I told her how much I had disliked the Kali temple, she begged me to come and see the temple on the banks of the river where her master, Vivikananda, had worshipped and meditated for twelve years, till he was satisfied that he had discovered the meaning of "truth". A few days later this visit was arranged.

I started in a hired motor with Victor Brooke, meeting Sister Nivedita en route. We drove to the temple, and leaving the motor outside the garden gates, walked first past a *Neam* tree, which is supposed to be sacred, where poor women come to worship, leaving curious little mis-shapen clay horses at the foot of the tree as an offering to the gods. We walked on till we came to a stone terrace facing the Hoogli. It was under a tree on this terrace that Vivikananda sat. The spot was well chosen for meditation and looked peaceful and beautiful in the light of the setting sun. We were joined here by a *Swami*, who escorted us to the cloister that surrounds the courtyard of the temple. We were not allowed to penetrate further, but looked through the archways at the building in which the image of Kali dwells. Priests were walking backwards and forwards, and tiny naked children were playing about the steps. This wonderful temple seems to breathe peace and contentment; it was scrupulously clean and a marked contrast to the Kali ghât. Pilgrims came with bunches of flowers as offerings, to lay at the foot of Vivikananda's holy tree. . . .

We were taken to see his little bedroom which is considered so holy that we were obliged to remove our shoes before entering. It was a curious mixture of squalor and comfort. The bed with mosquito curtains seemed luxurious; the walls were hung with a curious medley of pictures of gods and goddesses, and one of Our Lord saving Peter from drowning. This little room seemed to fill Sister Nivedita's mind with holy thoughts, but to me it was the only jarring note in the otherwise beautiful surroundings.

We had arranged to return by boat and walked down a flight of steps to the river, where at stated times crowds of people come to bathe. We got into a little Native *sampan*, rowed by three men. Picturesque groups of people were sitting on the steps as we passed. I have often watched them from the launch on our way to and from Barrackpore, but I never thought I should take a trip in a *sampan* myself. Sister Nivedita's friend, Sister Christine, accompanied us. Cushions were provided for me to sit on, and tea was prepared as we rowed down the river. I took the precaution of saying that I preferred it without milk, as visions of typhoid passed through my mind. The tea had a good flavour and I think must have been the best Orange Pekoe, but they told us everything was *Swadeshi*, biscuits, tea, sugar, cups and saucers. I enjoyed gliding down the river to the landing-stage where the motor met us. No one recognized me during the afternoon, and the boatmen were overwhelmed with surprise on receiving more than a month's pay in *backsheesh*.

The afternoon was extremely interesting. Sister Nivedita sees beauty in all her surroundings, and has a wonderful knack of quoting old Persian poems, applicable to the subject of conversation, which she recited in a curiously high-pitched voice of reverent devotion. She showed real pleasure at my genuine enjoyment of the afternoon.

March 3. Mrs. Besant came to see me and tells me she considers the political situation more satisfactory. She said everyone doubted the success of the Reforms owing to sedition: "The Viceroy alone had the courage of his convictions". She considers that the wisdom of his policy has already been proved. . . . She was interested to hear that I had met Sister Nivedita and some of the Hindu Swamis. These enthusiasts are gratified at my having shown interest in the complex question of castes and religion.

Journal, March 7. Admiral Slade came to Barrackpore during the afternoon. He has come straight from the Persian Gulf, where he has been trying to put a stop to the illicit trade in rifles and ammunition. He made a thorough search of the coast, and captured altogether 4000 rifles and two million rounds of ammunition. He is here to discuss the situation with Minto, and will return immediately. . . .

March 12. Minto went to the Convocation after luncheon. This is the one function which makes me nervous, as there is so much disaffection among the students. I hated not being allowed to go with him, but this would have complicated police arrangements. I knew that his Staff had arranged to shadow him so closely that had he been attacked they must have saved him or perished with him. This afternoon I had a long talk with Mr. Chirol, and did my best to disabuse him of the idea that Minto merely submits to dictation by Morley. . . . Mr. Chirol told me that he had been with Morley twelve hours before reading in the newspapers of the release of the deportees and that Morley had given him no hint of it. I said he could not have done so as he did not know it himself, until it was a *fait accompli*. . . .

All through my conversation with Mr. Chirol my heart was in my mouth, and I could hardly keep my attention fixed. I was listening intently for the clatter of the escort to announce Minto's safe return. At last I heard that welcome sound, and in a few minutes he was in my room telling me that all had passed off satisfactorily.

March 14. A great deal of excitement has been caused by the crisis in Tibet. The Dalai Lama [spiritual ruler of Tibet] has arrived in Calcutta and is to live at Hastings House.

Information has reached us that about 25,000 Chinese troops, trained on the Japanese system, are being pushed into Tibet from Szechuan, armed with machine and mountain guns. They are equipped with wireless telegraphy, and the force is under the command of the vigorous and enlightened brother of the Viceroy of Szechuan. Their intention apparently is to establish Chinese domination over Tibet, to remodel conditions on the frontier, and to encourage Chinese settlement.

At 11 o'clock the Dalai Lama paid Minto an official visit. . . . It is curious that five years ago he fled to China to avoid the English; now things are reversed, and he is seeking shelter from the Chinese in British territory.

When the Dalai Lama left Calcutta in May, he sent me a photograph across which was written in neat Tibetan characters:

"He who follows the precepts of the Lord Buddha, the Mighty, 13th Dalai Lama, Immutable Holder of the sacred Thunderbolt; Powerful Ruler."

Below the writing there is an impression of the great seal in red wax. This is an interesting souvenir, as there was much agitation at the time of the Dalai Lama's flight on account of his having taken away with him the sacred seals of State.

March 22. I received a deputation of ladies who have subscribed towards a farewell gift for me, a beautiful diamond Lotus-flower brooch. It is most gratifying that 195 English ladies and 179 Indian ladies have contributed, and they all made a special effort to come to Government House to-day to make the presentation. I believe this is the first time Indian ladies have joined in a movement of this kind. Lady Baker (wife of the Lieutenant-Governor), in making the presentation, said:

"Ever since Your Excellency has been in India, you have shown the deepest interest in all matters connected with female education, and you have never lost an opportunity of visiting every hospital which came within your range.

The Indian ladies of this Province have particularly asked us to tell you how very grateful they have felt for the frequent opportunities you have taken for meeting them and showing them hospitality.

It is perhaps in connection with the Nursing Association which you have started, that Your Excellency's name will be remembered best in India. The "Minto" Nurses have gone far towards ensuring proper attention from fully qualified hands for those who are unfortunate enough to fall sick in places remote from big towns and cities.

We ladies of Calcutta have in particular to thank you for the lavish hospitality which we have all so often received, and we can all assure you that your name will long be remembered in this Province, as all over India, for the many courtesies and kindnesses that are connected with it. . . ."

March 28. This is our last day at Barrackpore. No words can say how sorry I am to leave this ideal spot. As a final effort, Mr. Marshall has designed a fountain for the new garden I have planned. The whole space will be laid down in grass with clumps of palms and lovely flowering shrubs. It is to be finished by November, so I hope to see it before leaving India.

Minto and I sat out till nearly midnight; it is sad to think we are nearing the end of the chapter, but we enjoyed our last evening with the full moon shining on the river, making every object stand out almost as clearly as in daylight.

March 29. We gave a luncheon for the Members of Council and some friends, including Miss Sorabji, who talked a great deal of the warm feeling the purdah ladies have for us: she told me a tiny Raj Kumar, who came with his mother to visit her, said: "Why is the Lat Sahib going to leave us? Is it because he wants the Gods to let him live on a great stone horse on the Maidan, like other Lat Sahibs, so as to watch over the people?"

In the afternoon the Rani of Khairigarh came to see me; she was dressed in brocades, and over her baggy trousers she wore a gigantic crinoline, principally made of stiff gauze, making her a most peculiar shape. She is related to the ruling family of Nepal. We sat on the sofa together and she began deploring our departure. I tried to console her by telling her that the next Viceroy's wife would, I felt sure, be just as interested in Indian ladies as I was, but she refused to be comforted, and burst into tears, saying: "But she will not be my friend". She held my hand and constantly bent over it touching it with her forehead.

March 30. I went to see the new Home which has just been started for the Minto Nurses. The Bengal Government have rented a house in Camac Street. It is satisfactory to think that we have been able to establish branches in every Province in India, with the exception of Bombay and Madras, where they have their separate organizations. Sir Edward Baker has been anxious to get all the arrangements for the Bengal branch settled before our departure, as he knew it would be a satisfaction to me to see the completion of my scheme before leaving India. The rooms in the new Home are well furnished, and fresh flowers are sent daily from Belvedere. We are giving pictures to decorate the walls, and a little library has been started, so the house has already got a home-like appearance. Seven Sisters are now established there.

I went to the Council to hear the Budget Debate. All the Indian Members concluded their speeches by thanking the Viceroy for the "inestimable boon" which the possibility of debate has given to the enlarged Councils. Already they notice the benefit that has arisen

from a wider scope of discussion between official and non-official Members. The wall which of necessity had separated them has been broken down. Non-official Members from all parts of India have now not only in debate but in private conversations the opportunity of explaining their grievances, bringing much healthy fresh air into the old Council chamber.

Minto said in his closing speech:

"And now, gentlemen, as this is the last time that I shall preside over a full Council, I would ask you to bear in mind that for some time to come there must be much that is experimental in our Reforms. It rests upon you to consolidate the work which has been done, to prove yourselves worthy of the interests which you represent, to safeguard the moderation and good sense of the Council of which you are the members. It is to you that the Executive Government will look for an expression both of official and non-official opinion. It is on your loyal support that they should be able to rely."

There was an outburst of applause at the end of Minto's speech, and, in saying goodbye to the Members, one could not but feel that a spirit of contented appreciation existed. A group was taken of all the Members on the steps of Government House, which will be historical in future years as a record of the first enlarged Assembly.

March 31. All our things have already been packed for England, as we shall only return to Calcutta for a few days in November before leaving India. It is a satisfaction to think that every room in Government House has been done up; the mustard-colour of the walls which predominated in the passages in Calcutta and in the bungalows at Barrackpore, has now been replaced by a warm cream-shade which gives a cheerful and home-like appearance, and the newcomers will find a house furnished with every comfort.

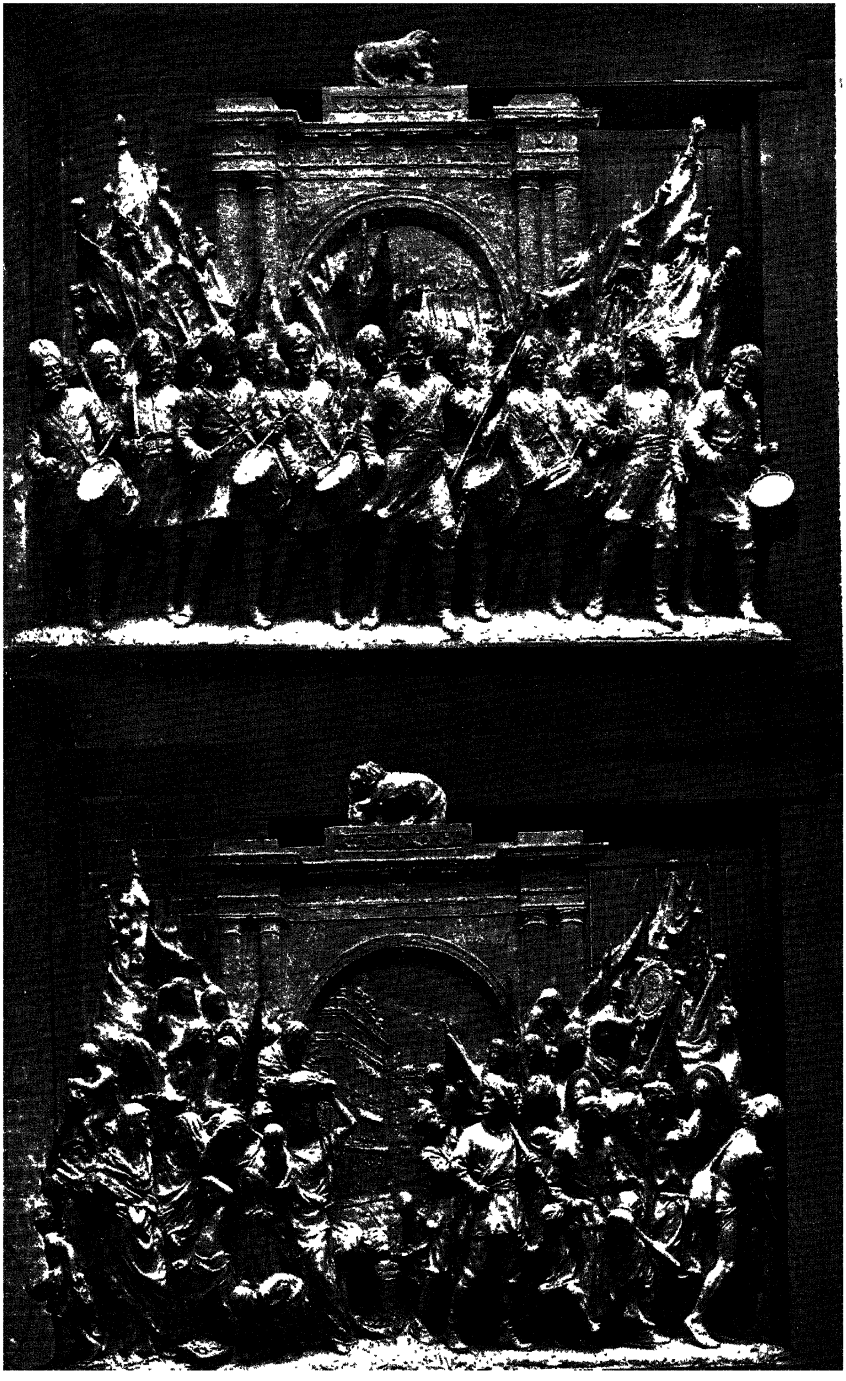
Leaving Calcutta to-day on our visit to Agra, we drove to the station with a full escort of the Bodyguard. There were dense crowds in the streets; the change of feeling from that which existed three months ago is striking. The people have lost much of their sinister expression, and everyone salaamed. One can only conclude that they have realized that a genuine movement has been made to give the Indians a share in the government of their country, and I think they know that we both take a sincere interest in their welfare.

Our departure was private, very few people were at the station, but Sir Edward Baker came to say goodbye, and curiously enough,

A frieze of four bronzes representing a procession of Indians acclaiming Lord Minto's Reforms originally encircled the base of his equestrian statue on the Calcutta Maidan. Unfortunately the distant effect of these bronzes on the white marble pedestal was not in harmony with other existing statues.

With the kind permission of Sir W. Goscombe John the four bas-reliefs were removed, a plain stone pedestal being substituted in 1919. Two of the bronzes are now placed on the causeway of the approach to the Victoria Memorial. The other two are fitted into the base of the Queen-Empress Victoria's bronze statue by Sir George Frampton, R.A.

A tablet explains that this work of art was designed to commemorate Lord Minto's Viceroyalty and presented by me to the Victoria Memorial.



Bhupendra Nath Basu, the Member of Council who many people think has leanings towards sedition. I have never spoken to him before, but he took the opportunity of saying that they owed everything to Minto. He added: "The Viceroy has the power of drawing out the best side of a man; he makes one feel affection for him because he speaks in a friendly spirit and not as if he were Emperor of India". I said I hoped a new era had commenced and that things would continue to improve. "That," he said, "depends on who succeeds Lord Minto". "Yes," I answered, "but it depends a great deal on the Indians as well".

For the Lord Minto Memorial Fund no less than £9400 (said to be the largest amount ever subscribed in India for a personal memorial to a Viceroy) was raised, and was chiefly devoted to an equestrian statue of Minto on his Arab charger *New Minister*, by Sir William Goscombe John, R.A., which was placed on the Maidan. In addition to the statue, Sir William designed four bas-reliefs, depicting a crowd of Indians (250 figures) of various castes and creeds, in a procession, acclaiming the Viceroy for the inauguration of his Reforms. Two of these bronzes have been placed on the causeway leading to the Victoria Memorial, and two on the base of the Queen's statue. The rest of the money subscribed was spent on a full-length portrait of my husband, in Garter robes, painted by Mr. Philip de Laszlo, which is hung at Simla, and on a portrait of myself, by the same artist, which hangs in the Town Hall at Calcutta and was unveiled by Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, in 1913.

Journal. Minto was anxious, before leaving India, to revisit the scenes of his soldiering days on the frontier with Lord Roberts in 1879. He had an affection for those wild lawless men, the freebooting spirit of the Borders ran in his veins, and he had a fellow-feeling for their devil-may-care attitude towards life, and wished to be amongst them once again. It was therefore arranged that during our last spring tour we should go to Kohat in the North-West Province and on to Parachinar on the Afghan frontier.

April 9. The road through the mountain passes had been very carefully prepared by sappers; at every corner and steep incline, a

wild-looking native was stationed with a red flag, and wherever an indentation occurred two white lines had been painted on the surface of the road to warn the chauffeur to drive slowly. Only in India would this acme of luxury be possible on a drive of 116 miles.

Our first halt was at Thal. Here triumphal arches had been erected and many wild tribes from the district had assembled to greet the Viceroy. This keen frontier existence makes splendid men of our young officers; they can be relied upon in any emergency for judgment and prompt action, and are proud of upholding the honour of the Empire.

We arrived at Parachinar just as the peaks of the Sofed Koh were turning crimson in the setting sun. Six miles further up the valley we could see two small block-houses, one British, one Afghan, the scene of many a hard-fought fight. We walked up a mountain pathway, to a little bungalow, attended by a stalwart Zakka Khel, six feet eight inches in height, dressed in a crimson tunic, with a revolver strapped to his waist. Every hundred yards outside the compound small pickets of soldiers were bivouacked in a serai for the night.

In the evening Minto held a *Jirga* attended by 2000 wild, picturesque-looking men, who squatted on the ground in a semi-circle. They had been told that the Viceroy would receive their petitions, and one man after another sprang up and spoke with amazing fluency and dramatic gesticulation. Mr. Merk, the political agent, interpreted. In replying the Viceroy spoke of them as "old comrades", which pleased them, and when he rose to leave, they all expressed eagerness to be allowed to lay some garment at his feet.

But the picture has another side. Only last night a murder was committed in the bazaar, the outcome of a blood feud, and so it goes on from generation to generation; whether time and civilization will ever put a stop to this barbaric practice remains to be proved.

The following day Minto rode out to a picturesque village called Shalozan, renowned for the beauty of its women, where he remembered, thirty years ago, buying some silver ornaments with uncut turquoises from some of the veiled ladies who, in the temporary absence of their husbands, vouchsafed sly glances at the young British officers. One of the ornaments Minto bought was a ring which he gave to me, and which I still possess.

As the Viceroy's party entered the village a stalwart Pathan came forward to meet them. Minto looked at him closely, the features seemed familiar, and his mind went back to his campaigning days;

he remembered a fine-looking lad who had acted as guide to Lord Roberts, and had been a favourite with the officers. He had a trick, when running, of brushing his ankles with his sandals till they bled. Minto asked Mr. Merk to enquire of their guide whether this man was still alive. In great excitement the Pathan exclaimed: "I am the man", and flinging off his boots he disclosed his deeply-scarred ankles, prostrating himself at the feet of the great Lat Sahib who had deigned to remember Gulam Khan, his "unworthy messenger".

April 13. (*Parachinar.*) This morning Minto visited the Peiwar Kotal, ascending to the summit of the Pass, which was covered with snow. He was immensely interested in returning to the scene of the campaign. He was encamped in this district for four months during the second Afghan War and knows it well as he and his brother officers, Padre Adams,[1] G. Villiers,[2] Brab,[3] Neville Chamberlain,[4] Pretyman[5] and Jack Sherston[6] used to amuse themselves by riding paperchases, though the country is stony and the going rough. The party to-day was accompanied along the rocky track by a band of Afridis, who ran beside the ponies, rifle in hand, while they plucked wild flowers and strewed them on the path before the Viceroy. They were a strange escort with their long, unkempt locks and hawk-like faces, but they have dignity and impress one by their chivalrous bearing. No European woman has ever penetrated right to the frontier in these parts, and Eileen was a proud pioneer. Some of the Staff could not resist the opportunity of galloping over the border into Afghanistan, an escapade not unattended with risk.

Most of the trees on our side of the Pass have been cut down, which detracts from the scenery. On a plateau was a stone *sangar*[7] which appeared to be empty, but was found to be full of soldiers, squatting down, silent, their rifles cocked and loaded, pointing towards Afghanistan, and opposite was another *sangar*, only a few hundred yards away, filled with Afghan soldiers also on guard. They

[1]The Revd. J. W. Adams, V.C.

[2]Colonel Honble. George Villiers, C.B., C.M.G., Grenadier Guards.

[3]Major-General J. P. Brabazon, K.C.B., C.V.O., Grenadier Guards, 10th and 4th Hussars.

[4]Colonel Sir Neville F. F. Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Indian Staff Corps, and Inspector-General, Royal Irish Constabulary.

[5]Major-General G. T. Pretyman, K.C.M.G., C.B., Royal Artillery.

[6]Lt.-Colonel John Sherston, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade. Killed at Talana Hill, S. Africa, October 7, 1899.

[7]Firing position.

have given a promise that for one day there shall be no treachery, but everyone in this part of the world has to be on the alert.

April 14. (*North-West Frontier.*) On our return journey we drove over the Kohat Pass, 2800 feet above sea-level, along a blood-curdling road with a desperate incline. A tiny parapet separated us from the abyss below, and the turns were so sudden, that any hitch in the steering-gear would have hurled us over the precipice. We got safely to the top where a guard of honour stood presenting arms, and we stopped to gaze at the beautiful wide valley below; it was a gorgeous view, with range upon range of mountains. Amongst them are the salt mountains which, alas, we have never seen, and which I believe are most interesting, with caves full of glittering stalactites. At the foot of the Pass, drawn up in a large square, the Afridis were waiting to receive us with painted goats, flowers, fruit, and long skewers on which were strung small round pieces of sheep's fat. Along the frontier the natives are all Pathans, but are called by the names of their various tribes, of which there are any number: Afridis, Mohmands, Khattaks, Gilzais, Orakzais, Wazirs, Yajis, etc.

The ambition of every young man is to be the owner first of a rifle and then of a wife. A girl costs about Rs. 300 (£20), but if exceptionally beautiful or of especially good family, the price is higher.

The two tribes drawn up peacefully facing each other to-day had a desperate fight last week, one tribe having killed thirteen of the other, and they each know that before long vengeance must be taken. To-day, in honour of the Viceroy's visit, the hatchet is buried, and they all appeared on the most friendly terms. Every man was armed, mostly with Martini-Henri rifles; some had Mausers or Sniders, while others carried rifles cleverly made in the bazaars.

Minto addressed the *Jirga* and told them that he was glad to meet them and was going to distribute *backsheesh* in honour of his visit. They all shook their heads and said: "No, no; the Viceroy is in our country, he is our guest, we can receive nothing." However, Mr. Merk said that it was his "*hookam*" (orders) and that they must accept His Excellency's present.

I couldn't help being struck by the way we trust these natives, who are proverbially treacherous. Our party consisted of about a dozen Europeans, unarmed; we crossed the Pass in motor-cars and without any escort, surrounded by thousands of armed men who raid and pillage and think nothing of taking human life. We passed one tribe who were gathered together near the road: we slowed down and Mr. Merk

asked who they were. The answer came back: "Yajis". Mr. Merk waved his hand and said: "There is nothing for the Yajis," and on we went. This tribe is at present in disgrace on account of its constant raiding.

For several miles before we reached Peshawar Sir James Willcocks had stationed troops lining the road to Government House.

April 15. (*Government House, Peshawar.*) A review of the troops took place this morning. Minto had sent his Arab *New Minister* from Dehra, to ride as a charger. The horse was so fresh he created a sensation at the start by absolutely refusing to go on to the parade ground. He whisked round and round, stood on his hind legs, and performed a series of buck-jumping antics, but the Viceroy remained firmly in the saddle, and the people were delighted at this display of horsemanship.

This is the last Review Minto will hold on the frontier: Sir James Willcocks, who now commands this Northern Division, was commanding the Nowshera Brigade at the first inspection of troops Minto held in India in 1906.

We have been most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Merk; they have been more than kind, and we have enjoyed our visit to the frontier beyond words. Sir James Willcocks said he wondered if we realized the immense respect the Army had for a soldier Viceroy—that Minto was beloved by all ranks, as the men recognized his military knowledge. He told me he had always been struck by Lord Kitchener's obvious affection and loyalty to Minto; that even in military matters he was always anxious to fall in with Minto's views.

It was affecting to hear the band play "Auld Lang Syne" as we steamed out of Peshawar station, and I am sad to think we shall never see this fascinating part of India again.

One of the features of our visit to Parachinar was the request of the Turis for a school, which should bear the name of Lord Minto.[1]

[1]In Feb. 1934 the Principal of the Minto Government High School, which now numbers 400 pupils, wrote to ask for a photograph of the late Viceroy, to hang in the school bearing his name. The Political Agent, Kurrum, Mr. Ross Hurst, M.C., who acknowledged the picture, wrote: "You will be interested to hear that the school is flourishing. Several students have taken degrees at the Punjab University, and are now in Government employ. . . .

Times have changed greatly since 1910. No longer is it possible for ladies to picnic on the Peiwar Kotal, or for the Viceroy to visit such an exposed corner of the border. Although in 1932 Lord and Lady Willingdon spent some days here, they did not go beyond a small bungalow some five miles short of the Peiwar Kotal. The inhabitants of the Kurrum Valley are as loyal as ever, but Afghanistan has been through troublous times and its control over its wild tribes is very nebulous. The photograph in the Kurrum Militia Mess of Lord Minto's party on the Peiwar Kotal is therefore of great interest."

Even in these parts the desire for education has now penetrated, and the Viceroy made it clear that he approved warmly of their progressive ambitions.

The following is the commencement of a letter from the Kurrum Militia received by Minto, thanking him for his visit and for the benefits conferred upon them:

THANKSGIVING

May God give you the everlasting world,
Life of thousands of years.
May God keep your fortune awake.
May wealth be always with you.
May the flowers of your fortune be always in blossom.
May the eyes of your enemies be full of thorns.

Minto has recently received such a nice letter from Sir Douglas Haig,[1] in which he says:

I should like to take this opportunity of again thanking Your Excellency for the very kind letter which you sent me when returning the notes on Childers' book, and for the great interest which you take in cavalry matters generally. It is most encouraging to soldiers in this country to feel that we have at the head of affairs one who so thoroughly understands their work, and is in such close sympathy with them, as your Excellency. . . .

While at Peshawar we met Mr. Curtis (19th Lancers, Indian Army), the gallant young officer who captured the famous raiding chief, Mooltan, last year. Sir James Willcocks told us of the exploit, which, he said, was worthy of a V.C., and yet, because the official number of witnesses were not forthcoming, a D.S.O., for which he recommended Mr. Curtis, was refused. Mooltan gave Mr. Curtis his ring to send to Sir George Roos-Keppel as a proof of identity and as a token of his capture. Sir George, not knowing the whole story, presented the ring to Minto. By chance Mr. Curtis mentioned to Eileen how much he would have liked to have kept the ring as a souvenir, but did not know what had become of it. As soon as Minto heard the story he decided to return it, and on our arrival at Simla he invited Mr. Curtis to Viceregal Lodge and, when everyone was assembled for dinner, restored the ring to him with a few words of praise and admiration for his conduct. Mr. Curtis was covered with confusion, but delighted to get back his treasure.

[1] Chief of the Staff in India, 1909-1911.

CHAPTER XXXIV

KING EDWARD

THE political situation in England was complicated. After the election in January, the Liberals returned to power with a majority of one over the Conservative party, and the Irish Members, led by John Redmond, held the balance of power in their hands. The Government held on for a few months, attempting to pass a Budget, and it was generally understood that at the end of the session, or earlier should they be defeated, a general election would take place.

Minto to Morley. Mar. 17. The political home news you send me in your letter, is always intensely interesting to me, and you may be sure I well understand how surrounded you must be just now by political worries and difficulties. As for myself, I certainly have plenty of them too, and yet, though you may think me a peculiar person, I shall be very sorry when my time in India comes to an end. The fact is, a Viceroy's period of office is too short: he is just beginning to know a little about his business when his time is up. Still, it would be almost impossible for any human being to continue to support the constant strain of work and responsibility as it is now. I wish I could found a dynasty! It is all intensely interesting, though the unjustifiable misconception of friends at home as to the position of Indian affairs makes one feel sad. The accusations of "weakness" are generally illustrations of crass ignorance. After all, it is the weak man who is afraid of being thought weak, and I knew well enough what I should have to face when the deportees were released. I always wish not to appear too sanguine, and yet it is only fair to tell you that, whatever may happen in the future, I hear on all sides that a better spirit is abroad, and that everyone feels happier.

Morley to Minto. Apr. 7. You are on tour, and I am in sight of the possible fall of my curtain, so I will spare us both by being very brief. I could only tell you of the tiresome, or even diabolic,

creaking with which the curtain seems to be coming down, and this is a very curious tale that belongs to the historian of the future. In ten days from now we shall know for certain whether we are in or out: that will mark the first scene. If we get the Budget through, then, having escaped from the tender mercies of the Irishmen, we shall fall into the hands of the Lords. After that we have meekly to await the verdict of an election. Well, I only hope that old John Bull will make up his mind. If he won't give us a grand majority, I hope he will give it to the other people.

I think I understand your regret at leaving India, though for myself I hardly share that regret in my own case. The Governor-General has one single, though great, piece of business: the Secretary of State has to think not only of India, but in a greater or less degree, of the whole range of Cabinet work. I shirk a good deal of these extraneous affairs, still, my conscience pricks me all the time.

Apr. 13. This is a Wednesday, and we have already had three Cabinets this week! When your time comes, if it should be your unlucky fate to sit in a Cabinet beset with such distractions as go to *our* daily bread, you will then know what three Councils on three successive days mean in the way of tension, attention, contention and all the rest of that troublesome family. But I hear the roar of the rapids louder and nearer. I mean that we shall know not later than Monday next whether we shall be allowed to pass our most blessed People's Budget or not. (I think you told me that if we passed it, it would leave you with a net annual balance of £83, out of which you promised me a profuse measure of hospitality which I have been looking forward to ever since!) If we are beaten, we shall of course resign, and this may be my very last letter to you.

Oddly enough last night Mrs. Ward sent me her new novel *Canada born*, and I read a good deal of it before rising this morning and it carried me back to Ottawa and to my very pleasant visit to Lady Minto and you, none of us foreseeing how much we should, in the fullness of time, have to say to one another. . . .

They say you don't care for Simla. I have a passion for hills and mists (not of the London sort) and high fresh air, so I rather wonder at you. The spring is just breaking here, and I always think an English spring the divinest of Nature's performances.

Apr. 19. We are at last round the first ugly corner. The Irishmen supported the Budget, and of course there was a full majority for the

proposals clipping the wings of the House of Lords, so Ministers are to remain in their offices for six weeks or two months more, whatever happens. What dazzling chances for grand statesmanship! Six whole weeks! If you could only realize how truly sickening it all is—crossing a rough stream on slippery stepping-stones.

The prospects of the election which will come in June or July are dubious as ever. . . .

About India I hear nothing for the moment but what is reasonably satisfactory. Even Chirol to-day, in an extraordinarily interesting pair of letters on the new Council, admits that nothing could be better than its proceedings so far.

Minto to Morley. Apr. 14. (*North-West Frontier.*) I am still on the march and dictating in the train.

We had a most interesting time in the Kurrum Valley and on the frontier, full of memories of many old friends and stirring incidents. But what impressed me most is the complete change in the personal armament of the tribesmen. In the old days it consisted of flintlocks, matchlocks, shields and long knives; now, breech-loading rifles are universal. Notwithstanding the many reports I have seen on the subject I had no idea that the tribesmen had become so universally possessed of them. At a *Jirga* which met me in the Kohat Pass in tribal territory there must have been several hundred rifles amongst the men surrounding me, every rifle loaded and full cock, and their owners heavily laden with ammunition. The whole atmosphere full of stories of raids, counter-raids, blood-feuds, and the gallantry of our frontier officers. One cannot shut one's eyes to the seriousness of the position. The conditions we should have to face now in a frontier war on a big scale would be entirely different to those of past years. . . .

Minto to Morley. Apr. 20. (*Mohand, near Dehra Dun.*) I have just come in from a long, hot day in the jungle and a somewhat disappointing "shoot", to find my room in this little forest bungalow full of files and telegrams with which excellent postal arrangements regularly supply me wherever I am! I often wonder if it is worth while trying to get a few days "off": it is an impossibility, but one gets an outing amongst the birds and beasts, and the change refreshes one, though one has to pay for it when one comes wearily home to work.

Apr. 21. There seems to be a sort of débâcle of my Executive Council. Not only are Honourable Members disappearing, but

secretaries are clamouring for leave on the score of health and urgent private affairs. . . .

The heat here is tremendous, and I shall be glad to meet the fresh breezes of Simla, where I shall arrive in a week's time to resume command of the mangled remains of my Council, and await welcome reinforcements in the shape of Jenkins.

I am told a tiger is expecting me this evening.

May 5. (*Simla.*) Who has been telling you that I do not like Simla? *Qua* Simla itself, as compared with Calcutta, I think I like the latter best. But I was reared in the mountains and the mist and have suffered from mountain madness all my life. Peaks, passes, and glaciers, have a fascination for me. I never saw anything so gorgeous as the view of the snows here yesterday morning. A whole range of peaks towering one above another against the brightest of blue skies, and a dark foreground of hills and pinewoods. You must never think I don't share in your passion for hills and mist! . . .

I dare not venture on your all-absorbing political conditions at home; but to me, as an outsider, it looks rather as if you had stemmed the rapids for the present: but then you know there is that horrible whirlpool below them!

Morley to Minto. Apr. 29. You speak of Agra, and Delhi and the Kurrum. How I wish I were there, or almost anywhere else after this long spell of feverish weeks. In my own case the weeks and their excitements have come to a sort of climax by reason of the arrival on the stage of Lord K. It has set going, as I foresaw it would, a tremendous clatter which may possibly swell into a boom. "The greatest man in the Empire: what are you going to do with him? Permanent head of the War Office: India: Why not Prime Minister? Strong man—that's what we want!" You can guess all the rest of the tune and the chorus.

He came to see me on arrival. I was a good deal astonished, for I had expected a silent, stiff, moody fellow; behold, I could hardly get a word in, and he hammered away loud and strong, with manly gestures and high tones. He used the warmest language, as to which I was in no need of such emphasis, about yourself. It was very agreeable to hear, you may be certain. . . . We got on well enough, he and I, for nothing was said about his returning to India. At night he dined alone with Haldane, and there he expressed his firm expectation with perfect frankness, and even a sort of vehemence. Haldane told him

that the decision would be mine, and that whatever my decision might be, the Prime Minister would back it, though, by the way, I hear that the Prime Minister personally would be much better pleased if the lot fell upon K. I have agreed to turn all the arguments over in my mind until the holiday comes to an end, four weeks from now. I do not at all expect that I shall think better of K.'s appointment than I think of it to-day. The fuss of this business has been rather severe, so I will let you off with a shabby letter, as I am tired to death, or almost.

Journal, May. (*Simla.*) Last mail brought us many interesting letters. Lord Kitchener has had a great reception in London after his absence of eight years. The King and the Prince of Wales both sent representatives to welcome him at the station. Lord Morley, Lord Roberts, Lord Midleton, and many others were present. . . . K. has written to Minto telling him about his interview with King Edward [shortly before he died] who presented him with his Field-Marshal's baton.

Morley seems irreconcilably opposed to the suggestion of Lord Kitchener succeeding us. He says it would be fatal to the prestige of the civil administration, and that everyone would imagine that Lord Kitchener, the man of blood and iron, had come out to reverse the present policy of conciliation.

Morley to Minto. May 5. I was startled last night by very bad news from the Palace, and we are all full of alarm. When I had my talk with His Majesty a week ago I could not conceal from myself that I did not at all like his look. His colour was grey and bad, and he coughed more than he should: still, he was most genial, as he always is with me, and keen about the business in hand. You will know which way things have turned before you get this. Earnestly indeed do I hope for the best, but the doctors tremble.

Journal, May 7. Minto came into my room very early this morning with the terribly sad news of the King's death. It seems so sudden and unexpected that one can hardly grasp at once all that it may mean. The King, I hear, had lately been urged to drop all business and confine himself to his room, but with characteristic courage he replied: "No, I shall not give in, I shall work to the end."

India is profoundly moved: the great white Emperor has passed away, and all classes and creeds bow their heads in token of their sorrowful and respectful sympathy.

For a week past the native servants have predicted that something was going to happen on the 6th May. They have a superstition that a comet foreshadows the death of Princes, and we have had a splendid view of Halley's comet during the last three or four days. I got up one morning at 4 a.m. and went out on to the verandah to see it. Its twenty-four-million-mile tail was stretching across the sky like a great searchlight, and just to the right, Venus was shining with magnificent brilliancy. Now that the King has died the natives will have implicit faith in the signs of the heavens.

Scores of telegrams and messages of sympathy have been sent to the Viceroy for transmission to England, from every part of India, from Princes, officials, and all classes of the community throughout the country. Meetings have been held to mourn the King-Emperor. Even in the dancing-houses resolutions were passed to prohibit festivities for three days, and black clothes were worn in token of sorrow.

There was a demonstration in Calcutta described in a telegram which Minto sent to Morley:

Telegram. I think you may like to inform His Majesty [King George V.] of a remarkable demonstration, organized by the Hindu community of Bengal to mark sorrow at the death of the King, last Friday, on Calcutta Maidan. It was headed by Darbhanga and Burdwan, Surendra Nath Banerjee, Bupendra Nath Basu, Moti Lal Ghose, Saroda Charan Mitter and other leaders of Bengali, Jain, Marwai, Mahratta, Hindustani and Sikh communities, and numbered at least 100,000 people, dressed in white and barefooted. An appropriate speech was delivered by Darbhanga, after which obeisance was done to a huge portrait of King Edward, and prayers were offered. No such spectacle has been seen before in Calcutta; a magnificent tribute to one who is recognized as the world's peacemaker.

The ceremony concluded with hearty cheers for King George.

Mahommedans at the same time held a separate mass meeting at which prayers were offered.

Journal, May 12. The King's Proclamation was read in front of the Town Hall this morning. Minto rode into Simla at the head of the procession, escorted by the Commander-in-Chief and the whole of the Headquarters Staff, and Heads of Departments, making in all about 160 mounted officers. The troops stood to attention and over 6000 people were present.

May 20. This is the day which has been set apart as one of public mourning and on which the King's funeral takes place. The

Memorial Service was held in Simla at noon; all officials attended in full uniform and Minto rode to Christ Church with his Staff and escort. At the conclusion of the service the bell was tolled and the "Last Post" was sounded by the buglers outside.

The final tribute to the King was the firing of sixty-eight guns by the garrison at Jutogh, the last of which was timed for the moment when the sun sank behind the horizon. Minto and I watched the flashes from the garden, the echo of each gun taking a minute to reach the mountains beyond. It was a solemn moment when we stood listening to the last tribute of respect paid to Edward VII. realizing that George V., our new King-Emperor, is reigning in his stead.

Journal, June. Minto and I have both received very kind letters from the King and Queen in answer to our condolences.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
June 2, 1910.

MY DEAR VICEROY,

I am deeply touched by your most kind message of sympathy in my grievous and irreparable loss, a loss hardly less severe for my whole Empire.

I know what love and loyal devotion my dear father inspired among his subjects and indeed throughout the world. It does seem hard that his splendid work in the cause of peace should have been so suddenly cut short.

It must have been a terrible shock to you and Lady Minto when you got the sad news. It is most gratifying to me to receive such striking proofs of genuine grief and sympathy from all parts of India, but, as you say, I know how truly sympathetic they are by nature.

I rejoice to hear that you consider the agitation and unrest is diminishing, and I trust that the anarchical spirit which still exists will gradually die out under firm Government.

I should like to take this opportunity, when I write to you for the first time since my beloved father's death, to assure you of my entire confidence in you as Viceroy, and how much I regret that your term of office is so nearly at an end. Whoever is to succeed you is not yet settled.

With many kind messages to Lady Minto and your daughter,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE, R. I.

Minto has opened a subscription list for a memorial to King Edward, and Captain Mackenzie tells me that every servant in the house has subscribed according to their pay by an agreement

amongst themselves. I think this is very touching. A sweeper, who gets Rs. 8 a month, the equivalent of about £7 a year, out of which he has to find his food, has cheerfully contributed his mite, which no doubt means that he has had to forfeit his rations for a day.

The Viceroy has received a unique telegram from a collector on the Kasu Estate:

Please convey my heartfelt congratulations to His Majesty the King-Emperor George V. on his incarnation.

Journal, June 11. A great deal of speculation has been going on as to who the next Viceroy will be. Reuter's telegrams prepared us for either Lulu Harcourt, Lord Crewe, Lord K., Sir George Murray or Lord Selborne. However, these speculations were groundless, as Sir Charles Hardinge's appointment was officially announced this morning.

Only three days ago Lord Kitchener seems still to have been the favourite candidate. He, I hear, has been most outspoken on the subject, and announced that if he was not appointed he would shake the dust of England off his feet and go and travel in Persia. He was at an official luncheon recently; had just sat down and was saying how-d'ye-do over his shoulder to one or two men as they passed him, when he realized that he was shaking hands with Lord Curzon, who said: "How are you, Kitchener? Well, I hope", and so the meeting that Lord Kitchener dreaded, passed off easily. Lord K. was asked by a friend if he would like Egypt if he did not get India. He replied that he was a man of one idea, and that if he was not appointed to India he would go nowhere. I am afraid he will be very disappointed, as he considered that he had been practically promised the post of Viceroy.

Morley to Minto. June 15. The new appointment has been received here with loud general approval, partly because people recognize the qualifications of Sir Charles Hardinge, and still more because they appreciate the risks that would have attended a military Viceroy installed at the present juncture. The world would have been content even with a man far inferior to Hardinge in capacity and attainments, if only to escape the chance of powerful militarism in a post where the soldier might so easily get us into mischief, with all the "Forward" traditions at his elbow.

I am sorry to hear that Lord K. does not take his disappointment with so much serenity as his friends might have hoped. No doubt

he was justified in feeling confidence in the tremendous pressure brought to bear on me on his behalf. But then, there were other elements which his inexperience in the business of his own country led him to overlook.

You have told me you are not well acquainted with Hardinge. Well, I think that if you knew him you would be satisfied. No Governor-General has ever known so much as he knows at first hand either of the immediately outlying States, *e.g.* Persia and Russia, nor, may I add, of the European forces of to-day . . . He is a downright hard worker and is well trained in public and official business and methods. Finally, he has force and authority of character and will not let the reins go slack in his hands. Being a diplomatist by trade, he ought to get on with his Councils. Everybody assures me that he is blessed with an exceedingly attractive Vicereine, but I daresay Lady Minto will know all this part of the chapter.

So then I am most hopeful that the work at which you have laboured to such admirable good purpose for five years, will go on and prosper. Everybody (including Chirol) tells me that you are held in "affectionate regard", and they will all be sorry when you leave them. It may well indeed be all that! You have steered the boat through rapids and have quarrelled with none of the crew. You will greet the new Captain with a good conscience.

CHAPTER XXXV

SIMLA: OUR FAREWELL

Journal, June 25. (*Simla.*) The last gymkhana of the season took place to-day, and Eileen again carried off the Baring prize. Having won it two consecutive years, she does not intend to keep it, and the two ladies, Mrs. Ross and Miss DuCane Smythe, who ran a dead-heat as seconds, will have to compete for it.

July 1. To-day Mrs. Currie, the Lady Superintendent of the Pilgrims Department at Bombay, came to see me. She told me that in 1909 no less than 26,000 pilgrims had passed through Bombay en route for Mecca. The pilgrimage and return journey takes them eight months. The purdah women are very difficult to deal with, as they object strongly to being medically examined for plague. Ten days' quarantine used to be enforced, but Minto has had this reduced to three, and as the accommodation for pilgrims is limited, this relief has considerably mitigated their sufferings. Mrs. Currie thinks that the present difficulties and agitation are largely due to the fact that education has been advanced too much on Western lines, unsuitable to the Eastern mind. She has a thorough knowledge of Indian mentality, which is natural, as her family have lived in India for four generations.

I asked Mrs. Currie to take a farewell message from me to the Mahommedan women of India, and later received a letter from her in which she said:

> Your Excellency's message has been received with the greatest gratification and pleasure and has been the means of evoking the warmest expressions of loyalty from the Muslim community. It has done more. It has, by this one single expression of interest taken in them by the highest lady of the land, awakened a desire for education in the women....
>
> It is the first time in the history of this movement that a Vicereine of India has evinced interest in this department of the machinery of State.

This evening we had one of our big dinner parties. I much enjoyed talking to the Bishop of Lahore, who told me that a more

friendly spirit is undoubtedly arising between Indians and Englishmen. In writing some time ago to Minto, Morley alluded to the Bishop, saying: "I found him one of the most attractive men I ever met. In the midst of a rather heavy day, he not only interested but excited me, and carried me for a while into the upper ether. Why did you not recommend him to be a Lieutenant-Governor? There's an experiment for you! His ideas delighted me".

Mr. Sinha, who was on my other side, spoke with tears in his eyes of Minto's departure. He has made up his mind to resign his appointment when our regime comes to an end, and said that if Minto had remained on for another year, or even two, he would have withheld his resignation.

July 21. Mr. Cleveland, D.G. of Criminal Intelligence in India, lunched with us, and his account of the improved state of the country was most satisfactory. He told me that no one had criticized the release of the deportees more adversely than he had, and admitted how anxious he felt at the time as to the effect it would produce in the country, fearing that the seditionists would consider it a surrender to agitation. He said he now gladly acknowledged that he had been wrong. Whether it was the release of the deportees or the introduction of the Reforms, he could not explain, but the whole country was in a much quieter and more contented condition. The deportees, he said, had no doubt created a certain amount of excitement when they first returned to their homes, but they were no longer a power in the land, and one of the most dangerous conspirators had admitted that since he had been out of prison all his old friends had deserted him, and that everyone was fighting shy of him except the police.

I also had a talk with Malik Umar Hyat Khan, who comes from the Punjab; he said how bitterly he regretted Minto's approaching departure, and declared that India had not been blessed with his like before. After a pause he added: "At least not since Alexander the Great". I felt that after such a compliment any reply would be inadequate.

The following extract is from a letter written by the Prime Minister of Hyderabad to Colonel Pinhey, the Private Secretary, before leaving Simla :

July 17, 1910.

His Excellency is the first Viceroy who has won the hearts of the public of India and Indian rulers, and he has achieved this great success at

a critical time. . . . To conquer any country is easy, but to conquer the hearts of the people is most difficult.

The young Maharajah of Patiala is staying in Simla. His official installation with full powers last spring was postponed, as the affairs of his State needed investigation. He came to stay with us, and begged to be allowed to confide his troubles to me. He explained that he was having difficulties with his officials, and had no one to turn to for advice. I told him to go straight to the Viceroy, who was very glad to take advantage of this opportunity to help him. This young Prince is only nineteen, and with judicious handling he should make an efficient ruler.

The full text of Mr. Montagu's Budget speech has just reached us, and has caused much criticism in the official world. In his letter to Morley this week Minto says:

Minto to Morley. Aug. 18. (*Simla.*) Mr. Montagu's Budget speech arrived by last mail: a great deal of it is excellent, but his reference to the position of the Government of India has taken everyone aback. I had not realized that the Viceroy was merely an *agent*, and the Government of India apparently only a *registry office!* No one has ever for an instant doubted the supreme authority of the Secretary of State, but the Act which conferred that authority also vested in "the Governor-General in Council" the direct administration of all the machinery of Government. Chapter V. on "The Home Government" in Sir J. Strachey's book *India, Its Administration and Progress*, explains the view I have always understood to be accepted as to the relations of the Secretary of State and Government of India, and it points out too, that "serious injury to India has been caused or threatened by the interference of the House of Commons in matters in regard to which the great majority of its Members are profoundly ignorant, etc.". The quotations from Mill in the same chapter are very interesting and prophetic.

I have no hope that you will agree with me. I somewhat anxiously wonder what epithet you will apply to my sentiments! However, I only tell you what I think, as I have always done.

Journal. August. The press in India have criticised Mr. Montagu's utterances on the same lines, and the *Englishman* says:

Mr. Montagu's speech would almost seem to imply that everything that has been done during Lord Minto's tenure of office is practically due

to initiation and direction from the India Office, whereas it is well known in the best informed circles that practically all suggestions for the important measures carried through during the last five years have emanated from the Government of India.

The following parody on the political situation was given at the last performance of *The Mikado*, which has had a great success in Simla. The verses were sung by Koko in the song: "And he never will be missed".

It was a gallant Viceroy the Councils did reform;
It was his own unwearied work that took the land by storm;
It was the S. of S. who then with jealousy grew warm.

It was a wrathful S. of S. who said: "The world shall see
It's only work that has been done on orders passed by me:
It is merely as my *Agent* that he is G.-G. in C."

"It is work that now I recognize bids fair to bring me fame;
It is something that is likely to do credit to my name;
It is only if it turns out ill, His Ex. must bear the blame."

"It is with cries of 'Morley' that all Hindustan shall ring;
It is the work successful I'll shelter 'neath my wing;
It is merely through my *Agent* that I choose to pull the string."

It was spoken by the Underling who was only made the means,
It was the S. of S. for I. who smiled behind the scenes,
It is the Lord High Koko who is giving him the beans.
I've got him on the list, and he never will be missed.

August 31. The Maharajah of Gwalior and Sir Pertab Singh are staying with us for a few days. Alluding to our departure, Sir Pertab said: "All Maharajahs crying when Viceroy leaving". Minto replied: "Viceroy will also be crying": to which Sir Pertab responded: "When Viceroy crying all Maharajahs going with him to Aden".

A relation of Sir Pertab's, a very good-looking boy, is staying here. Sir Pertab noticed that his manner was rather off-hand, and said to him: "If you going Eton, although you being Prince, you staying downstairs blacking Sahibs' boots; this being good teaching for you".

September 12. The Nawab of Maler Khotla has come to say good-bye. He told me he owed the Viceroy a debt of gratitude, as the first Lord Minto had given British protection to the Phulkian States, and he added: "After a hundred years his great-grandson has started a

new era, not only for the Native States, but for the whole of India". He said he was anxious to give a donation to the Minto Nursing Association. I reminded him that the Sisters only nurse Europeans and that Indians do not benefit under the scheme. He said he was aware of that, but that Europeans constantly assisted Indian charities, and he did not see why Indians should not equally help a European organization. This evening I have received a donation of Rs. 7000.

The Nawab of Loharu has travelled several hundred miles to say goodbye. He is good-looking, beautifully dressed in an overcoat of golden brocade, with an inner vest of embroidery. "There are always flatterers who can say nice things to your face," he said, "but I am telling you of the feeling that exists in every household. There is a Persian word which I cannot translate: it means benefactor, generous, kind-hearted, and, above all, without the desire of self-advancement, and this, we feel, describes Lord Minto".

September 13. Some time ago an official invitation was received from the Indian community of Simla to a farewell garden party. It ran as follows:

As the Indian community of Simla, including Hindus, Mahommedans, Sikhs, Parsis and Christians, are desirous of expressing their gratitude to their present Viceroy for the numerous benefits they have enjoyed during His Excellency's tenure of office, I have the honour to request you kindly to ascertain if His Excellency will very kindly condescend to accept their humble hospitality by gracing with his presence a garden party to be given on any date that suits his convenience.

We accepted this invitation and attended the party this afternoon. We felt it was a great compliment, and were entirely taken by surprise when Sir Harnam Singh, on behalf of our hosts, presented Minto with a beautiful silver bowl, on which was inscribed:

The Indian Community of Simla present this Bowl to
His Excellency The Earl of Minto
in token of their admiration for his labours for India
and regard and attachment to his person.

Journal, September. Minto was very distressed at the news of Lord Spencer's death: he had a great admiration for him and he was a personal friend. Lord Morley, who was his colleague during the Home Rule controversy, writes: "I am much pleased with what you say about poor Spencer; one of the best political comrades I ever had.

Do not think it impertinent if I add that my latest fellow-worker has often recalled Spencer and his sterling qualities to my mind. If ever there was a man to go bear-hunting with, it was he; and if ever I am engaged in shooting tigers, I bargain that you accompany me".

The dear old Rajah of Nabha has been living on the outskirts of Simla during the autumn. He is a charming old man and recently told a member of our Staff that "The Viceroy's face had in it thoughts of years of noble work". There has been some friction between the Rajah and the municipal authorities, and the Viceroy, on saying goodbye to him, remarked: "I hope Your Highness has had no further trouble in connection with the Municipal Laws?" "No, Your Excellency," he replied, "the Laws are like men, they do much good; but the trouble is with the Bye-laws, which, like women, undo all the good that the men have done!"

October 2. The Rana of Dhami has arranged a camp for us a few miles beyond Jutogh, where we have spent three delightful days of varied sport. The road leads along a mountain track, above a deep valley, with overhanging perpendicular rocks, through luxuriant woods, with an undergrowth of wild flowers, well watered with streams. The beaters hunted the deer and gurul with dogs, and we shot at them across the ravine. Our bag was 11 gurul, 6 khakar and 87 chitor pheasants. The shoot was admirably run by a *shikari* who combines sport and politics, as he happens to be the Prime Minister of the State: if he is as good a Prime Minister as he is a *shikari*, the Rana's affairs must be in a flourishing condition.

We had a glorious ride back to Simla, watching the athletic hillmen who had acted as beaters on the opposite side of the valley, in their khaki clothes, making an elongated serpentine line as they trooped home in single file along the face of the mountain.

This is our last camp in India: how perfect it has been, and how we have loved these life-giving holidays; living in the open air, whether by day, or under the star-lit sky, breathing in the wonders of nature and revelling in its pure beauty.

October 7. (*Simla.*) I got home just in time to receive a farewell gift from European and Indian ladies which has touched me beyond measure. The guests assembled in the ballroom at Viceregal Lodge, and Lady Dane read an Address and presented me with a lovely row of pearls and a book containing the names of the subscribers beauti-

fully illustrated with water-colour sketches by the best amateur artists in India. I shall always treasure both the pearls and the book as family heirlooms.

Mrs. Davies, Chief Lady Superintendent, and the members of the Nursing Association, have also given me a lovely silver inkstand "as a token of affectionate regard".

I told them how thankful I am to know that the Association has been established on a satisfactory basis in eight different centres, and that although I am leaving India, they may rest assured that my interest in their welfare will be as keen as ever: "I know that I am leaving a body of brave workers who will, under the guidance of Providence, loyally carry out the aims and objects of the Association, and I bid them all an affectionate farewell"[1].

October 12. This week Minto has three farewell dinners. He thoroughly enjoyed the one given by the Scottish Association. He spoke without notes, and Francis Scott tells me his speech could not have been better. I quote an account from the Simla newspaper:

"... His Excellency thanked his brother Scots for their welcome to him, and for the flattering things they had said. He thanked them for the references made to Lady Minto, but must remind them that, with all her excellent qualities, she was only 'just an English body'. He supposed that the old raiding instincts of his family had come out strongly in him, for, in the same way that his ancestors had replenished their stock with herds and flocks from Lady Minto's ancestors, so he had made a raid, captured her from over the Border and brought her back to become a good Scotswoman.

He could assure them that both he and Lady Minto would greatly regret leaving India and all their friends, but as a son of the Borders, he could not help looking forward to getting back to them again, as they were his first love. In any case he felt that the country would be safe with so many Scotsmen helping in the government!"

To-morrow the Indian police give him a dinner, and the next day he makes an important pronouncement at the United Service Club.

October 15. Last night, at the dinner of the United Service Club, Minto said in the course of his speech:

"It is nearly five years since I landed at Bombay. In the ordinary sense of the expression, I was new to India; and yet perhaps not so new to her as some of my predecessors. I had been brought up in the midst of Indian

[1] I have been president of the home branch of the Association ever since I returned from India, twenty-four years ago. In addition to the provincial centres, seven nursing homes and hospitals are staffed by the Association, and our endowment fund at home is nearly £10,000.

traditions. On both sides of my house I was descended from ancestors who have been distinguished as rulers and soldiers here. I had read much of Indian history, and had been fascinated by the stories of its invading hosts, the rule of its great Emperors, and the romantic tales of European adventurers, and I had seen service in Afghanistan, and made life-long friendships with frontier officers. Fully recognizing the heavy responsibilities of the great office to which I had been appointed, I confess that I looked forward to the future with hope and pride. . . . Much has happened since those days. The sky did not fulfil its promise of fine weather. The clouds have been heavy and threatening: we have heard the mutterings of a storm. . . .

We have passed through five eventful years. Ever since I landed in Bombay the political state of India has been foremost in my thoughts. In those early days I could not but realise all too soon that the political atmosphere was heavy and electric. I felt it. My colleagues felt it. I believe everyone who thought at all felt it. And as my knowledge of the state of public affairs increased, I became more and more aware of a sullen and widespread dissatisfaction and discontent, a dissatisfaction shared by many loyal subjects of the Throne. There was a widespread political unrest quite apart from revolutionary sedition. Some great change was evidently affecting the conditions which British administrators had hitherto successfully directed and controlled. Influences were at work to which the Government of India could not shut its eyes. . . . But what were the causes? They were due, to the best of my belief, to the ripening of the educational seed which British rule has systematically sown—accelerated by the deep impression produced throughout Asia by the successes of an Eastern military power. We were bound some day to reap the results of what we had sown; and to me it has seemed that our recognition of those results has not come a moment too soon, and that it has saved India from many troubles. . . .

We had come to the parting of the ways, and to my mind there has never been a shadow of doubt as to which was the right road to follow. It was perfectly open to us either to refuse to recognize the signs of the times, or to recognize them and attempt to deal with the new conditions. I can only say, gentlemen, that if we had adopted the former course we should have gone back upon all that we have said and done in the past, and alienated from the cause of British administration many who had been brought up in its doctrines and built up hopes upon a belief in its justice. We should have driven them into the camp of the enemy, to become traducers of British rule. We should have perpetuated a discontented India. Holding these views we decided that the time had come for a further extension of representative principles in our administration. That decision was arrived at by the Government of India after mature consideration, and was warmly accepted by Lord Morley, to whom we owe much for the eloquent and powerful support he gave us at a critical time. . . .

But, gentlemen, in the spring of 1908 the Muzzeffarpur murders sent a thrill of horror through all loyal India, and the Manicktollah Garden discoveries gave warning of the ramifications of an anarchical plot, aiming, by means of assassination and outrage, at the destruction of British rule: a plot which it became the first duty of the Government of India, as custodians of the public safety, to annihilate with all the weapons at its disposal: and if those weapons were insufficient, to forge others specially adapted to meet subterranean machinations. Our so-called 'repressive legislation' was our reply to incipient anarchy.

The Government of India had to play a double part. With one hand to dispense measures calculated to meet novel political conditions; with the other hand sternly to eradicate political crimes. In the midst of such complications I could not enter light-heartedly upon a policy of reform, but I refused to lose faith in it. How we have played our part I leave it to posterity to judge, when the passions of the hour have subsided and the incidents of the story have assumed their true proportions.

I need not conceal from you, gentlemen, how great has been the strain of the last two years. . . .

And throughout its time of trouble every action of the Government has been subjected to microscopic examination, to a running fire of newspaper criticism, to questions in Parliament, to the advice of travellers who have returned home to write books on India after a few weeks' sojourn in the country, whilst sensational 'headlines' have helped to fan the imagination of the man in the street, who, in his turn has cried out for 'strong measures', regardless of the meaning of his words, and for a 'strong man' to enforce them. *I have heard a good deal of 'strong men' in my time, and I can only say that my experience in all our anxious days in India has taught me that the strongest man is he who is not afraid of being called weak.* . . .

Such has been the state of affairs the Government of India has had to face. Our answer to the problem submitted to us has been the enlarged Councils, Imperial and Provincial, together with such legislation as has seemed to us imperatively necessary to restrain the culture of sedition.

I would wish to remind you, however, that my object, when Sir Arundel Arundel's Committee first took up the consideration of a scheme of reform, was not only to ensure a larger representation of interests and communities, but to attract to a share in Indian administration those who had a solid stake in the welfare of India. I was convinced that the addition of such material to our Councils would not only broaden the basis of our administration, but that in doing so it would strengthen the hands of the Government of India. I believe that it has helped immensely to do so.

And, gentlemen, outside our Councils stand the Ruling Chiefs of India, administering their own wide possessions, yet sharing with the Raj the responsibility for the welfare and glories of their country. I looked to them too for that advice which their intimate knowledge of their people so well entitled them to give, and the cordiality of their loyal response has

still further added to the solidarity of those great interests whose assistance I have been so anxious to secure.

But, in addition to the enlargement of the Legislative Councils, there has been a change in the Executive Government of India, which, though it required no legislation, is, in its acceptance of a principle, fraught with the weightiest meaning in respect to the future of British administration: I allude to the appointment by the Secretary of State of an Indian to a seat on the Viceroy's Council. . . .

Mr. Sinha is the first Indian colleague of the Viceroy. It is quite unnecessary for me to remind you of the great position his distinguished and exceptional abilities had obtained for him at the Calcutta Bar, and, gentlemen, I cannot let this opportunity pass without bearing testimony to the able assistance he has rendered to the Government of India, and thanking him for the absolute fairness and broad-minded patriotism which has always characterised the advice I have so often sought from him. . . .

But the Reforms have done more than this. They have immensely cleared the air. They have helped to define the true intentions of different political factors. Moderate political thought has, throughout India, rallied to their support, the representatives of extreme views have been located in their own camp, the machinations of anarchy have been disclosed . . . The leaders of Indian thought and the Indian public can now judge much more correctly of surrounding conditions. . . .

The mists which have blinded us are lifting, and the sun has commenced to shine again. . . .

Gentlemen, this is the last occasion upon which the Government of India and the representatives of the public services can meet together during my term of office. I have told you my story: I have told it to you who have been my fellow-workers and comrades in troublous times; who have helped me to steer the ship through many dangerous straits—the men of the great service which has built up the British Raj. We may, perhaps, at times have thought differently as to the course to be steered—it could not but be otherwise—but you have stood behind me loyally and I thank you. I leave India knowing full well that you will perpetuate the great traditions of British rule, perhaps with few opportunities for much public applause, but with the inestimable satisfaction that you are doing your duty.

I rejoice to feel that I am about to hand over the reins of Government to Lord Hardinge, a statesman whose abilities have distinguished him in many lands, and who inherits traditions of great service rendered to India."

Sir Warren came early this morning to tell me that he had never seen such enthusiasm as was shown at last night's dinner. Victor Brooke also sent me the following note:

I am indeed grateful that I was not prevented from hearing His Excellency's splendid speech. Nothing has ever impressed me more; the

forty-five minutes went like five, and I did indeed feel proud to have the honour of serving under such a man.

It is impossible to exaggerate the impression the speech made on all present, and no wonder.

Journal, October 31. (*Simla.*) The last weeks have been a whirl of goodbyes, and last night we invited the whole Staff to a farewell dinner. We danced afterwards to Herr Buchner's inspiring music. Minto and I had our last waltz together, as I realize that on my return to England I must give up these frivolities.

Last week Minto received the following letter from Morley:

I have just been reading in *The Times* a list of the gaieties and feastings with which you are to bid farewell to Simla. I trust you will have plenty of health and spirits to pull you through it all.

It is no envious frame of mind that makes me thank the immortal gods that when the clock strikes for my departure from Whitehall I shall fare forth solitary in a modest hansom.

But I know, and I am right glad to know, that all the excitement at Simla is the outcome of genuine and spontaneous regard and liking, and that is a thing better worth having than most of the prizes of public life.

Everybody with any right to an opinion will agree how fully you are entitled, after five years of office, to the warm good-will of all who have worked with you. So I beg you to enjoy your festal glorifications with a cheerful heart.

A good many of the Members of the Legislative Council have recently come to Simla to attend Minto's last Council. Probably the most interesting of them is Gokhale. In talking to me he said that he recognizes the change of feeling that has come over a large section of the Indian community, and his gratitude to Minto seemed very genuine for the consideration he has shown towards the Indian Members, and his desire that they should participate in the government of the country: but Minto has just received from Morley an extract from a letter he (Gokhale) has written to a friend in England, which shows he is not always reliable. Minto has answered:

Minto to Morley. Oct. 19. I am glad you sent me the extract from Gokhale's letter to his friend in England. It is very important as showing his hand, I am sorry to say. I can only call it mischievous, and written with the intention to mislead. Gokhale would not have spoken in the same sense to me. And that is the worst of him, that one cannot rely upon his absolute good faith. I know him well, admire

him much, and am on most friendly terms with him. In ability and breadth of view he is a long way ahead of any Indian in political life. But he must know quite well that the picture he gave in his letter is not a true one. Our repressive measures are certainly not severe, and the suggestion that they will be hardly used is unjustifiable. The tendency of Local Governments will be generally the other way.... Then the suggestion that the official world is opposed to reform and advance is quite untrue. There has been an extraordinary change in that direction. No doubt the Reforms were originally unpopular generally with the bureaucracy, but the people who do not recognize their value now are very few and far between.... But the worst symptom in what Gokhale writes is that he apparently does not mean to accept the Reforms with the goodwill which is so important for their success. I had a hint the other day that this was the line he unfortunately meant to adopt. I had hoped he was a big enough man to accept them as the machinery the Government of India now has to work with, and that he would devote himself to public affairs in accordance with that machinery, but if he goes on the lines of at once picking holes in it and asking for further alterations, he will make a great mistake in a patriotic sense. After all Gokhale represents a very small minority in India, but it is a dangerous minority in that undue weight is attached to its views. It is most important that Gokhale should speak, write and act sensibly, and I don't at all like the tone of the extract. If I get a chance of speaking to him in the above sense I shall do so.

Next mail will be the last of this month, and it may be the right moment to bring my long story to you to a close, and I shall do so very sadly.

On the same date Morley was writing:

Morley to Minto. Oct. 19. I suppose this will very likely be my last letter to you, and somebody says that to do anything for the last time has always an element of the sorrowful in it.

Well, we have had plenty of stiff campaigning together, and it is a comfort and no discredit to either of us that we have got to the end of it without any bones broken or other mischief. There was opportunity enough, if we had not been too sensible. Of course the experiment of running in a team with a man whom your own party did not appoint is risky, but here at any rate the risks have been surmounted, and I hope that the world is duly edified.

I have any number of observations that I could make if I liked, or was inconsiderate of your time and feelings, upon the system that you and I have had to work. It is a terribly cumbrous and artificial sort of system, and I am not certain that it will last for ever, or even for many years to come. I suspect that you surmise the same.

Oct. 21. P.S.—About the time when you get this you will know by wire that your famous prediction that you and I should quit Government at the same hour has come true. The precise moment of my departure from this office is not yet fixed, but my resignation has been accepted and all is in order. I think five years of arduous work are a justification for retirement, and I shall have a short span for serene musings on my own virtues. After all, a short span will be quite long enough for so meagre a topic!

Journal, November 2. (*Simla.*) Minto and I took our last walk round the gardens this morning. Simla has been a real home to us and we feel a genuine pang at leaving a place that has become almost a part of one's self.

This morning people assembled on the lawn to say goodbye. Our departure was public and the officials were all in uniform. There was no time for more than a hearty hand-shake as we walked round the circle; everyone was most cordial, but Minto and I felt sad.

We then got into the postillion carriage, and drove away, escorted by the Bodyguard, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and enthusiastic cheering. As we passed through the lodge gates we stopped for Minto to make his last inspection of the Gurkha Guard. The landaus were waiting for us three miles down the road, and we drove in the old-fashioned way to Kalka. This will probably be the last Viceregal trip by carriage, as motors must soon supersede the tonga ponies.

Minto has left his beloved old dog *Dandy* behind; his Journal has the following entry:

"Poor old *Dandy*! I have had to leave him. He is stone blind and very feeble, and it would have been cruel to attempt to bring him home: so I had a grave dug for him in the wood beyond the tennis courts and have given Mackenzie an inscription to put on a stone over his grave. He has been a most faithful friend. He came to me as a puppy in 1896, and has been all over Canada and India with me. Poor old fellow! He is about fourteen years old.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GOODBYE

Journal, November 3, 1910. On leaving Simla we visited Patiala State, where Minto confirmed the Maharajah with his full powers and took the opportunity of holding a review of the finest corps of Sikh Imperial Service troops in India. He took with him a full escort, and on arrival rode with the Maharajah straight to the ground. Over 1200 troops were on parade, and the Imperial Service Cavalry galloped past in magnificent style. When saying goodbye, Minto told the Maharajah that, in investing him with his full powers, he was showing his faith and confidence in him, and although he was leaving India, he would follow his career with interest, feeling sure he would not betray his trust.

In 1917 the Maharajah of Patiala, who had been elected Chancellor of the Council of Indian Princes, came to England. Sir James Dunlop Smith met him at the station on arrival, and his first words to him were: "Lord Minto is no longer here, but I should like to report myself to Lady Minto to tell her that His Excellency's trust in me was not misplaced, as my present position proves".

Journal, November 4. At Amballa we were greeted by Sir James Willcocks and a large concourse of Generals in full-dress uniform: also a number of Native gentlemen from the Punjab Chiefs' Association. They stood in a circle and we went round shaking hands with them. Sir James Willcocks had tears in his eyes and repeated over and over again the regret that he knew the whole Army was feeling at losing their soldier Viceroy. The parting was a sad one.

November 5. We reached Rampur yesterday morning as guests of the Nawab. His Palace was a revelation, full of beautiful pictures, silver and china. He has travelled all over the world and has

made the best use of his experiences. His strong room contains priceless jewels and unrivalled pearls. His library has a famous collection of Arabic manuscripts and autographs dating back to Babar, and he treasures a letter to his ancestor, from the first Lord Minto, written from England in 1814, just before he died.

We made a tour of the estate; he has some splendid horses and fifteen elephants in his stables, and next to them a garage with thirteen cars. We have been entertained with every conceivable comfort; during the night, I believe, His Highness twice made the round of our camp to see that the sentries were at their posts. But in spite of his European culture, his rule is autocratic. Latterly some Bengali students in his State found fault with the curriculum of the College and lodged a complaint. The Nawab inquired into the matter, and being satisfied that their complaint was groundless, he briefly told them that if they were not content they were free to go elsewhere, and he ordered them out of his State. One student remonstrated, saying that India was a free country and that he would stay where he pleased. "Certainly you can," retorted the Nawab, "you will remain as my guest in jail", where he was promptly installed.

November 9. After two peaceful days spent at Agra we went on to Allahabad to visit the Exhibition, where Minto received an Address and laid the foundation stone of the Proclamation Pillar in memory of 1858. An account of the ceremony in an Indian paper, commenting on the circumstances which brought to mind the close of the Mutiny, finished with:

> India was then, as it is now, governed by a Viceroy and a Secretary of State, and the points of resemblance between then and now must strike one as being remarkable. In 1858 Lord Canning and Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax), the Secretary of State, were singularly united in mind and purpose in giving effect to the principles of the Proclamation. The present Viceroy and the present Secretary of State are equally united in the same noble purpose. "You will never again," said Lord Morley, "I do not care whether the time be long or short, you will never again have the combination of a Secretary of State and a Viceroy who are more thoroughly in earnest in their desire to improve the Indian Government, and to do full justice to every element of the Indian population". . . .
>
> The Honourable Mr. Gokhale evidently voiced the feeling of the country when he said: "I think it is safe to say that when, in later times, the eyes of our countrymen turn back to these days, they will see two figures standing apart from the rest; one will be Your Excellency and the other Lord Morley. . . . My Lord, I sincerely believe that Your Lord-

ship and Lord Morley have between you saved India from drifting towards what cannot be described by any other name than chaos. For, however strong a Government may be, repression never can put down the aspiration of a people, and never will."...

November 11. On our way to Calcutta, Minto arranged to pause at Benares to gratify the desire of the Maharajah that he and his successors should be given a defined and permanent status among the Ruling Chiefs of India, "to enable him to take an honoured place among the great feudatories of the Empire". Consequently he is now the happiest man in Asia. This Prince always entertained generously, and a large number of guests were assembled at a banquet given for us. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and the Maharajah proposed the Viceroy's health in a long written speech in English, the punctuation of which was erratic in places. After an enthusiastic eulogy of Minto, he turned to me and began: "We all admire Her Excellency's close—(pause)—(he pronounced the word *cloze*, and it was taken by the assembled company to be *clothes*; loud applause and much laughter). Nothing daunted, His Highness resumed: "cloze attention to the affairs of the Lady Minto Nursing Association".

November 12. Our most interesting function at Benares was our visit to the Hindu College, where Mrs. Besant received us. The influence of this remarkable European woman over Indian students is striking. There are about a thousand boys at the College. Mrs. Besant deplored our departure, saying: "It is a long time since God gave India so good a gift as Lord Minto. History will do justice some day to the strength which could face the unpopularity of bringing in repressive measures, while not withholding wise reforms".

On the frame containing Minto's picture, Mrs. Besant had engraved: "*He laid in India the foundation of Self-Government within the Empire*".

Journal, November. Our final ten days at Calcutta were a succession of farewells. Minto received innumerable Addresses and Deputations, which all alluded to the happier feeling throughout the country.

We attended a Native entertainment in the Town Hall organized by the Maharajah of Burdwan, and I had some conversation with Mr. Ali Imam, who has been chosen as Legal Member of the Viceroy's Council in succession to Mr. Sinha. He recognizes the

responsibilities which rest with him as the first Mahommedan to hold this high office.

This evening we gave a farewell dinner to our Staff,[1] and when we were all assembled Colonel Pinhey presented us with a beautiful antique salver, engraved with the names of all the Staff, past and present. Colonel Pinhey made a short speech, alluding to the harmonious way in which the establishment has worked together throughout our five years; and in thanking them, Minto said he was proud of his Staff, who were exactly what young British soldiers should be, courteous, courageous, devoted to duty, foremost in sport, a combination which makes the English nation what it is.

November 16. To-day Minto held his final review in India of over 5000 troops. In concluding his speech he said:

"This is the last occasion on which I shall see troops on parade in India, and I cannot but say that it has revived the memories of service in the field in years gone by, and the wish that it could all come over again. I bid farewell to the Army with all the affection I have always felt for it, knowing full well that it will for ever uphold the glorious traditions it has inherited."

It is sad to feel that Minto's soldiering days are over. King Edward told him, before we left England, to make the most of his General's uniform, advice which Minto always followed, as his military interests were nearest his heart.

This evening a banquet was given to Minto by the Calcutta Turf Club. No ladies were invited, but 130 members who came from all parts of India, were present. In reply to the toast of his health, Minto said:

"I cannot but feel that it is your welcome and your farewell to a fellow-sportsman: that I am not here to-night as Viceroy, soldier or statesman, but—may I say so—as the 'Mr. Rolly' of old days. Well, gentlemen, 'Mr. Rolly' saw in his time many races, many racecourses and many stewards, whom, no doubt, he held in proper awe and respect as a poor Gentleman Rider is bound to do, but he can honestly say he never saw racing conducted on sounder lines, or with anything like the comfort provided for racegoers by the members of the Calcutta Turf Club. I wish it had been in my power to do more in their support. There is nothing I should have liked better than to run a good horse in the Viceroy's Cup, but I have long lost touch with the racing world at home, and you, gentlemen, will realize how difficult it is for a stranger, just out from England, to step into racing

[1]See Appendix, List of Staff.



By Sir William Goscombe John, R.A.

Statue of Lord Minto

Erected on the Maidan, Calcutta

circles in another country, and pick up all that knowledge of 'form' which leads to success, particularly when that stranger is provided with not a few other things to think about. I assure you that 'Mr. Rolly' in his other capacity has, during the last few years, often found himself so weighed down with work that he has only been able to run up to the course in time to see the horses saddling for the last race of the day.

I do not regret my racing days, gentlemen; very far from it. I learned a great deal from them which has been useful to me in later life. I mixed with all classes of men. I believe I got much insight into human character. You may think it strange, but I never used to bet, though I was on intimate terms with the Ring, and as far as riding went, I became absolutely callous as to public opinion: if I won, there was often no name good enough for me, and when I got beat on the favourite it was 'Mr. Rolly', of course, who threw the race away.

And so, gentlemen, in the ups and downs of racing, I learned to keep my head, to sit still, to watch what other jockeys were doing, and to be a good judge of pace. The orders I liked best were 'get off well', and 'wait in front'. If you will allow me, I will quote two verses of a poem dedicated to poor George Ede. To my mind they are very fine lines, typical of what a really fine rider should be:

A horseman's gift, the perfect hand
And graceful seat of confidence.
The head to reckon and command
When danger stills the coward's sense.

The nerve unshaken by mischance,
The care unlessened by success.
The modest bearing to enhance
The natural charm of manliness.

Gentlemen, you have surrounded me with the old atmosphere again, and have got me to talk racing. Seriously, the lessons of the Turf need not be thrown away in after life. The lines to George Ede, and the old racing instruction 'wait in front' mean much in this world's struggles: don't force the pace, lie up with your field, keep a winning place, watch your opportunity, and when the moment comes, go in and win.

You have kindly invited me to an assemblage of sportsmen, and I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I have no wish to wander into the demesne of public affairs. I will only say that I have done my best to ride a good race, and it has not been an easy one". . . .

November 17. To-night the Calcutta Club gave Minto a farewell Dinner, and Eileen and I joined the party afterwards. Mr. Sinha proposed Minto's health and in his speech he dwelt on the effect the Reforms had produced in the pacification of India, and quoted the words used by Minto in one of his Addresses: "A new era has dawned,

a closer tie has been established between the people and their rulers, and a healthy tide of public activities has set in, washing away old bitterness and memories". In answering, Minto said:

"The Calcutta Club was formed with the intention of encouraging more intimate and friendly social relations between the leaders of Indian society and European gentlemen. It is upon a sympathetic recognition of those relations that the political future and happiness of this country must largely depend. It is mutual understanding and knowledge of each other, the gentle handling of peculiarities of race and creed, which will contribute more than anything else to the good government of India. National and racial differences of thought and ways of life there must be, but, if I may say so, a 'good fellow' is a 'good fellow' all the world over, to whatever nationality or race he may belong. But 'good fellows' cannot be discovered without meeting them, and it is the mutual discovery of them by its members that the Calcutta Club has done so much to assist".

There were no Council Meetings during our last few days at Calcutta, and, but for routine work, his political reign was over when we left Simla. Minto's last letter to Morley sets the seal on the correspondence of those eventful years. Minto so often told me how much he hoped that a true record of his administration would some day be written, and it seems fitting that his own hand, and Morley's, should pen the story. These letters, as I read them, appear to me to be alive with the personalities of the two writers who were responsible for the destinies of India during those years.

Minto to Morley. Oct. 26. And so the story closes, as far as letters are concerned. It is a very curious one to look back upon; very full of incident and anxiety; but I hope we may claim, without conceit, that much good work has been done, many dangerous rocks and snags avoided, and that there is a comparatively open sea before us.

And as I look back upon the years that have passed I must say, if you will allow me, that few people, as far as I can judge, could have differed so little upon big questions of policy and principle as you and I have. In fact, I really think we have hardly differed at all. About questions of actual administration, or rather the interpretation of executive authority as it should be wielded at a distance by a supreme Government, I know we do hold different views, and when we have done so I have always told you my opinions and the reasons for them.

We have certainly been through very stormy times together, and, after all, it is the risks and dangers that strengthen comradeship. No one knows as well as I do how much India owes to the fact of your having been Secretary of State through all this period of development, and I hope you will never think that I have not truly realized the generous support you have so often given me at very critical moments, or that I have not appreciated the peculiar difficulties that have surrounded you at home and from which I have been spared.

I have had hard times here, as you know, and a rest will be welcome. All the same I shall be very sorry to leave India and her many interests. . . . I have often told you, and as to this I know you think as I do, that economic and industrial matters will furnish the great Indian questions of the future. . . . But I must not wander into public affairs, for this is my closing chapter. . . . What with Addresses and farewell functions I shall not now have another moment to myself until I have welcomed Hardinge and embarked at Bombay.

Well, I bring my letter to a close, very sadly indeed, and with very many good wishes.

Journal, November 21. At 10 o'clock the guns boomed out the arrival of the new Viceroy, and with the full panoply of state, we welcomed Lord and Lady Hardinge on the steps of Government House. The five years since we ourselves walked up the red-carpeted steps, lined by the imposing Bodyguard, have passed all too quickly.

The afternoon was devoted to saying goodbye to the heads of the various departments of our household. They were all much affected, and I found it difficult to hide my emotion while presenting each one with a farewell gift. Minto made them a little speech, translated by Colonel Victor, after which they all salaamed, wishing us God-speed.

Tara Chand, the jeweller, has come all the way from Hyderabad on purpose to say goodbye. He told me that everyone was crying because the Lord and Lady Sahib were leaving, and added: "The Viceroy has sprinkled water on the people after the fire which he found. Now everyone happy, Maharajah, Zamindars and small people all contented".

We took Lord and Lady Hardinge round the reception rooms and gave them as much information as possible, and in the evening the banquet took place, at which all the official world assembled to be presented. I sat between Lord Hardinge and Scindia; the latter feels Minto's departure intensely, and whenever I turned towards him I

saw tears in his eyes. After dinner for the last time we sat in the marble hall listening to the Band; each man seemed to put extra feeling into his instrument as they played our favourite pieces. At the conclusion of the programme Minto and I said goodbye and thanked Herr Buchner and his bandsmen. The intense pleasure they have given us during these years is impossible to describe.

November 23. It was hard to realize that the hour of departure had arrived and that we were looking for the last time at the familiar rooms. As we reached the passage we passed a group of our personal servants who looked at us wistfully. How faithfully they have served us, and how terribly we shall miss them!

Twenty-four years have passed, but the day of farewell is graven on my memory. We entered the marble hall, filled with officials and friends from all classes and communities, European and Indian. So dense was the crowd that it took us fully twenty minutes to make our way through the surging throng who pressed forward, all eager for a word of farewell. I followed Minto as closely as I could. We paused here and there to grasp the hand of a friend who, in a voice choked with emotion, murmured "Goodbye and God bless you". The glamour of the East had taken possession of our hearts and it was hard to keep back the tears. It was impossible not to be deeply touched by the numbers who had come from all parts of India to take leave of us. At length we reached the marble entrance at the top of the steps, where stood the Maharajahs of Kashmir, Benares, Jodhpur, the Prince of Arcot, and many others. Bikanir and Gwalior escorted us down the steps at the foot of which our successors were waiting to take leave of us. It was a dramatic moment when Lord Hardinge and Minto saluted each other and both Lady Hardinge and I curtseyed to the departing and incoming Viceroy. Just as Minto was stepping into the carriage two of his chapprassies broke through the crowd and flung themselves on the ground at the feet of their beloved Lat Sahib, determined to make their last *salaams*. The escort started: the carriage moved on. As we drove through the gates of Government House the Viceroy's Band struck up "Auld Lang Syne".

In the streets cheer after cheer rang out; surely the whole population of Calcutta had come to bid us God-speed! The station was covered with red carpet and was ablaze with flowers, and crowded with friends and officials. I prayed that the strain might soon be over: it was a shattering farewell. We stood at the door of our carriage, and as the train moved out of the station an envelope was slipped into my hand containing these verses:

Goodbye, Vicereine, a little while
You lit the darkness of our days.
Now life is naught, and nothing stays,
Goodbye kind thoughts, and tender smile,
And gracious ways.

Goodbye, Vicereine, in our distress
We say the words with eyes that swim,
And if they may with tears be dim
We trust you will not love us less
For tears in them.

L. J.

Years later I met three friends, well acquainted with India during our régime, General Sir William Sefton Brancker, Sir Charles Kesteven and Sir Hamilton Grant; they told me that the most moving public demonstration they had ever seen in India, or elsewhere, was Calcutta's farewell to Minto, when Europeans and Indians alike vied with each other in their efforts to show the love and respect they felt for him.

Journal, November 24. To-day's *Times of India* concludes its comments on Minto's Viceroyalty by saying:

When the dust of controversy has subsided, when the political battle-ground has changed, India will always 'keep kindness' for the great gentleman who will remain in memory the Viceroy *charmeur*. India will always remember with gratitude the Governor-General who, at a time of *Sturm und Drang*, presented a calm, unruffled, courageous front to the storm and refused to be blown from the path he had marked out. India will always have a warm corner in her heart for the Viceroy who inspired a personal confidence in his rectitude at a time of stress and difficulty.

Throughout the journey, farewell letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of India, and kept us busy till we reached Bombay,

where Sir George and Lady Clarke met us. We drove in state to the Convocation Hall, where the Native community had prepared a farewell reception, and Mr. Gokhale made an eloquent speech, and a beautiful casket was presented containing an Address on which was inscribed:

"Presented to His Excellency the Earl of Minto, by the citizens of Bombay in grateful appreciation of his Constitutional Reforms for the better welfare of India."

At the Apollo Bunder we found our esteemed friend, Her Highness the Begum, who had come all the way from Bhopal with her whole family, to pay her respects, and dear old Sir Pertab Singh, who was speechless with tears.

At length the ordeal was over, and we got on board the launch and steamed away to the R.I.M. *Dufferin*, which slowly moved out from her moorings, passing the H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and H.M.S. *Alert* with yards manned and ships dressed, to the strains of "God Save the King" played for the last time in honour of the departing Viceroy.

Mr. Harcourt Butler, Foreign Secretary, wrote to my sister:

"It is over and has ended well. There could not have been a better send-off. No Viceroy's departure has been more regretted. The Indians to a man, from the Nizam downwards, feel they have lost a friend. It is a strong personal feeling for the Viceroy that has kept many from joining the enemy, and has brought many back to the fold. Lord Minto's personality quieted the atmosphere. And there has been a great outburst of gratitude and affection for Lady Minto.

The position of parties in India is such that if a Viceroy is popular with Indians he excites the suspicion of Europeans—but it is extraordinary how many Europeans have already come round. History will judge truly".

November 25. (*On board R.I.M. Dufferin.*) It was a gorgeous evening, and Minto and I lingered on deck watching the lights of Bombay gradually fading in the distance: all was peace. We sat on into the night, thanking God that in spite of many troubles and anxieties we could leave India with grateful hearts. We spoke of the weight of responsibility Minto had carried for five years, and perhaps no one except myself could know what the strain had been, or understand the high courage needed to win through. Minto had never flagged, and it was only during the last few months, when rest was in sight, that he had sometimes spoken longingly of his Border hills.

Nevertheless India had become part of ourselves, and we felt we should always share in her troubles, knowing from personal experience how, through the Viceroy, she looks for guidance to her King-Emperor.

And so the history of our life in India ends. I have given it, not in retrospect, but as we lived it from day to day. My object in publishing this book is to fulfil my husband's earnest desire that the full story of these momentous years should be told and the truth known, in the hope that it may bring to some of its readers a clearer knowledge and deeper understanding of India's problems.

EPILOGUE

At Port Said a memorable reunion occurred: Admiral Sir Edmund Poë, then commanding the Mediterranean Fleet, had made special enquiry as to when we should touch at Port Said, and on our arrival, in the very early hours of the morning, we received a message inviting us to breakfast with him on board his Flagship, to meet Lord K. At 8 a.m. he appeared in his barge to fetch us. In his own Journal Minto wrote: "The Admiral had come specially to meet us and old K. had made desperate efforts to be there too. He only got here at 11.30 last night, having defied the quarantine officials on arriving from Turkey, where he has been prowling round. It was a great meeting! The late Commander-in-Chief in India, the late Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station, and the late Viceroy. We were very glad to see each other again. I had a long talk with K.; also with Poë."

Minto naturally felt the reaction on the sudden release from his strenuous life. He had wired to the Secretary of State the day we left Calcutta, to tell him he had handed over the office of Viceroy to Lord Hardinge, but received no reply. We were both sad at leaving India. I suppose it was in such a mood that Minto, taking up once again his neglected Journal on board the boat wrote: "This Journal (in which there are not more than half-a-dozen short entries since 1905) tells its own tale: five years of incessant work during which it has been impossible to keep it. Our farewell entertainments and ceremonies have been most enthusiastic and affectionate; we hate leaving India, and in England I expect, for many reasons, but a cold reception. But that is nothing new for those who have served their country". Minto had been reading an account in *Blackwood's Magazine*

Opposite
4th Earl of Minto, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., in Garter Robes
Painting by Philip de Laszlo, 1912



of Lord Dalhousie's[1] departure from India and reception at home:

"And so the great ruler and king of men went away. . . . What sort of send-off did the Court of Directors and H.M. Government give to the man who had worked for them so long and so hard, and at the cost of his life? It is to be recorded with shame that the Marquess of Dalhousie was allowed to leave India without one word of thanks or civility from any of them. . . .

'I feel,' he said, writing of the neglect that had been shown him, 'that I have been treated most ungraciously and discourteously. . . . Only one person has treated me with honour and consideration now as ever—the Sovereign I serve'."

The entry in Minto's Journal was in no way prophetic of our own return home. We were bewildered by the warmth and cordiality of our reception by family, friends and officials. Sir Arthur Bigge represented the King at the station: Lord Roberts was one of the first to grasp Minto's hand; Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for India, and his three predecessors, Lord Morley, Lord Midleton and Lord George Hamilton, were on the platform: it was a moment in one's life never to be forgotten.

Honours were showered upon Minto. Two days after our arrival we were both summoned to Buckingham Palace, where Minto was invested by the King with the Order of the Garter, the first given to a subject by His Majesty since his accession. The Queen graciously expressed a wish that I should become one of her Ladies-in-Waiting: which position I still have the privilege of holding.

The first letter that greeted Minto at our house in Audley Square was from the Lord Mayor (Sir T. Vesey Strong) offering him the Freedom of the City of London, which, as Lord Curzon said, "No fee can purchase and no conqueror can claim as his own". Scotland, not to be outdone in honouring her countryman, offered him the Freedom of Edinburgh.

The presentation in London was made in the Guildhall in February 1911. Lord Morley proposed Minto's health at a

[1]Governor-General of India, 1847-1856.

luncheon at the Mansion House, saying: "Coming back from the banks of the Ganges, Lord Minto has found on the banks of the Thames a cordial appreciation and generous recognition of his fulfilment of a great national duty. His predecessor, Lord Curzon, a man of powerful mind and eloquent tongue, has said that a man who could bring together the hearts of sundered peoples, or races, was a greater public benefactor than the conqueror of kingdoms. Lord Minto is entitled to that praise". That evening Lord Morley wrote the following letter:

MY DEAR MINTO (please forgive this informal accost),

I cannot go to rest to-night without a word of congratulation to you. It ends a chapter in the day's fine ceremony that is infinitely to your honour and credit, and I have a right to use language of this sort because I do really know all the difficulties with which you have had to contend and which you have so manfully overcome. I shall always be proud of your kind words about me. We have had a great campaign together, and I believe more than ever to-day, when you have been in my visual eye, that we have been good comrades and shall remain good friends.

May you and Lady Minto have long and unclouded days, and pray think as kindly as you can of

Your sincere friend,

MORLEY.

There were great rejoicings at the return of "the Laird" to his own Border home. A Guard of Honour of the King's Own Scottish Borderers met us at Hawick on our arrival, and a troop of the Lothians and Border Horse escorted us to Denholm and on to Minto, through triumphal archways. At the Lodge gates the pipers were waiting, and, surrounded by retainers and tenants all carrying flaming torches, they led us to the entrance of the ancestral home. Over the doorway hung a banner on which were inscribed the words of the old Scottish motto: "Safe in".

From			*To*
Nov. 18,	1905	*d*Col. Dunlop Smith, P.S.V. - -	Feb. 1910
,,	,,	*d*Lt.-Col. F. L. Adam, M.S.V., - -	Mar. 31, 1907
,,	,,	*d*Major G. Feilding, A.D.C., Coldstream Guards - - - - -	June 1, 1907
,,	,,	*Capt. T. H. Rivers Bulkeley, A.D.C. & Comptroller, Scots Guards - -	Mar. 1907
,,	,,	Capt. Lord Francis Scott, A.D.C., Grenadier Guards - - - -	Nov. 1910
,,	,,	*d*Surg. Lt.-Col. Crooke-Lawless, Surgeon, Coldstream Guards - -	,, ,,
,,	,,	*Capt. H. Lambert, Extra A.D.C., 1st Royal Dragoons - - - -	Nov. 1906
,,	,,	Captain A. Campbell Ross - -	Oct. 1906
Dec.	1905	Hon. A. Strutt, Extra A.D.C., 2nd Life Guards - - - - -	Mar. 1906
,,	,,	Earl of Rocksavage, Extra A.D.C., 9th Lancers - - - - -	May 1906
Oct.	1906	Capt. J. Mackenzie, A.D.C. till June '07, 35th Sikhs, Comptroller till - -	Nov. 1910
Sept.	1906	*Capt. H. F. Elgee, Extra A.D.C., 24th S.W. Borderers - - - -	Mar. 1908
Dec.	1906	Viscount Bury, Extra A.D.C., Scots Guards - - - - -	,, 1907
,,	,,	Capt. Webber, Extra A.D.C., R.H.A.	,, ,,
June	1907	*Lt.-Col. V. Brooke, M.S.V., 9th Lancers	,, 1910
,,	,,	Capt. R. Jelf, A.D.C., K.R.R.C. -	,, ,,
,,	,,	*Capt. Hon. W. Cadogan, Extra A.D.C., 10th Hussars - - - -	Aug. 1910
July	1907	Capt. E. F. Norton,[1] R.H.A. - -	,, ,,
,,	,,	Capt. T. H. Harker (from regiment; occasionally), K.R.R.C. - -	Mar. 1910
Sept.	,,	*d*Capt. J. E. Gibbs, A.D.C., Coldstream Guards - - - - -	,, ,,
Dec.	,,	Capt. Brocklehurst, Extra A.D.C., Coldstream Guards - - -	Feb. 1908

*Killed in Great War. *d* Since died.

[1] Took part in the Everest Expedition when Mallory and Irvine were killed.

LIST OF STAFF—*Continued.*

From			*To*	
May	1908	*d*Col. Pinhey, P.S.V., 1908, Acting Feb. 10 to - - - - - -	Nov.	1910
„	„	Capt. K. O. Goldie, Extra A.D.C., 10th Cavalry - - - - -	Oct.	1908
June	„	*d*Lord Windsor, Extra A.D.C., Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars - -	Dec.	„
Dec.	„	*Capt. A. C. Charrington, 7th Royal Dragoons, occasionally to - -	Mar.	1910
„	„	Capt. G. Fowke, Extra A.D.C., Gordon Highlanders - - - -	„	1909
Feb.	1909	Capt. W. Muir, A.D.C., 15th Sikhs -	Nov.	1910
April	„	Capt. A. Tod, Extra A.D.C., Rifle Brigade - - - - -	Sept.	„
July	„	*Capt. F. Atkinson, A.D.C., 9th Hodson's Horse - - - - -	Feb.	„
May	1910	*R. Charrington, 12th Lancers - -	June	„
„	„	*Capt. Hon. A. Annesley, 10th Hussars	Aug.	„

BODYGUARD

Major Holden,* 5th Cavalry - -	Commandant - -	Nov. 1905, Mar. 1909
Capt. V. Keighley, 18th Tiwana Lancers -	Adjutant - -	Nov. 1905, Mar. 1909
	Commandant - -	Mar. 1909, Nov. 1910
Capt. Bannerman Indian Cavalry -	Acting Adjutant -	Summer 1906
V. Hodson - -	Adjutant - - -	Mar. 1909, Nov. 1910
A. Brooke, R.A. -	Acting Adjutant -	Mar. 1910, Nov. 1910

* Killed in the Great War. *d* Since died.

TO LADY MINTO

(I venture to reprint the following verses chiefly for their value as an indication of the feelings of good-will and personal attachment which my husband's achievements and utterances during his term of office had won for us among Indians. The poem, which came as a complete surprise to me, appeared in *The Empire* for February 22nd, 1910.)

LADY, you at your husband's side for years
An Empire's burden like a queen have borne.
You have found smiles for them that joy, and tears
For them that mourn.

You, when the assassin's deadly aim had failed,
No sign of terror to our eyes displayed;
And in your task at danger never quailed,
Regal and unafraid.

The King who sent you to these shores has shown
His favour for your courage and your care,
So, wheresoever noble names are known,
Your name lives there.

We have no stars nor jewels to bestow,
Nor honours that shall make your name to live;
But what of love and gratitude we owe,
That we can give.

A people whom your care has helped shall be
For ever mindful of a noble name,
And in their hearts, enthroned by memory,
Shall live your fame!

AN INDIAN

EPITOME OF THE MORLEY-MINTO REFORMS

(Prepared from the *Cambridge History of India,* Vol. VI., by the kind permission of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press.)

By the Indian Councils Act of 1861 the Executive Council of the Governor-General was, for purposes of legislation, reinforced by additional members not less than six or more than twelve, nominated by the Governor-General and holding office for two years. Of these additional members not less than one half were non-official. Some of these non-officials were natives of India; but no statutory distinction was drawn between different classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

For legislative purposes the Executive Councils of the Governors of Madras and Bombay were expanded on similar lines. Legislative Councils of the same kind were established in Bengal in 1862, in the North-Western Provinces in 1886, and in the Punjab and Burma in 1897. All these Councils were in fact committees by means of which the executive Government, itself entirely British, obtained advice and help in legislation. The functions of the Legislative Councils were strictly limited to the consideration and enactment of laws. They could transact no other business, and could consider no motion except one to introduce a bill or referring to a bill actually introduced.

Education in English greatly advanced. In 1885 the Indian National Congress came into being. In 1888 Lord Dufferin sent home a despatch which contained "the cardinal recommendation" that for the popular element in new Legislative Councils "recourse should be had as far as possible to the principle of election." [1] Eventually the scheme bore fruit in the Councils Act of 1892, which raised the number of additional members of the central Legislature from twelve to sixteen, of whom ten would be non-officials. One of the ten would be nominated by the Government on the recommendation of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce; four would be nominated on the recommendation of the four provincial Legislative Councils. These five would practically be elected. The remaining five would be chosen by the Governor-General with regard to securing as far as possible representation of residuary interests. Additional members were increased in provincial Legislatures on the same principles, partly recommended by Municipalities, University senates and commercial bodies, and partly chosen by the local governments. As the recommendations came to

[1] Montagu-Chelmsford Report, paras. 68-9, *Cambridge History*, vol. vi, p. 542.

be accepted as a matter of course, "the fact of election to an appreciable proportion of the non-official seats was firmly established." [1] But in every Council there was an official majority. Members of all Councils would annually discuss their budgets and might ask questions but could not demand a division.

The Morley-Minto Reforms created much larger Legislative Councils with larger functions. On the central body would sit thirty-seven officials in all, *including the Governor-General and his seven Executive Councillors*, as well as thirty-two non-officials, five nominated by the Government and twenty-seven elected. Of the latter thirteen would represent the non-official members of the provincial Legislative Councils; six would be chosen by the landholders of six major provinces; six would represent separate Mahommedan constituencies in six provinces; one would be elected by the Calcutta and one by the Bombay Chamber of Commerce. A small official majority was thus retained, as it was considered that "in its legislative as well as its executive character the Council must continue to be so constituted as to ensure its constant and uninterrupted power to fulfil the constitutional obligations that it owes and must always owe to His Majesty's Government and the Imperial Parliament." [2]

The provincial Legislative Councils were enlarged up to a maximum limit of fifty additional members in the major and thirty in the minor provinces. The composition was generally so arranged as to give a combination of officials and nominated non-officials a clear majority, except in Bengal, where there would be an elected majority. On all other provincial councils, non-official members (elected and nominated) would be in majorities.[3] On each council Mahommedans would have special seats to be filled by Mahommedan electorates. The number of seats in each case would be based on Muslim numerical proportion varied in accordance with Muslim political importance. They could also stand for other seats filled by mixed electorates. All voting would be by secret ballot.

Provincial governments would first submit their budgets to the Central Government for examination and then place them before their Legislative Councils for discussion. Any member of the central or a provincial Legislature could move either for a reduction in expenditure or for an increase on condition that he simultaneously proposed a corresponding reduction under some other head. Resolutions could also be moved on all matters of general public importance except on certain questions, as for example matters affecting Native States. But no resolutions were binding on a government, and any resolution might be disallowed without being moved by the Head of a government, acting as president of his Council, on the ground that discussion thereon would not accord with the public

[1] Montagu-Chelmsford Report, para. 69.

[2] Montagu-Chelmsford Report, para. 76.

[3] See Morley's *Indian Speeches*, pp. 89-92.

interest. Members who asked questions could put supplementary questions. Thus the new Councils served the purpose of an inquest into the doings of governments. The Central Government did not ordinarily legislate on matters with which provincial Legislatures were fully competent to deal.

By an Act passed in 1907 Parliament added two members who would be Indians to the Council of the Secretary of State. An Indian barrister was appointed Law Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council in 1909. The Executive Councils of the Governors of Madras and Bombay were each increased by an Indian member. It was proposed to take power to create Executive Councils with Indian members in provinces administered by Lieutenant-Governors. But, in consequence of opposition from the House of Lords, this was done only in Bengal, where the Lieutenant-Governor asked for such a council. Elsewhere an Executive Council could be established only with the previous consent of both Houses of Parliament.

Lord Minto's Government also originally proposed advisory councils. The Imperial council was to consist of Ruling Chiefs; but the provincial councils were to include chiefs and notables. Lord Morley, however, declined to sanction advisory bodies on the ground that enlargement of the powers and size of the provincial councils would give sufficient scope for the expression of views. The scheme for the establishment of a Chamber of Princes was open to difficulties; but any further proposals in this connection would be considered.

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